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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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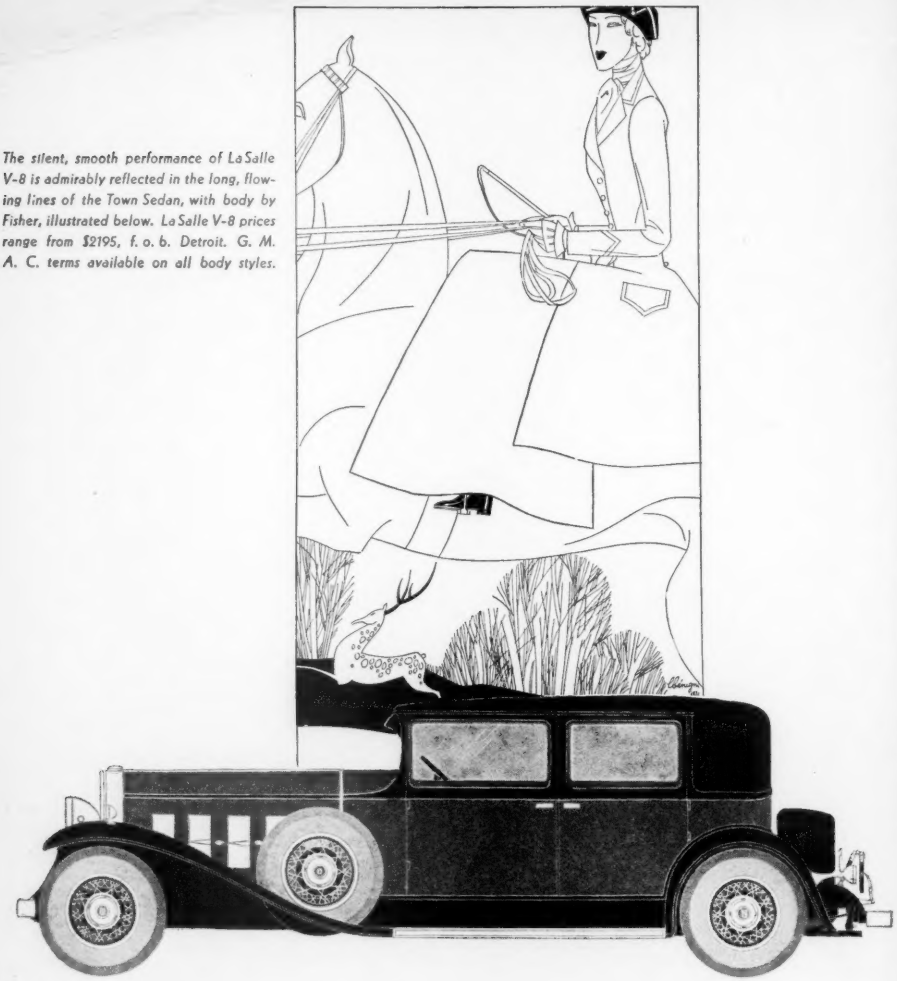

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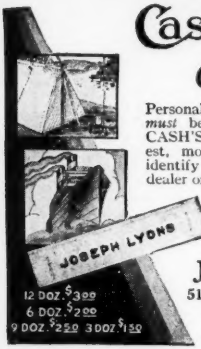

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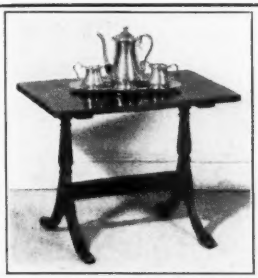

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE is still in his early thirties. Too young to be called at the outbreak of the war, he saw action with the infantry on the Western Front during the latter half of the struggle. He was eventually wounded and sent home with his hands half paralyzed and his leg in a brace. Fresh from school at his enlistment, Remarque had no profession awaiting his convalescence. His mother had died; wounds made his music, which he loved, impossible; so he served variously as schoolmaster, peddler, mechanic, then journalist in the employ of the Scherl Press in Berlin. He wrote on the side, with little success. Suffering from attacks of despair, he began a systematic purging of his mind by writing down those war experiences which were so clearly the cause of his depression. This was continued for six weeks, every evening on his return from the office, by the end of which time *All Quiet on the Western Front* had been completed. The Scherl editors refused the manuscript. When it was accepted by the Ullstein Press, a liberal, pacifist house, Remarque was fired from his job.

Back in 1929, Remarque was asking himself what readers will be asking to-day: Could he write a second book as powerful as his first? There is no severer test than that to be applied to his new novel, which is now issued by thirty-one different publishers throughout the world.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

The Road Back

[Little, Brown, $2.50]

The Road Back is the sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front:* it takes up the tale of Number Two Platoon at a point about a week before the Armistice and carries it a year into the turmoil of the peace. During that period the platoon ceases to be a homogeneous body. Its members become individuals again and drift apart, each trying to readjust himself to the intricacies and conventions of civil life.

Young Ernst, the schoolboy narrator of *All Quiet*, is again the Pepys of the platoon. Some of the characters, like himself, had left home as schoolboys, others as men, but for all the continuity of life had been broken and the difficulties of reëntry bore heavily. From the very first night at home, when one of them succeeds in scrounging the neighbor's prize cock and Ernst himself tries to get into bed with his boots on, we are given a picture of the struggle for rehabilitation made only more difficult by uncertainties of the time when German money ceased to have any power to buy the bare necessities of life.

As in *All Quiet*, there is no plot of a conventional kind. The story, in a series of incidents, is devoted to the rediscovery of conventional values by the characters. The cobbler, hampered by the lack of leather, returns to his last. The students, of whom Ernst was one, brushing aside the principal's flowery oration of welcome, return unhappily to their desks.

Each meets the situation in his own way. Ledderhose achieves wealth in the shady business of smuggling. Tjaden marries the unlovely daughter of the butcher as the only means of ensuring a proper supply of meat at meals. Ludwig and Georg commit suicide, Kosole a murder, and Weil is shot in dramatic circumstances by his late captain, now in command of the local Reichswehr. In the seeking to show the return from the madness of war to the normalcy of peace, one gains the impression that the rôles have somehow become reversed and that we are being shown instead the unfortunate situation of well-balanced minds plunged from the commonplace and sanity of battle into the horrors and hysteria of peace.

In Ernst himself we have those constantly recurring bad dreams, quite familiar to all of us in the first month or two after the war. Horrible situations come back to him and send him rolling out of bed in a sweat of terror. He becomes a schoolmaster and throws up his job merely because he is feeling restless. Those are the true accompaniments of the returned warrior. True, too, is the picture of his visit to Bruno, the sniper, crack shot of the local rifle club, who can feel no pity or regret for the bull's-eyes he scored in war. A normal, respectable, rather attractive citizen fondling his small daughter and mending her paper boats, Bruno expresses surprise that anyone should feel that way — he took a proper pride in his work.

Bruno stands out as the magnificently normal type of man who formed a very large part of every army. To be seriously deranged by the war required a certain amount of imagination. The lack of it was fortunately more usual than its gift, and the vast majority of soldiers slid naturally back into the old ruts. Too many of the author's characters found life unbearably hard, even taking into account the fact that post-war Germany,

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The BOOKSHELF

with her starvation, economic ruin, and disillusion, gave her veterans a home-coming much grimmer than any the victors experienced.

An undeniable strain of morbidity runs through the book. The references to the war are, as earlier, confined to its most unpleasant sides. But it is when the author is writing, not of belly wounds, but of the Germany of the peace, that he is at his best.

One cannot avoid the feeling that the author has tried to recapture the spirit with which he set down *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Crude and amateurish in places although that book was, even in the reticent form in which it was published in this country, it bore all the stamp of greatness. *The Road Back* does not impress this reader so deeply. It may be a better-constructed novel, but for me, at least, its catharsis is neither so immediate nor so stirring. By this I do not mean that it does not command interest. It is well worth reading even if it does not measure up to its vivid predecessor.

A. W. SMITH

THE Bolshevist custom,' writes Dr. Hopper of Harvard, 'of giving collective credit and denying triumph to individuals has baffled those who seek explanation for achievements in the brain power of the leaders. Marx, Lenin, and Stalin make up the trinity of Bolshevism.'

ENGINEERS OF REVOLUTION

THAT an amazing brain power first released and then harnessed the forces of the Russian revolution comes, perhaps, as a shock to people accustomed to think of the Bolsheviks as mere fanatics. But material now coming to light, in English, shows the pitiless sequence which makes revolution a science of social engineering. Marx charted the salients of the capitalist fortress, and gave the proletariat a class identity. His was the master brain. Lenin was the field generalissimo who directed the assault in Russia. His rôle was that of destroyer, with visions of rebuilding. Stalin destroys and builds according to plan. His objective in the Five-Year Plan is socialism in a single country. After that is achieved, the ultimate goal is the same as it was with Marx and Lenin: socialism in all countries — World Revolution.

The two biographies of Lenin here reviewed are interesting when read as opposing interpretations of the same summary of facts — Lenin's revolutionary work from boyhood to the end in 1924. ***Lenin: Red Dictator***, by **George Vernadsky** (Yale University, $3.00), is an academic study with an anti-Bolshevik slant, documented, indexed, and valuable as a factual reference book. The author includes as introduction a condensed review of the conditions which made the revolution inevitable. Of chief interest are the illuminating contrasts throughout the book between the old and the new, such as the recurrent 'deadly parallel' between the denunciations of Tsarist practices by the revolutionists and their own conduct when in power themselves. The freedom of Lenin to hunt game and to study while in exile on the Upper Yenisei, and even to marry Krupskaya there in 1898, is only one of the striking contrasts to the activities of the present Soviet 'politicals' in the northern forests.

D. S. Mirsky's *Lenin* (Atlantic Monthly and Little, Brown, $2.50), on the other hand, is more of a literary essay, a confession of faith by an ex-enemy (Prince Mirsky is a convert to Leninism), a testimonial which might very well have been penned in the Kremlin itself. In the preface the author explains the broad Russian patriotism which motivated his conversion, and indicates that a similar change of view has seized many young *émigrés*. The picture of Lenin is not so sharply defined as one might wish. But many of Lenin's personal traits are set forth with obvious sympathy — his neatness, his abstinence, his dislike of useless talk, his lack of personal ambition and egotism, and even such characteristics as his inability to roll his *r*'s. And human touches are not absent, such as Lenin's suffering when political ruptures broke up friendships of long standing.

As to Lenin's significance, Vernadsky describes him as a fanatic and opportunist in one person, a formidable political leader whose chief historical task was the destruction of private property, and one of the most fearful tyrants history has known, if the number of lives destroyed by his government be taken as criterium of judgment. To Mirsky, Lenin is a 'maker of the modern world,' whose message has five propositions (like the five points of the star?), all centring on the theme of abolishing exploitation of man by man. Both these biographies are synthetic; neither author had contact with Lenin, or access to confidential documents and correspondence from which the Book of Lenin must eventually be written.

Isaac Don Levine's *Stalin* (Cosmopolitan, $3.50) bursts into the sultry literary haze hovering over the revolution with the abrupt brilliance of summer thunder and lightning, clearing the air, penetrating the shadows of concealed motive and action, and exposing the chief actors to the glare of unexpected sunlight. The major mystery, Stalin, the big boss of Bolshevism, is revealed in sharp detail. Stalin of the background; Stalin the trained conspirator, saying little and thinking deep; Stalin the epitome of revolutionary craft, traced in tempestuous career from the theological seminary, where he studied Marx instead of Holy Writ, through the long years of cunning battle to his pinnacle in 1931 as the most powerful individual in the world. This book, long hoped for by students of Soviet puzzles, revolutionizes the study of the revolution.

Mr. Levine's sources, denied to previous writers, include the private correspondence between Bolshevik leaders, the suppressed minutes of meetings the Kre

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The BOOKSHELF

lin now wishes to forget, the records of the Okhrana (Tsarist secret police), and an enormous amount of information which could have been harvested only by intimate contact with the leaders themselves. Use of these unpublished sources gives the book an arresting ring of authority.

Mr. Levine has produced a powerful narrative, somewhat poetic in style, and as thrilling as an old-time romance. He gives first the geographical setting, the Caucasian Cradle of Stalin, where the 'wine is cool and the temper hot,' where the poetry of races and mountains has shaped history, and thence sweeps the reader into all of Eurasia, the Cradle of Bolshevism, where East and West grapple in eternal contradiction. Against that background the tale of Stalin unfolds.

The human Stalin appears in many vivid touches — the Stalin without vices, who drinks wine with his meals, and smokes his pipe after supper while telling humorous stories. That Stalin's health breaks down now and then is not generally known. Nor is it public knowledge that he was expelled from the party for the Tiflis robbery in 1907, and that his career is marked by many instances of insubordination, the very charge he hurls at old Bolsheviks when hounding them into exile. Stalin was mobilized for military service during the World War, but was rejected by the medical officers because his warped left hand could not hold a rifle!

This book is a triumph in a field hitherto dark — Stalin's method of building power. Stalin of the many names and many rôles, putting order and effectiveness into Lenin's formulas, lacking culture but absorbing knowledge, holding the races in leash when Commissar of Nationalities, convincing the party while Trotsky was wooing the masses — it was this Stalin, political boss with an education, who finally changed the formula of dictatorship *of* to dictatorship *for* the proletariat.

Finally, after giving a valuable history of state planning, Levine pictures Stalin as the big business man of the revolution, introducing Americanism as a Five-Year Plan. 'Conceived in distress, propelled by panic, fed on false promises, driven by emotional and rational means, the Five-Year Plan in the hands of the Stalin dictatorship is like a rocket proceeding to the moon.' Where the Stalin adventure will end the author does not presume to know.

BRUCE HOPPER

GOING PLACES

SUMMER is the season when laymen travel, and, so goes the publishers' assumption, the season when travel books are most apt to be enjoyed. Leland Hall, who reviews for us four of the new volumes, has himself a record of far and understanding travel in some of the countries here described.

HERE are four travel books — blurbs, photographs, and all. Outside the publisher's catalogue, the classification no longer has definite meaning. Too many travel nowadays: aspects of the most outlandish people have become conventionalized. Even the stock dangers are losing their punch. It is now fairly hard, or should be, for the white wanderer, armed to the teeth and backed by punitive governments, to make a hero of himself against primitive people; and we know that many primitive people live among wild beasts and defy them without guns. Between Science and Common Sense, the travel book is squeezed to autobiography. The First Person is indispensable.

In ***Green Hell*** (Century, $4.00) **Julian Duguid,** with two others, sets forth from England to cross a pocket of jungle in South America left untraversed for nearly four hundred years. This is a district of the forest belt, which he chooses to call Green Hell. The name promises horrors. Each of the trio has a purpose; the author himself will seize his first chance to see what he can do with his pen. But here, the writer tells us, we have only part truth: they are all 'Ishmaels.' The terrific expedition is 'copy' from the start; yet, while the author continually hints at nameless terrors, the man's common sense betrays the book. When tarantulas in Hell scuttle at being called 'Pussy'; when hostile Indians flee into the forest at a catcall; when, in the clutches of the grim enemy Thirst, the author decides to sound Tiger Man, the Russian guide, for his love life, the reader suffers from a veering, a recurrent veering, between narrative convention and a truth the man is too honest to conceal. That the author is sometimes conscious of this veering, and makes a virtue of it, does not help matters.

Jungle Ways (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is **William Seabrook's** 'Book out of Africa.' It is very unworthy of him. He thinks perhaps a million people will read it. Money apart, that should be more disastrous to Mr. Seabrook than to the Africa which he so conspicuously fails to represent. He prances now like a showman, barking the phallus and fresh-killed man meat with a bowl of rice and a bottle of wine; and now he cavorts like the side show itself, with a lot of reek. Wamba, the black witch girl, told Mr. Seabrook he would never understand Africa. 'What then,' he asks for us, 'remains for me to offer as an observer in the present case? Undigested grass, an indecent offering, which I surely ask no other man to accept as nourishment.' Fair warning to the million!

Lieutenant Faustin Wirkus's book, named somewhat misleadingly, ***The White King of La Gonave*** (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00), presumably owes arrangement and clarity, often beauty of writing, to a collaborator, **Taney Dudley.** As to the matter itself, we have to do here, not with a man setting out to

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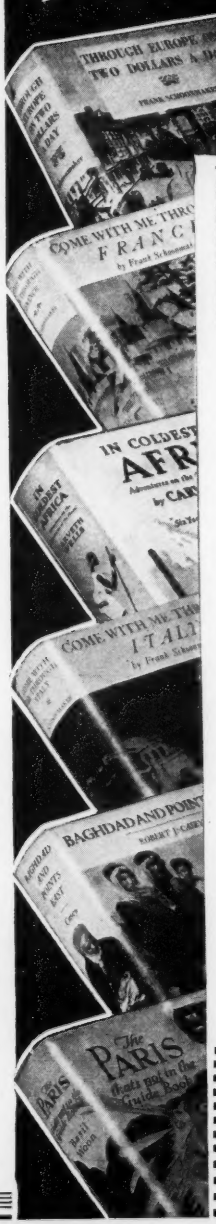

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write a book or with a merchant of undigested grass, but with a soldier on active duty in Haiti. Through the soldier's report appears the man himself, unwavering and understanding beyond his years. At first, as a very young sergeant of marines, his duties were military. In the suppression of the Cacos there were hardship and fighting. Out of the narrative one thing stands astonishingly clear: the simple, devoted courage of the black gendarmerie which made up his detachment.

Later, as lieutenant, the young marine was ordered to the administration of La Gonave, a large island well out in the Bay of Haiti, the natives of which were said to be living in a mysteriously backward isolation. He found a system of farm-labor guilds prevailing there. The natives called them Congo societies; and, while they were thoroughly practical socialistic organizations, they were not without their rituals. In the division of labor, as in the rites of dancing and sacrifice, were strong hints of an ancient African origin. Each local group had its own queen, and over all the groups ruled Queen Ti Memenne. As the soldier recognized in this Negress the dignity of a true queen, so she recognized in him the good will and the strength of a true friend. Feminist politics came into it, and she had him anointed king of all the groups. But the act was less a coronation than an initiation, less a mark of submission than of trust.

The Polish-American lieutenant was aware from the first that the natives attributed to him some 'spiritual power,' by which he could read their minds, foretell their futures. 'If believing I was a mystic working out the will of their gods made the people think more of me,' he says, 'I saw no reason to explain that I was no such thing. For their belief in me — no matter what the reason — was half the battle in helping them to help themselves.' There was real dignity in this acquiescence, the more striking since it was unequivocally as an officer of the marines, simply an efficient and up-to-date administrator, that he worked with and for them, relieved them from corrupt taxations, improved their trails and their wells, doctored them, and secured and comforted their lives. He can only be silent when Ti Memenne says: 'Do not laugh at an old woman when she says that we think the good God sent you.' A government care for democracy snapped the idyll short, a care that seems both petty and ironical.

Warned that the presence of tramps like himself was undesirable in an uneasy Nicaragua, **Alfred Batson** hiked from Nicaragua to New Orleans. He took to the road alone; he had no money beyond what he could garner with his wits along the way; he had no backing, no authority. Batson's book, ***Vagabond's Paradise*** (Atlantic Monthly and Little, Brown, $2.50), glows from one end to the other; it casts a light over the countries through which the author passed. Thoroughly different from the marine's story, Batson's is nevertheless, like that, a luminous book. The source of the glow is not to be found in the manner of writing, in the varied quality of adventures: it is in the nature of the man behind the book, who, never preoccupied with heroic posturing, is so quick to recognize nobility and heroism — and humor — in others. In a light so clear as to reveal the hope of better understanding in this divided world, there emerge from Batson's story an ignorant Honduran who died of snake bite rather than cast misfortune on an unborn child; a humble Guatemalan Indian and his wife who accompanied Batson in silence day after day up the long grade to Guatemala City; Juan Serres, an innkeeper; and even a nameless Mexican bandit. These, and others, Batson salutes, standing aside. So Wirkus saluted his black gendarmes, his black queens. Here is the new adventure, I suspect, and I should like to salute the authors.

LELAND HALL

FOR most of us the universe is the familiar present which on rare occasions becomes linked with an infinite and shadowed area beyond our comprehension save for the torches briefly lit for us by philosophers and scientists of brilliance.

THE WORLD BEYOND

A CERTAIN theatrical press agent, a familiar figure on Broadway, died some months ago, and among his effects was a well-thumbed copy of **Sir James Jeans's** learned volume, *Astronomy and Cosmogony*. Friends recall the strange absorption of this gay worldling in that ponderous tome of mathematical formulæ and cosmic theories, and his apologia, when anyone challenged his interest in these outside fields: 'Watch physics and astronomy; great things are coming.'

Many of us *are* watching physics and astronomy, and Sir James Jeans is a master guide in this fascinating pursuit. Since his retirement from Princeton and return to his native England, a remarkable succession of publications in the physical sciences has issued from his pen. He has become the great reporter, the great expounder, the great explainer. The two present volumes are examples of popularization of science at its best.

To one acquainted even superficially with astronomy, much of the contents of ***The Stars in Their Courses*** (Macmillan, $2.50) will appear as a recapitulation of familiar knowledge in a somewhat colloquial style. Indeed, the book is frankly offered as an expansion of the author's radio talks recently broadcast. Woven into the warp of time-honored facts, however, is much that has just emerged from observatories and laboratories. Thus the final chapter brings forward the recent discovery of high velocities of recession for some of the spiral nebulæ, and gives Jeans opportunity to outline possible explanations of this spectacular stampeding of galaxies. Lemaître's current theory of a soap-bubble

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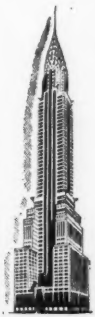

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A famous French author sees America as a storm cloud in the western sky, racing to overwhelm civilization. "It should be read by every man in American business." Paul Hollister. $2.00

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universe, continually expanding and dispersing at an ever-increasing velocity, is presented — with its suggestion that we live in an exploding universe. Some critics of the jazz age will no doubt agree.

More erudite — and more gripping! — is Jeans's other recent volume, ***The Mysterious Universe*** (Macmillan, $2.25). In his introduction Jeans says: 'Before the philosophers have a right to speak their interpretation of the universe, science ought first to be asked to tell all it can as to ascertained facts and provisional hypotheses.' This the author undertakes to do in the early chapters. Then, in the final chapter, he turns philosopher, wades into the deep waters, and himself suggests an interpretation.

His God the Mathematician will satisfy neither the traditionalist nor the materialist. But the perplexed modern, who still wonders if the universe is friendly, may be heartened to learn that this eminent scientist, after reviewing the evidence, concludes that 'while much in it [the universe] is hostile to the material appendages of life, much also is akin to the fundamental activities of life; we are not so much strangers or intruders in the universe as we at first thought.'

This seems a very different conclusion from the suggestion, offered a few years ago, that life may be a disease which afflicts matter in its old age.

But what is life? And what is matter?

Life seems to exist 'only because the carbon atom possesses certain exceptional qualities.' By implication, we might assume that life is a fruiting of carbon complications. No carbon, no life. So far as chemistry is concerned, life means no more than magnetism or radioactivity — and, 'viewed from a strictly material standpoint, the utter insignificance of life would seem to go far toward dispelling any idea that it forms a special interest of the Great Architect.'

Matter, which was once thought of as made of indivisible atoms, which was later broken still finer into infinitesimal planetary systems of protons and electrons, and more recently was identified as waves, now appears to be 'nothing but a congealed sort of radiation traveling at less than normal speed.' Thus the whole universe reduces to a world of light.

The world of radiation, in which a mechanistic interpretation has become as untenable as anthropomorphism; in which fate knocks at the door of the radium atom and decrees its death irrespective of its condition; in which the law of probability supplants the law of cause and effect, so that nature appears to abhor precision above all things; in which determinism becomes an illusion, and the universe itself a bubble blown of emptiness, empty space welded on to empty time — this is the mysterious universe of Jeans's early chapters. From such shadows — for in physics 'we are not yet in contact with reality' — he infers a cosmos 'more like a grand thought than like a great machine.'

Whether one accepts the philosophy or not, the science of this volume is a brilliant summing up of the new knowledge, which has flowed like a torrent from the laboratories during recent years, and is still flowing.

GEORGE W. GRAY

Mère Marie of the Ursulines

A Study in Adventure, by Agnes Repplier

[Doubleday, Doran, $2.50]

MISS REPPLIER, to the advantage of her readers, follows her study of Père Marquette by another biography drawn from the heroic days of New France. This time her subject is a woman, foundress of education for girls in Quebec and of the Ursuline Convent there. Contrast is always piquant, as here, between the exquisite sophisticated civilization of seventeenth-century France and pioneer life in Canada, where ordeals grave and light, hardship, danger, and occasional martyrdom, were met with the gay good breeding and the superb courage of that great period. There is no other story quite like this; the flavor is wholly different, for instance, from that of the colonization of New England.

Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, a widow thirty-four years old, came from Tours in 1639 with several other nuns, and with an ardent lady whose generosity made the enterprise possible, Madame de la Peltrie. Miss Repplier's subtitle is justly 'A Study in Adventure'; yet the impression made by her heroine is that of sanity, serenity, and competence. She tells us that Mère Marie was a mystic. Doubtless she is right. Only union with Love Unseen could impart the fortitude and the cheery tireless devotion that breathe through the story, as through the 'Relations' of the Jesuits. But we should welcome a little more stress on the mysticism, for the modern world can no longer assume the power of spiritual dynamic — it needs to have this power explicitly brought home. We see Mère Marie with her little Indians, charming, French, maternal, tender; we see her, self-possessed woman of the world, in contact with governors and prelates, with chiefs friendly or treacherous. We feel that glimpses of her devotional life are needed to initiate us into her real personality.

But the story holds us even if the background be more vivid than the heroine. There is picturesque detail galore; there is capital portraiture. Laval the great Bishop, Governors of the Province, the 'laughing nun,' Indians, explorers, all live before us. Especially good is the study of Madame de la Peltrie, impulsive, generous, self-willed, never a Religious but sharing the Adventure, and indeed running away for a time to Montreal when Quebec grew a little tame. Mère Marie was never tempted to run away. To-day, when the satirical type of biography lately in vogue begins to pall, there is satisfaction in this straightforward account of a life finding, in true Christian fashion, scope for all romantic aspiration in patiently teaching little half-savage girls.

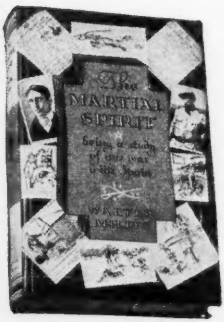
Needless to say, Miss Repplier writes with many

THE WAR SHIP MAINE WAS SPLIT IN TWO

"Even the sedate ATLANTIC MONTHLY *stunned its readers by appearing, actually, with an American flag upon the cover, and after that it seemed that patriotism could indeed go no farther."*

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT

A STUDY OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN BY WALTER MILLIS



SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD

This is the story of a war which had its obscure origins in a fight for newspaper circulation, which began with the complete irrelevance of a boiler explosion, and which was conducted (though upon the highest moral plane) like an absent-minded comic opera.

One sees Mr. Roosevelt providing guns for a non-existent fleet; General Shafter racking his brains to discover whether he has won a smashing victory or suffered a major defeat; Mr. Hearst taking personal command of his forces in the presence of the enemy; and Mr. Pulitzer raising the circulation of *The World* to 1,300,000 copies.

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illuminating and incisive touches. Her lucid and effective style suits her heroine, who was also lucid and effective. Not too much is claimed for Mère Marie. Comparison is drawn with the greater Saint Teresa — greater, as is well pointed out, because she added humor to her mystic passion. Mère Marie was like Teresa, however, in practical ability. Those who believe in the administrative gifts of women no less than those who enjoy good stirring history may well be grateful to Miss Repplier for this bracing and pleasantly written book.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

***Fatal Interview*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay**

[Harpers, $2.00]

IT is astonishing with what appearance, at least, of freshness and spontaneity Edna St. Vincent Millay revives the little set of themes and conceits which have adorned love cycles from time immemorial. The lover meets her husband or paramour, and the anticipated train of consequences ensues; love's mortality and immortality are saluted; the lover complains that the night is too short and the day too protracted; she protests the premature dawn; she fears that the passion supposed lifelong will prove fleeting; and in the concluding sonnets it does so. In so far as these familiar themes are realities of experience, they may always well up as if they had never been felt before in some actual lover or poet, and may surprise the world with the freshness and deathless youth of life's most hackneyed episodes. But it is a question whether Miss Millay's new sonnets owe much if anything to life, while it is past question that they owe a great deal to literature. One need not read a dozen of them to discover that they unite the conceits and refinements of the 'metaphysical' poets such as Donne (two lines of whose verse provide the book with its motto) with the descriptive powers and the richer harmonies of the Romantics. Examples could be multiplied of the use of familiar conceits in the dress of Romantic versification.

> Since of no creature living the last breath
> Is twice required, or twice the ultimate pain,
> Seeing how to quit your arms is very death,
> 'T is likely that I shall not die again.

The fault of the 'metaphysical' poets was to push the conceit to an extreme of extravagance, to refine on fancies and analogies until they became absurdities. Miss Millay keeps her conceits within the bounds of reasonable acceptance, guards them from excess by weaving them with no small skill into the texture of her Romantic versification, which in its perfection of harmony must be counted among the most successful and beautiful aspects of the book. Indeed the harmony is almost too uninterrupted; it is almost glib.

The music, the ease, the descriptive aptitude, the phrase making, and the ingenious detail of the sonnets cannot fail to strike the reader with almost boundless admiration. Almost, for in the end it seems to me that for all their imagination and brilliance, their occasional rise into the true sphere of poetry, the sonnets give the air of being manufactured, of being wondrously clever, an extraordinary simulation rather than the true substance of poetry. Compared, for example, with Alice Meynell's 'Renouncement,' in respect to genuineness of feeling, I doubt if one of the fifty-two would not seem calculated. Yet to say this is to put Miss Millay's sonnets to the most severe and exacting test. By any lesser standard, they are altogether remarkable, brilliant, full of vivid imagination, ingenious and inventive in high degree. And here and there an individual sonnet seems to escape from any stricture and to silence any cavil.

THEODORE MORRISON

THERE has been just enough idiosyncrasy in this book season to relieve the monotony of the poor business. For good books by established writers there has been a reliable demand, but almost-good books, and volumes by new writers, have had a reception as cold as Frigidaire. Some of this discouragement has been blamed on the non-fiction reprints, those three and five dollar books of years back which are now being retailed for one dollar. These books made their reputation in the expensive editions and have stood the test of some time: naturally they offer a good deal of attraction in a year when people have to count their pennies. But that readers don't shy from the higher prices (if the book is substantial) is witnessed by the fact that the *advance* sale of *My Experiences in the World War*, by Pershing, amounted to 35,347 copies. This title and Remarque's novel, *The Road Back*, are apt to lead the lists for a while.

As for novelties, there has been, at least in the East, a run on books on backgammon. To meet the demands of this fad, twenty-three leading clubs have agreed upon the standard rules which have now been published by Scribners. The Culbertson Forcing System has been the talk of every smart Contract table and books about it have been best sellers in New York City. So has *The Vice Squad*, which has fed the curiosity about the city's scandals. And *Boners*, which has promoted a good deal of inexpensive laughter, has an undisputed place on the national list. Incidentally, novelties have their best chance in the spring and summer; in the autumn people are apt to be serious.

Edward Weeks

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1931

'HOLLYWOOD HAS NOTHING TO LEARN'

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

THE occasion, it must be admitted, was provocative. And perhaps Mr. von Sternberg was already in a bad temper. His remarks about Mr. Dreiser suggested rather clearly that he could get along much better with *An American Tragedy* if the author were transported to the fourth dimension. It must be very trying for an enterprising director to have all these authors lying around — particularly when they refuse to keep quiet. But keeping quiet is one of the few things Mr. George Bernard Shaw would admit that he cannot do; and when Hollywood said what it thought of his screened productions, Mr. Shaw naturally — never having been there — said what he thought of Hollywood and its methods. All that was necessary, said Mr. Shaw, was to reproduce his works as closely to their stage rendering as possible; and he added that Hollywood could do things very well 'after it had been shown how.' On both counts Mr. Shaw was demonstrably wrong; but Mr. von Sternberg's reply was almost too good to be true. 'Hollywood,' said he, 'has absolutely nothing to learn in motion pictures from any European country, neither from Russia nor Germany, and least of all from England. I am European-born, but all I know of pictures I learned in America.' Just so!

Of course, there are certain respects in which Mr. von Sternberg has facts on his side — though they are not facts that have much intrinsically to do with the pictures. Hollywood certainly has little to learn about publicity. It is responsible for the largest flood of the most hideous advertising that any great industry has let loose. It is a quite interesting exercise to watch the movie posters, even of the better films, and wonder in what sort of minds such things originate — especially the color schemes. For personal publicity, too, there is nothing in the world to compare with Hollywood; not even the British royal family — though, philosophically considered, the two institutions have that in common which is worth exhibiting. Both alike fulfill a certain traumatic need of the mass mind. The stars of Hollywood, like the newspaper version of the Prince of Wales, do more than charm or entertain. Entertainment as such does not evoke fan mail. Sheer entertainment value would not support salaries of twenty or thirty thousand dollars a week. Their more important rôle is in relation to the psychology of the subconscious. They are symbols. And, like all true symbols, they focus and

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sublimate the emotional drives, the conative urges, that ordinary life can neither appease nor use.

In their own way, the publicity experts know this; and their main job is to keep their clients — perhaps one should say their creations — in character. It is not always easy. Miss Clara Bow, for example, is a somewhat more difficult problem than Queen Mary; and one cannot tell precisely what the mass mind demands, or will tolerate. Would it be better, for example, to draw the veil over Miss Bow for a little while, or would a flood of Hollywood domesticity float her safely over the shoals? The public wants so many different things — but never one that will really shock it. And the real shock point is so difficult to gauge! One thing, however, is certain: the public wants the process — the ministration to its traumatic needs — to continue. Certain producers, it is said, attempted last season to escape from the drain of star salaries on the theory that what the public wanted was just good movies. But the competition for stars has returned, keener than ever; and the public is apparently willing to pay for its catharsis.

In that still more impressive field of publicity which rejoices in the name 'public relations,' Hollywood may justly claim that it has nothing to learn. The public utilities, particularly the power companies, have also done effective work in this domain; but they entered it later than the movie industry, and their efforts, elaborate and costly though they have been, have not been crowned with such unmitigated success.

The movie industry has been fighting the peril of censorship for over twenty years. It is fighting still; but so far it has won all along the line. Well over thirty states, and many scores of cities, have been interested in censorship legislation; Congress had the issue before it in the last session. But the industry's brilliant and audacious defense has preserved its freedom practically inviolate. Its tactics have changed from time to time, but its strategy has been uniformly based on the slogan 'Selection, not censorship.' It has endeavored to associate itself with every public group that has become interested in this issue. It has welcomed 'coöperation.' It has arranged previewings, facilitated publicity for endorsements, patronized meetings, sponsored luncheons, provided office room and salaries for responsible representatives, and is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in this field alone. Yet still there are those who complain!

The most serious menace to freedom arose out of a series of unfortunate occurrences in 1921. The industry's counter-stroke was the publication of the famous 'thirteen points,' whereby it abjured pictures 'which emphasize and exaggerate sex appeal . . . scenes which exhibit nakedness or persons scantily dressed, particularly suggestive bedroom and bathroom scenes and scenes of inciting dances . . . scenes which unnecessarily prolong expressions or demonstrations of passionate love . . . stories which make drunkenness and gambling attractive . . . stories or scenes which are vulgar . . . salacious titles and subtitles,' and so on and so forth. This voluntary declaration, with a few additions, is still the official policy of the industry.

Its enunciation was followed by the advent of Mr. Will Hays, who formed in 1922 an organization known as The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. This body proceeded to secure the coöperation, on an organized footing (which it financed), of no less than sixty-four voluntary

groups, mostly of women. The policy of preview, endorsement, and special publicity for approved pictures was thus put on a regular basis; and for a short time all went well (especially the unendorsed pictures, which continued to go very well indeed). Unfortunately a virus of disillusion spread among some of the 'coöperating' organizations, and the machinery has had more than once to be overhauled; the policy, however, continues in full force. At present, according to Mr. Hays's association, the previewing groups in Los Angeles include the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Federation of Catholic Alumnæ, the Association of University Women, the Library Association, the Y. M. C. A., the D. A. R., and the Boy Scouts. A certain amount of previewing is done by some of these groups in the principal cities also. Lists of 'endorsed' pictures are circulated both nationally and through the branch associations. Local theatre managers, where the local organization is vigorous enough, are encouraged, by the promise of extra publicity, to exercise what little choice of pictures they have in favor of the approved ones. And in a few cases 'family nights' or 'children's matinées' have been arranged. Effort of this kind is at present particularly welcome to the exhibitors in view of the decline in children's patronage since the advent of sound — a decline sufficiently marked to have an appreciable effect on profits in a poor season.

Some of this work coincides with, some of it duplicates, the efforts of the National Board of Review. This New York society dates from the stormy episode of 1908–1909, when for a short time the mayor closed the motion-picture houses on moral grounds. The National Board works through local 'Better Films Committees,' of which the membership, like its own, is individual rather than representative of organizations. Like the other groups, it is dependent on the industry itself for its previewing and some other facilities; but otherwise its connection is much less close. It has also taken an interest in other than the 'moral' aspects of the movies; it is, in fact, the only public organization that keeps systematically in touch with the newer developments in art and technique. From this point of view the average list of 'approved' or 'endorsed' films is about as depressing to the eclectic as it is to the box office.

There has been, as was said above, a certain amount of skepticism both within and without all this organized endeavor — just enough, in fact, to keep the business interesting for Mr. Hays. Some groups have seceded, apparently under the impression that both they and the public were being elaborately and effectively fooled by it all. Minorities in other groups have at times made things lively for their Hollywood representatives. A good deal of this secessionist movement is now headed up by yet another organization, the Federal Motion Picture Council of America, Inc. (the impressive titles are probably a hangover from so much previewing). This organization rejects entirely the gentle slogans of the Hays office. 'Selection, not censorship' it declares to be a swindle. It refuses to 'coöperate' with the industry in a voluntary censorship. It even refuses to coöperate with the state in a legal censorship. What it wants is nothing less than control at the source. To this end it favors the proposals of the Hudson bill introduced in the House of Representatives last year. The bill declares the motion-picture industry a public utility, and creates a Federal Commission to control it — to control not merely its trade practices, or its observ-

ance of its thirteen points, but to control also actual script, scenario, and production. 'The commission shall appoint supervisors to assist producers and directors in the process of production, in applying the standards of this Act as interpreted by the commission.' Though nothing is said about it in the bill, it is presumed that bodyguards and occasional interment charges for the supervisors would go on the expense account.

While the foregoing is by no means an exhaustive account of all the elements in this 'public relations' business, it may suffice to indicate the main problems with which the industry has had to deal. On the whole it has dealt with them in a fashion which justifies Mr. von Sternberg's claim. It has gauged the gullibility of thousands of good women with an audacity and a pragmatic wisdom that Mr. Sinclair Lewis could hardly have bettered; and it has appealed successfully to the pet doctrines of liberalism for defense against the threat of external control. The vindication of its policy is the simple fact that the industry remains free to produce what it likes — or what it thinks the public likes. There is an air of unreality about all this uplift and agitation. Film policy is ultimately determined by the conferences of the distributors. They know what they are talking about — in terms of real dollars and cents. What they say goes. What anyone else says must get itself translated into figures before it is even audible.

II

After all, whatever the Russians and the Germans and the French and the English may say about the movies as art, motion-picture production and distribution is a business. It is said to be the fourth largest business in the world. It spends one hundred million dollars a year on advertising and entertains one hundred and fifteen million spectators per week in the United States alone. It has an investment of some two billions of dollars, and no 'angels.' Why should one expect any more social altruism from it, in the cause of morality, education, or art, than one would of the meat packers or the steel corporation? It is too bad that what Mr. Will Hays recently called 'that inner urge which marks every one of our producers as a true artist' should be so continually constrained and thwarted. But how can one expect these true artists to defy their sales departments and take gratuitous risks? Why should they hazard their backers' money in wild attempts to reach a public that for all they know does not exist?

Were it not for Mr. von Sternberg's assurance that these people have nothing to learn, one might suggest that even box-office figures are no final criterion of public taste. Take that four-million-dollar libel on England, Germany, and human nature recently released under the title 'Hell's Angels.' False from beginning to end, false alike in fact, sentiment, and technique, it is the most devastating exposure of Hollywood mentality that the screen has shown for years. But it is an easy matter to create enough public curiosity about it to induce large audiences to go — once; and nobody is in any case counted upon to go twice! Not all the women's clubs in America, however indignant they wax over the grossness of the sex scenes, can make much headway against the publicity put behind such a colossal investment in vulgarity. But the fact of its making money is no final proof that it is what the public 'wants.' Low as public taste may be on the hundred-million level, its tolerance of Hollywood's worst is no evidence of its intolerance for anything better. In

movies, as in radio, there is evidence that public taste is at least ahead of that of the glove salesmen, the jewelry vendors, the trouser pressers, the bondsmen, the nickelodeon proprietors, the advertising touts who have inflicted their mentality on the industry. Two recent ballots are interesting — one a popular inquiry conducted by *Motion Picture Classic*, the other an inquiry among 333 newspaper critics conducted by the *Film Daily*. Here are the leading ten of each list, with the votes cast: —

The Divorcee (315)	All Quiet (271)
All Quiet (224)	Abraham Lincoln (167)
Common Clay (196)	Holiday (166)
Holiday (189)	Journey's End (151)
Romance (178)	Anna Christie (141)
Disraeli (166)	The Big House (141)
Let Us Be Gay (161)	The Byrd picture (121)
The Big House (154)	The Divorcee (94)
The Dawn Patrol (150)	Hell's Angels (91)
Anna Christie (147)	Old English (87)

In the second list, which covers 54 pictures, 'Let Us Be Gay' ranks as number 19, 'White Hell of Pitz Palu' as number 35, 'Africa Speaks' number 52, and the Fox experiment, 'Just Imagine,' number 54.

It is fair to point out, however, that each list rates quite highly certain pictures which have been box-office failures. The point is important in as much as it indicates the main defense of the block booking system. That system is described by the industry itself as the wholesaling of pictures. Under it the exhibitor contracts for a stated number — usually a season's supply — of the current pictures, many of which he may not have seen, some of which may not as yet be made. If he does not book in this way, all he can as a rule secure is old or rejected pictures that have passed — frequently in poor condition — into the hands of the small number of unassociated distributors, and have long since lost their box-office appeal.

Obviously the exhibitor has very little opportunity for discrimination in the output of the firm or firms whose films he is to receive; in point of fact, the blocks compete largely on the names of the stars who are under contract to appear. He has some discrimination. He has a right to decline pictures that his town authority will certify as offensive to the community. He has also a theoretical right to cancel 10 per cent of his contract, but only on payment of half the stated rental for the refused film or films. He may also, of course, — and sometimes does, — accept delivery without exhibiting a particular picture. Both these elements of choice obviously involve financial loss in cases where booking is done on an advance-payment basis. A very salutary development, however, is the growing abandonment of this basis in favor of a percentage system based on the gross receipts of each picture. Under the advance rental, or the guarantee system, the distributor — and through him the producer — retained only a very slight interest in the final showing of each picture to the public; the picture was paid for, or guaranteed, long before, and there the matter ended. Under the percentage plan, though block booking still obtains, the appeal of each individual picture is reflected right back to the producer's sales department. And though the result may not make for better pictures, it will at least give a more sensitive index of public taste and encourage greater variety in the output of each firm.

The thirty-two distributing boards which constitute the wholesale division of the industry are themselves controlled by the Hays organization, and through their hands passes 98 per cent of the American commercial output. Critics of the industry maintain that under these circumstances the exhibitor is practically powerless, no matter what

pressure is put upon him or what personal standards he may have, to control the quality of public entertainment. The industry maintains that block booking is the only way by which films of anything less than mass appeal can be financed — that in fact, without the block system, many of the better films would be unable to pay their way, as exhibitors would not take them independently.

The arguments are not incompatible. To some cases the former is more relevant, to others the latter. But what appears incontestable in either case is that the incentive to producers to try out a wide variety of different types, with the intention of satisfying as many different tastes as possible, is thus reduced to a minimum. As with radio, so with the movies: the assumption — the *financial* assumption — that practically every offering must please everybody makes for low standard of quality and a high degree of artistic or technical inertia. Novelty becomes almost gratuitous and experiment positively dangerous.

There is more in the situation than this, however. Whether or not Hollywood has nothing to learn, it is apparently determined that the public shall have less and less chance of learning anything. However little of real independence the 'independents' may have, it is apparently too much for the producers. The rapid extension in the outright ownership of theatres both by acquisition and by building on the part of the producing concerns is a very significant development. It is part of the 'trustification' of the entire amusement business of America, which already covers radio, the vaudeville stage, and the concert platform. The 'independent' has been having a difficult time for years. Various types of discrimination have been practised against him. He finds himself now in a minority and is sometimes confronted with a deliberately destructive competition from the chain houses. To the extent that these now dominate the field, Hollywood has an automatic and exclusive outlet direct to the public. There is still keen competition between the Hollywood firms; but access to the public for any concern outside the empire of Mr. Will H. Hays is almost entirely barred.

III

And what of it? Does not a similar situation exist in a great many other American industries? What — if any — is the ground for complaint? The public gets a vast amount of entertainment at very low prices. And the existence of a minority of intellectuals who do not like it is surely what one would, and should, expect under any system.

The ground for complaint needs to be very carefully defined, for there is much confusion as to the real issue. Criticism must begin by accepting the fact that the business is primarily one of mass entertainment. It is planned and financed on that assumption. But that fact cuts both ways. The industry cannot escape a certain measure of responsibility arising from its very nature. The degree to which pure profit seeking is socially sanctioned depends on the demand that is being exploited. We do not bother much about it in the majority of cases; but we put a good many restrictions on things like milk, food, and transportation. Now here is a case where not physical but cultural values are being traded in — ethical and æsthetic values. In what way, if any, should we hold the tradesmen — pardon, Mr. Hays, the artists — to certain minimum standards? Censorship?

It is hardly necessary to argue that

issue. If the Boy Scouts and the women's clubs choose to press their views of what is good and proper by endorsing and recommending the films they like, more power to them — so long as all the rest of us are free to do likewise! But can anyone seriously imagine that in this chaotic America, with its utter lack of standards in vital matters, — of real, as opposed to verbal, standards, — any one group could be safely entrusted with power to impose its criteria on the rest of the community? Does anyone still suppose that a government which blunders so egregiously in the handling of tangible matters like crop marketing and war bonuses is a fit instrument to be trusted with final power over the intangibles of life and art? I would sooner have a board of censors comprising Mr. Earl Carroll, Miss Bow, and any half dozen of Hollywood's publicity men than the best that the women's clubs, Mr. Brookhart, and Mr. Hudson could assemble — because they would do less harm. What my convictions may be has nothing to do with it. Whoever I am, other people's liberty matters more than my dogmas. Besides, the ethics of the movies are not so bad. They are childish, naïve, and as a rule quite unrealistic; but they are not perverse. It is the taste that is so frequently deplorable. Does anybody propose to endow some *arbiter elegantiarum* with the force of law in this matter also? If so, I can see myself the founder of a society in defense of the right to be vulgar!

No, what is wanted is more liberty, not less. And it is on this charge that the case against Hollywood really rests. Hollywood may have nothing to learn; but the public has a very great deal to learn — *if only it could get the chance.* At this moment there are probably not more than a couple of dozen theatres in the entire country where movie entertainment can be found that does not originate in Hollywood. The little-theatre movement in movies was doing fairly well until the coming of sound. That brought it face to face with heavy and unforeseen expenses; further, the supply of good silent film on which it has mostly relied is shrinking rapidly; and the American booking system prevents the free-lance theatre from fulfilling its proper function, and occasionally strengthening its cash balance, by the showing of hand-picked American items that have not already lost their box-office value.

The trouble with the Hollywood output is precisely the trouble with any other art that is allowed to fall into the complete control of profit seekers whose one objective is the mass mind. Much of it is passable entertainment, some of it excellent; but the possibility of advance as an art is reduced to a minimum. What æsthetic or technical innovations can Hollywood show, despite its resources, to compare with those of Ufa and Sovkino? How is it that such concerns, despite their smaller monetary rewards, can attract literary, artistic, and technical talent that leaves Hollywood nowhere? Why did Hollywood think it necessary to support an outrageous piece of heresy-hunting propaganda when it began to look as though Eisenstein might at last find something to do there? Was it afraid of being shown up?

Let us pause here to remember some of the good things Hollywood has done. Let us not speak of Chaplin, who, like Grock, is a piece of sheer good fortune for mankind. Let us recall Vidor's 'The Crowd,' of which some scenes can stand beside any movie in existence. (What has happened to you, Mr. Vidor, that you cannot recapture the vision of life you gave us in the Coney Island, the subway, the Niagara episodes?) Let us recall 'The Thief of Bagdad.' (What has happened to you, Mr. Fair-

banks, that you abandoned your idea of breaking new ground in America as artist and playboy? Did you really need more money?) Let us remember 'Holiday,' 'The Boudoir Diplomat,' and many more stories, which, if they were only photography, were excellent in their limited kind. Let us remember 'All Quiet,' and give all the praise to Hollywood and none to Russia. Let us remember 'Disraeli' and 'Old Ironsides,' pictures costing from five to ten times as much as a Clara Bow feature, and both of them box-office failures. Let us remember many a pleasant hour of relaxation that has left no permanent impression on the memory, one way or the other, save that of time agreeably wasted. Let us remember, above all, that in an industry of this sort, unless we are prepared to sacrifice the principle of liberty, there must and will always be that which offends even very moderate standards of taste and decency; and that we must accept that fact as a permanent element in the situation.

It is the good things of Hollywood rather than the bad that make the matter worth discussing. Take the simple fact, well known to every chain exhibitor, that communities vary very much, not only as to what they will 'stand,' but as to what they will support. Under the present system the more sophisticated communities are starved of their proper share of entertainment and deprived of the encouragement they might render to the advancement of the movie as art. Why cannot the producers, at least occasionally, drop their conception of the mass public, attempt something that is frankly selective in its appeal, and let it go to whoever will take it independently of the block system altogether?

The answer is that the experiment would not pay, that hardly any exhibitors would take it. Look at the small number of independents who will take the risk of showing Sovkino or Ufa productions, easy and relatively cheap as they are to obtain! True enough. The exhibitor is all too frequently the stumblingblock; but he is the one and only lever in the system that is immediately accessible to the public. But the public, the sophisticated public, is inert and ill-informed, and the sort of publicity that would be needed does not as yet exist! True again. There is need, and probably opportunity, for a journal devoted to the art of the movie that might compare with what *Theatre Arts Monthly* is to the stage. But experiment and publicity would have to go together; no use to run such a venture unless some considerable section of the public had a chance to see the things it was talking about. Even at best, such ventures could hardly pay!

Well, let us admit it. Not every book a publisher puts out will pay, or is even expected to pay. Our hypothetical experiment, however, need not be prorated with as high a selling cost as the average movie now is. It might be offered at terms that hardly covered expenses, in order to encourage the exhibitor. And above all, *it need not be an expensive production.* One of the things Hollywood has indubitably to learn, if it ever considers this field, is that expenditure is no substitute for brains. More courage, more brains — and less money: that is the prescription!

But after all, why bother? Are not things going well enough already?

No, things are not going well enough. As Miss Marie Dressler recently put it in *Screenland:* 'The picture producers used to sit in their swivel chairs and think they had the world by the tail; then the talkies came and the tail broke off. Now they're running around with the tail in their hands trying to

catch the animal.' But perhaps — if we may take liberties with Miss Dressler's figure — the public is no longer just one animal, but a whole herd of animals; and perhaps, even from a financial point of view, the kind of animal I am talking about might prove to be worth catching. After all, he is by this time quite a sizable beast!

There is another reason. I believe it to be of far more importance to the life of a people that its artists should have freedom than that its moralists should have authority. It is through its art forms that a people comes to self-knowledge, to self-possession; and the movie is above all others the means by which American life might be so brought into critical consciousness of itself. Might be — but is not. How false a portrayal of it Hollywood has so far achieved the whole world is bearing witness. The reality has been scarcely touched. I believe there are directors in Hollywood who would agree with me in these matters; who would like to experiment, if they dared, without regard to the limitations of mass finance and mass mentality. I believe I could list four or five of them. And I should include Mr. Joseph von Sternberg!

TAKING A MAN'S MEASURE

A Practical Study of Aptitudes

BY JOHNSON O'CONNOR

I

ALTHOUGH the physical characteristics of the human race have emerged from the dominion of the four cardinal humors and have come one by one into the realm of the modern laboratory, mental characteristics are still, to many persons, nebulous unrealities beyond the reach of any scientific technique. Are there discernible mental characteristics? Can they be measured objectively, evaluated numerically? Are they reducible to scientific terms?

With the aim of making mental characteristics more real than they have perhaps seemed in the past, I propose to use three pieces of apparatus which in form are little more than kindergarten playthings, accessories without intrinsic value. Like most laboratory apparatus, like chemists' bottles and funnels and filter paper, they may be used in the finding of significant scientific laws.

The simplest piece of apparatus, shown in Figure 1, is a board with one

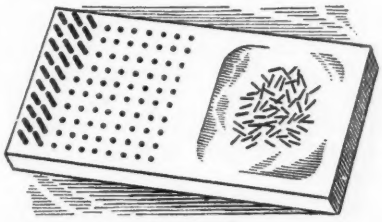

FIGURE 1

hundred holes drilled at one end and a shallow tray at the other. In this tray are piled three hundred small metal pins. In the course of our experimentation a thousand girls were asked to come to the laboratory, to take the pins from the tray three at a time, and

which is shown in Figure 2. At the top, 96 and 96 are the same, and the person taking the test checks opposite them in the third column under the word 'same.' The next two numbers, 64 and 68, differ, and he checks in the fourth column under the heading 'different';

		SAME	DIFFERENT
96	96		
64	68		
55	55		
43	63		
80	80		
392	397		
653	653		
659	956		
8672	8762		
1983	1983		
34289	34298		
93416	93416		

FIGURE 2

to place each three pins in one of the drilled holes. Among the thousand individuals, one finished in slightly less than five minutes, another needed more than fifteen to do the same task under similar conditions. At first glance a ratio of three to one — the slowest three times as long as the fastest — seems a small difference to find among a thousand persons, but compare this with the contrasts in such a familiar physical characteristic as height. A man five feet tall walking with another six feet two or three attracts instant attention. No normal man is three times as tall as another. Yet in finger dexterity, an invisible characteristic, one person actually takes three times as long as another to perform the same operation under as nearly as possible similar conditions.

The second bit of apparatus is a paper with two columns of numbers, a part of

and so on through the list. Among a thousand men, one finished in forty seconds, while another took three minutes. The slowest required four or five times as long as the fastest, again a contrast more striking than is shown by most familiar physical characteristics. Even five to one was not the full difference, because the man who finished in forty seconds checked correctly, whereas the one who spent three minutes made five mistakes in the process.

One continually hears of the slow-but-sure, and yet the laboratory results of the last eight or ten years show that the slow-but-sure man is almost a myth. The group who finish in less than a minute make fewer mistakes than those who take more than this time. The group who take under a minute and a half make, in turn, fewer mistakes than those who take longer. One can, of course, find

exceptions, men who rush through and make mistakes and others who go slowly, carefully, and correctly; but, even including the exceptions, the fast group is accurate, the slow group inaccurate. On combining the time and the errors, the best man proves twenty to thirty times better than the poorest.

Turn to a third experiment. Two college men who came to the laboratory were shown the so-called wiggly block (Figure 3). They were told that it had been cut vertically into three piles of three blocks each, and horizontally into three layers, again of three blocks each. The nine pieces were then disassembled and mixed and the two men were asked to put them back together. One did it with no difficulty in thirty-two seconds, an exceptionally fast time; the other worked nearly half an hour before finally succeeding. There is considerable luck in happening upon the first two blocks to fit, and in order to reduce the chance factor the blocks were mixed a second time. The fast man finished again with approximately the same speed, while the half-hour man improved, needing this time less than twenty minutes, and on a third trial not more than twelve. Still he required roughly twenty-four times as long as his companion.

II

What causes these striking differences, making some men thirty times better than others in number checking and some sixty times faster in solving a wiggly-block puzzle? It is not entirely what we ordinarily call education, because both the college men had good records in the same high-standing technical college. They had, in fact, been roommates the last two years of their course. Both had much the same home background. Yet one worked sixty times as long as the other on the wiggly block.

In this case the difference was not in education. But it is extremely difficult to recognize exactly what education does and what it fails to do. There are many variables. Occasionally a boy fails in school because he earns his way and spends on outside work the time he should devote to his studies; occasionally he lives in a home

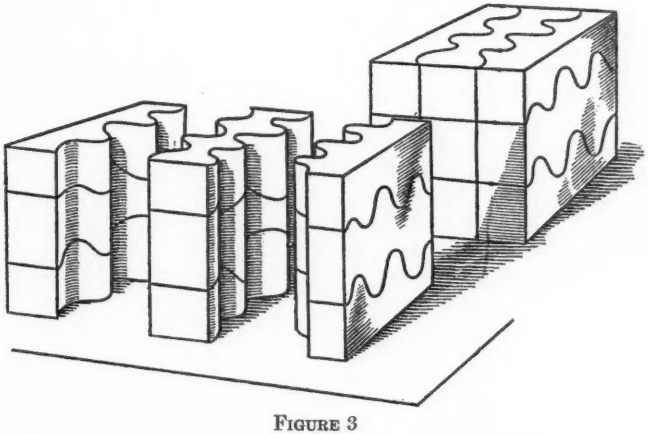

FIGURE 3

where the atmosphere is such that he cannot work efficiently; occasionally he wastes an unreasonable amount of time and energy in commuting. Rather than attempt to analyze education, turn once more to the simplest of the three bits of apparatus, to the picking up of the pins, and follow what specific training does in this case.

We asked one of the slowest girls in the pin assembly, one who required fifteen minutes, to repeat the experiment. She improved, needing on a second trial less than thirteen minutes. We then suggested that as an experiment she should try the task once a day for a week, and, finally, every day for a month. She improved steadily, and apparently, had we persisted, would have continued to improve, although the rate of improvement at the end of the month was already small.

Improvement takes place in every test with which we have experimented. The constant repetition of any task improves its performance. With the sweep of the general intelligence test through schools to-day, this ability of every man to learn is often overlooked. No one reaches the limit of his capacities, for they are boundless.

Instead of watching one individual and marveling at the amount of improvement which accompanies the repetition of any task such as assembling the pins, let us compare two persons, or rather two groups, in order to eliminate some of the individual idiosyncrasies which continually affect the study of human beings. Two groups of girls, one averaging in the neighborhood of six minutes and the other approximately half again as long, nine minutes, repeated the pin test. On second trial the nine-minute group improved, approaching eight minutes. The six-minute group also improved to about five and one-half minutes. The slow group still took half again as long as the fast.

The two groups then repeated the assembly once a day for a month. The nine-minute group improved strikingly, requiring at the end of the month not more than six minutes. The six-minute group also improved, needing only about four minutes. The initially slow group even after considerable practice was still relatively slow, the initially fast group still fast; the slow were still approximately half again as long as the fast.

This holds for many tests. Two persons given equal opportunity, equal practice, equal education, keep throughout practice much the same relationship to one another. Both improve, but the slow individual remains relatively slow, the fast relatively fast. If the slow beginner practises, and the fast one does not, the slow, of course, gradually overtakes the fast; but given equal opportunity, equal practice, the slow continues relatively slow, the fast continues relatively fast.

If parallel improvement is a general law, it is important to start each boy and girl at the particular type of work for which he is best suited. No amount of practice, no amount of training, no amount of education, will ever make the boy who starts at unsuitable work quite as successful as he would have been could he have started originally at the right type, and been allowed the same practice, the same training, and the same education.

As a first step toward helping a boy to get started in a promising direction, a set of 'worksamples' have been devised, each representative of a specific type of work. In a morning a boy can try a dozen such samples of a dozen varieties of work, and gain some idea, from the way in which he does each, how he is likely to succeed at the vocation represented. The

board with the tray of pins at one end and the hundred holes at the other is a sample of such small, rapid, short-cycle factory work as meter or instrument building, or radio assembling. A measure of finger dexterity is not perhaps of direct interest to the reader, but, because on the border line of the physical, it appears more logical than measures of such intangible characteristics as creative imagination and executive personality, and has therefore been used to illustrate laws which are generally applicable.

The number checking is a sample of banking, of auditing, and of accounting in general; for women it represents secretarial work and the higher types of clerical work, such as typing and stenography. It measures an instinctive gift for grasping the significance of symbols.

The wiggly block is a sample of engineering. It indicates ability to visualize three-dimensional structure, and is done well by so wide a range of workers as architects, surgeons, scientists, and mechanics, all of whom work in three dimensions with concrete structures. One type of man sees a picture or blueprint as a flat surface, and only with difficulty and conscious effort visualizes in three dimensions the object portrayed; another sees instantly and easily in spatial terms. Relative assembly times in the wiggly block distinguish these two types from one another.

III

Let us use the wiggly block as an illustration this time because it is less obvious than the pins, and review step by step the development which led to its use as a yardstick. The purpose was to measure an aptitude for engineering, something which distinguishes potential engineers from men in general.

We devised a simple engineering task whose solution we felt did not involve knowledge or training, but a natural aptitude for engineering. With the meagre background which existed on which to base judgment, the selection of the sample, although ostensibly based upon reasoning, was in reality little more than a guess. A group of successful engineers, men obviously engineers regardless of the manner in which they did our particular problem, were then asked to try its solution. They did poorly — that is, no better than men in general. We had obviously erred in selecting the sample, for our subjects had proved their success in the engineering profession and the fact that they did the problem no better than did unselected groups showed that that particular task was not a fair representative sample of engineering. We therefore discarded it and devised another. Again a group of successful engineers were asked to try the task, and again they did not distinguish themselves from the mass. We had failed once more, and discarded that test.

In this way, twenty-five to thirty supposedly representative samples of engineering work were devised and tried before we ultimately stumbled upon one (the wiggly block) which 85 per cent of the engineers of known success who tried it did better than men in general. Speed in performing this mechanical, objective measure segregates engineers of known success from men in general.

A further step is essential. The successful engineers may have done well because of training, because of experience, — they were all trained, experienced men, — or they may have done well because of a flair for engineering, an instinctive feeling for the work. We needed to make certain that we were measuring aptitude, a gift,

and not merely such acquired training or experience as any boy might gain in either a technical college or an engineering position.

The next step, therefore, was to measure with this same test a group of boys with no engineering background, no previous engineering training. We did this eight years ago, and at that time graded nearly a thousand boys A, B, C, or D, — A representing the best 25 per cent and D the poorest, — and have since followed as far as possible their various successes and failures. Of each one hundred boys who eight years ago graded A on the wiggly-block assembly, between sixty and eighty, an average in the neighborhood of seventy, are to-day earning their living at some type of engineering; of each one hundred who eight years ago graded B, approximately thirty are to-day earning their living at engineering; of each one hundred who eight years ago graded C, about ten are to-day earning their living at engineering; and of each one hundred who graded D, only two or three are to-day in engineering.

We have now measured enough hundreds to know that these chances carry over from one hundred to another, repeating themselves with reasonable accuracy, so that to-day when a boy grades D we cannot say that he will never become a successful engineer, for the two or three D boys in a hundred are apparently as successful as are the seventy A's. We can, however, say that his chances in engineering are not as good as in a type of work where he grades A. In all probability we shall never be justified in saying autocratically to any boy, 'You should be an engineer,' or to another, 'You should not.' We can say, 'Your chances in engineering are better than in accounting, or selling, or executive work.'

Even though a boy makes no use of the actual statistical results, the mere fact that he tries a group of work-samples makes him realize that there are diverse opportunities and that he should analyze his own future more carefully than do most boys before selecting one vocation in preference to another. Too many drift into jobs with no real thought as to whether or not they are entering an occupation for which they are naturally well fitted.

The care with which a representative sample of work must be selected cannot be overemphasized. Psychological tests are apt to do more harm than good, partly because they are so easily applied dictatorially to restrict a boy's aspirations and limit his future, and partly because so many are used without sufficient proof of validity, used often with unwarranted confidence because they look as if they ought to work.

There is a standard well-recognized test for memory, a characteristic which should be easy to measure. Read to the subject three digits, 597, and ask him to repeat. If he succeeds, read four, 6823; and so on until he fails. Obviously a good memory should enable one to repeat a large number of digits. Nevertheless, when this test was actually tried, a surprising difficulty materialized.

In a manufacturing plant where it is customary to deliver the week's pay in individual envelopes with each worker's designating number — such, for instance, as 35015 — printed on the outside, a block of four hundred of the numbers were changed. The paymaster, who had learned the numbers after years of association, gave out the revised envelopes with no hesitation. I personally saw him give out over a hundred and ask the new number only twice to check his memory.

He remembered four hundred numbers with sufficient confidence to risk paying money on the strength of his recollection.

Here was a remarkable memory with which to experiment, and, having made a set of numbers running to twenty digits, I asked the paymaster to try them. I read 597, and he repeated 597. I read 6823; he repeated 6283. Apparently he could not repeat four digits accurately. At his suggestion I wrote the numbers instead of reading them and found that he could repeat seven but not eight. I, with no comparable memory, could also repeat seven. Finally, after experimenting together at intervals for over a year, we stumbled on a technique which showed sharply the difference between us. I exhibited for a second a printed number of six digits and then took it away. After allowing him ten seconds to fix it in his mind, I showed another six-figure number, and then another, and another, until he had seen eight such six-figure numbers. He repeated seven of the eight numbers, while I could remember only the last, the one just seen.

We might have reasoned that a paymaster needs an excellent memory; that the standard test obviously measures memory; and, putting the two together, might have advised the youngster who did poorly in the standard memory test never to enter pay-office work. Such advice would have been wholly unwarranted. Every test must be checked with the utmost care, first with men of known success, and second by predicting the futures of boys and then following them to see what percentage of the predictions come true.

Ninety-nine per cent of the tests which we have tried do not meet these two criteria. And even the one in a hundred which does is not infallible and must be used with constantly tempered judgment in pointing out to boys promising possibilities which they have perhaps not considered, and in warning them of difficulties which they may encounter and should be prepared to overcome.

IV

Thirty industries are now using the measures described in this article, sometimes as an aid in placing an applicant at the type of work for which he or she is best fitted, sometimes in transferring an employee from one position to another, sometimes as a guide in reassigning a worker who is failing. A distinct failure can often be turned into a success by transfer to carefully selected work, but few industries feel justified in spending two or three hours individually with the normal man in studying his peculiar problems and giving him individual vocational advice.

In addition to this industrial testing, approximately fifty schools are applying these methods to exceptional cases, to boys and girls who are especially outstanding, to the one-sided, and to the backward child. The real problem of the normal boy or girl is hardly touched, for most schools wish to test groups of ten or twenty or one hundred at a time and do not ordinarily feel warranted in devoting two or three hours to the individual.

For some time there has been need of a laboratory where any normal boy or girl can have full benefit of modern research findings. To fill this need there are now in existence two Human Engineering Laboratories, one in Boston and another in New York, where any boy or girl can try a complete set of psychological measures under ideal conditions and have opportunity of discussing vocational problems and

receiving as sound advice as it is possible for science to supply. To supplement the industrial and the school testing, and the work of the Human Engineering Laboratories, it is necessary to learn more about the measures and their exact significance. Stevens Institute has, therefore, organized a research laboratory which is attempting each year to penetrate a bit further into this unknown field.

V

The type of psychological measurement with which the reader is most familiar is probably the so-called 'general intelligence' test. There are as many definitions of general intelligence as there are psychologists, but beneath the diversity are three fundamentally different concepts. Intelligence may be, as the words say, truly general; it may act like the rays of a searchlight in that it can be turned upon any problem and aid in its solution. Or there may be tasks so simple that intelligence plays little or no part, in which case we must think of intelligence not as general in the broadest sense, but as limited in certain directions. Or the word 'intelligence' may be used in a third way, to designate a group of abilities; in this sense the larger the collection of abilities, the more intelligent is their possessor.

Consider these three possibilities in terms of the apparatus which has been pictured. If intelligence is general in the broadest sense of the word, the intelligent man should assemble the pins more rapidly than the unintelligent. He may not do it perfectly, but a truly general intelligence should aid in even so simple a task.

The same general intelligence should play its part in the number checking, and the intelligent man again should finish more quickly and more accurately than the unintelligent. We should on this assumption expect to find two groups, the intelligent group doing both pins and numbers well, and the unintelligent group doing both poorly. On actually measuring large numbers of individuals with these two tests, we find no such groupings; these two abilities, assembling pins and checking numbers, are independent of one another and scatter among men by the laws of chance.

Should we deal two playing cards to each of a number of persons, one quarter would receive two black cards each, one quarter two red cards each, and one half one black card and one red card each. The cards would fall by the laws of chance. So with these two abilities. One quarter of those whom we have tested do well in both tests, one quarter poorly in both, and one half well in one and poorly in the other.

The fact that a certain person assembles the pins rapidly tells nothing of his ability to check numbers; that he does the numbers rapidly and accurately tells nothing of his speed in assembling the pins. Intelligence is not sufficiently broad to include two such diverse tasks as assembling pins and checking numbers.

One might have drawn the same conclusion without trying the experiment, for one hardly thinks of picking up pins as of a sufficiently high intellectual level to involve intelligence. It is finger dexterity, not intelligence. Lay aside the pins, therefore, with the conclusion that intelligence, while perhaps still general, is not sufficiently broad to play a part in so simple a task.

Intelligence should aid in assembling the wiggly block, a more difficult task on distinctly a higher level. Again we should find a group of men, the intelli-

gent group, who do both the numbers and the block well, and another, the unintelligent group, who do both poorly. And again when we try large numbers of men we find no such groups.

We might continue and divide intelligence into a number of separate and distinct parts, each independent of the others, so that a man may do exceptionally well in all but one of our tasks and yet poorly in that, or poorly in all but one and well in that. So far, we think we have isolated and studied five of these atomic mental elements; undoubtedly there are many more still to be disentangled from the tremendously complicated structure of the human mind.

It is difficult to realize how distinct abilities are, one from another. Despite the scientific evidence to the contrary, we instinctively think of men in terms of general intelligence, general characteristics. I once made this statement before a group of teachers in the western part of New York State and was instantly questioned by the superintendent of schools, who felt that he could recognize intelligence and believed that he could pick from any class the most intelligent and the most unintelligent groups. There is, of course, a middle range within which it is difficult to classify, but he knew that he could recognize the extremes. So he asked if, as an experiment, he might bring four boys to our laboratory, boys of sixteen years of age who had never been able to complete fourth-grade school work and who were, therefore, decidedly retarded. I offered willingly to test them, if he himself would try the tests first.

The next day he came to the laboratory and did exceptionally well on everything except the wiggly block, on which he spent some eighteen minutes. The following day he brought in one of the feeble-minded youngsters, who did the block instantly and easily in a minute and a half. We had him repeat the test several times and each time he did it without difficulty in remarkably fast time. I spent ten or fifteen minutes attempting to teach him to check the numbers of Figure 2. He had no notion whether two numbers were the same or different, and it was apparently impossible to give him any clear conception of the idea. The difficulty was not eyesight, for he could read the numbers aloud, but could not grasp either the significance or the importance of the paper and pencil type of task. But any problem which he could visualize in three dimensions he solved rapidly and accurately.

When we saw this boy he had been thrown year after year with younger children and had been told repeatedly that he was a failure; his whole personality had been warped out of shape and it was probably too late to do much for him. But I cannot help feeling that, could we have taken the boy years before, the first year that he failed in school work, and trained him along some mechanical line, we might have made him into a self-supporting member of society, whereas now he is in a school for abnormal children and will probably always continue there, living at the expense of the state.

This is, of course, an extreme case, consciously selected to serve as an illustration; but almost everyone has similar outstanding characteristics which he may never have recognized. Sometimes these can be used in broadening the scope of a man's daily work so that it taxes a larger portion of his total personality and so becomes not only more important and more valuable to the world but more interesting to him as a complete indi-

vidual; sometimes they can be used as hobbies with which to broaden a man's personal life and range of interests.

A brilliant New York engineer, who came to the Stevens Institute Human Engineering Laboratory, tried the engineering tests and did well, as he should. Then, largely for my amusement, he took a musical test and to my surprise made a perfect score, the only one I had encountered. Had he cultivated the musical side of his personality? Made use of it in any way? His answer was no. Forced to earn his own way through school and college, he had been too busy to develop his gift or his interest in music. Immediately after college he had gone to work and was again too fully occupied with other affairs. Later he married, and his wife, who is musical, naturally smiled at the thought of an engineer starting music at his stage in life. Later she herself took the test and made two errors; for a while, at least, the tables were turned.

Obviously this man should not have chosen music as a profession, for he is a brilliantly successful engineer, but could he have done something with his music as a hobby, he might have lived a fuller life, been a more interesting individual, and made a larger circle of friends than by limiting himself exclusively to engineering. Few of us develop all of our aptitudes. If these worksamples do no more than occasionally call a man's attention to an aptitude which he might otherwise neglect, they have justified their existence and the labor expended in their standardization.

Many attempts to measure human beings have failed because they have treated the individual as a machine, dealt with him cold-bloodedly. They have arranged boys on an arbitrary intelligence scale running from zero at the bottom to one hundred at the top in such a way that everyone, except the one top individual, is discouraged, made to feel inferior to someone else.

The application of science to the study of man must be inspiring, not disheartening, strengthening, not weakening; must aim first to prove to each individual that he possesses a unique combination of abilities, one which the world has perhaps never seen before, and one which he can use to new purposes, to create new things, new thoughts; and, having convinced him of his own strengths, must then show him in what practical, concrete ways he can best use his particular combination of characteristics.

BIG FLIGHT

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

THE weatherbeaten young man in the dressing gown sat at the telephone, talking to the airport. The apartment was quiet with the stillness of three o'clock in the morning. The conversation was a long one. On the polished table lay a large white map, with a faint blue outline of the seaboard down one side, and the rest the unlettered space of the ocean. The young man was tracing curious irregular ovals and wavelike lines, in pencil, as the voice at the other end dictated. Sometimes the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a street car or a taxi running down Madison Avenue; two or three lamps threw motionless circles of light on the green carpet; the ash trays had not been cleaned out — everything had the untidiness of early morning. The girl and an elderly man sat on the couch, their eyes fixed on the map, brilliant white under the table lamp.

The young pilot laid down his pencil, considered the map minutely; then he asked the man at the other end to hold on. He leaned back, the telephone on his chest, and considered. His eyes looked straight before him, through the walls of the warm apartment, through the crowded city; his brown face was intent. Once he leaned forward and examined the map, then relapsed into thought again. Finally he sat up straight and spoke into the instrument.

'O.K. At five o'clock, then. Put Cliff on, will you?' He waited.

'Cliff, all set for five o'clock. I'll be there soon after four. Start warming her at four, will you? What? No, fine; I've just had about four hours of the best. All right, then; I'm starting as soon as I get dressed. 'Bye.'

He stood up; so did the girl. The apartment seemed to have an unearthly quiet. The girl and the man on the couch looked haggard, but the man in the dressing gown, his hair rumpled, his chin unshaven, looked strong and competent. The atmosphere was suddenly full of strain, but he betrayed no anxiety.

The girl spoke quickly.

'Jim, do you mean you're going?'

'Yes, at last! The Bureau report follows out what they told us at eleven o'clock. It looks pretty good — as good as I can expect. Look here!' He turned to the map. 'Here's a wide barometric high extending . . .' Enthusiastically he explained the pencil scrawls over the white spaces of the map; the girl followed every word with strained and close attention.

'It's grand,' he finished up. 'It's everything I could expect. I shall ease her up several hundred miles to avoid this stuff here, and then run right down here and follow out the course.' He paused, then spoke decisively: 'I'll take off at five.'

The girl did not question his decision; she gazed fixedly at the inanimate map, her thoughts racing out into the dark unknown miles of lonely air, while she strove to apprehend the unexpected changes, the unseen dangers, to quiet

the forebodings in her heart. Then she turned briskly to him.

'All right, I'll go and tell Clara about the coffee and eats. You go and get dressed.' She eyed him reflectively for a moment. 'And, Jim dear, off with all the bristles; you must look nice the — the other side!' She disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

'Attagirl!' he remarked appreciatively. 'Harry, be a sport and ring up Joe and tell him I'm off at five o'clock, will you?' The older man left the couch and made for the telephone.

'Anybody else? Anything at all to do?'

'No, everything's arranged. Joe's got a list of things he's going to have done. Cliff will be rechecking the ship now and will start warming her in a few minutes. I won't be long.'

When he came back the sleepy but excited maid had brought in coffee and food for all of them. They ate hurriedly, absent-mindedly, but he was made to eat methodically through his allotted portion.

'But I'm groaning now, Betty!' he protested. Firmly she made him go on.

'You'll need it all to-morrow night, my lad!' she warned him. They caught each other's eyes; through both their minds ran the same thought: 'How far we'll be from each other by then!' Silently he covered her hand with his tanned one.

'I'll be close to a walloping meal by that time,' he answered reassuringly. 'Say, I'm warm!' He stood up with a wriggle. Even in the matter of his clothes he had not forgotten any detail — the heavy underwear, the soft shirt, very easy round the neck, the old, roomy suit which would remain comfortable during the long hours of sitting, the oversize shoes and thick socks. He had no intention of having trifles build up into a maddening discomfort. He stood still for a minute or so, thinking over once again the things he had to remember. 'Careful, don't forget anything, don't forget anything,' he told himself. Then he turned to the others.

'All right, fellers, let's go. I want to have plenty of time, and I don't want to miss a second of daylight.'

As he turned to go, his eyes swept round the familiar little room — his odds and ends of treasures, photographs and pictures and books, all the things collected along the way, familiar reminders of friends, of events in an exciting life. For a moment he realized the security and warmth, he felt the contrast with the trackless cold sky awaiting him; for a moment he saw in the same flash of vision his warm bed and a pyramid of flame at the end of the airport runway. He knew a brief sense of poignancy; then the keen urge of adventure rushed through him, bore him forward on the wings of his own will.

The colored maid helped him into his coat. She contrived to blend reproach and well-wishing and tears; he shook hands with her. When they got into the elevator, he asked in surprise, 'Are n't you the day man? Why on so late?'

'Yes, sir, but I guess all the boys have waited to see you go, sir. A coupla them've gone out to the field. Yes, good luck, good luck, sir!'

The same wishes attended him through the lobby. He shook hands. Betty got into the roadster, Harry took the wheel, and the pilot squeezed in on the outside.

'Phew, how many more hands to shake?' he complained as they started off.

'I think they're darlings,' Betty answered. 'They've waited up for hours to give you a send-off.' They drove rapidly through the deserted streets, without benefit of colored lights, over the Queensborough Bridge,

then increased speed until the cool night air whipped their hair and chilled the back of their necks. The girl thought, 'The faster we go, the nearer he is to the worst danger of it all, the take-off, but if we go slowly he'll miss a few of the precious minutes of daylight.' Relentlessly the road ribboned by under the headlights. She looked up for the stars, but they were not visible.

'Jim, it's very cloudy!' she said. His arm tightened round her back.

'Yes, but it's dead clear about four hundred miles out, and that's thin stuff anyway. I'll get over it right away.' There was a little pause.

'Sure,' she replied. 'That's what I thought.'

II

The airport beacon threw a slim pencil up to the clouds. All the buildings were dark except one hangar, which blazed with electrics inside and a flood light turned on the concrete paving outside. Rows of cars were parked near it.

They drove out of the dark night into the glare of the flood light. A chorus of welcoming shouts met them from the little crowd of waiting pressmen, and they blinked in the glare of camera flashes. The press crowded round them, firing questions, making wise-cracks, cheering them with good-natured chaff. The man who had all the arrangements in hand ran up.

''Lo, Jim! 'Lo, Betty! Everything's O. K., and directly you're ready I'll go over things with you. I've arranged for a couple of motor-cycle cops to be here in a few minutes, and I've flagged the end of the runway. I think I'll send out a couple of little flares, too; don't you think so?'

'Yes, Joe, maybe you'd better, but make 'em very small. I don't want to be dazzled even a bit, with those trees to clear. How long has Cliff had her going?'

'About twenty minutes. Say, she's like a watch!'

They advanced toward the open hangar door. Just outside stood the aeroplane, the propeller turning over quietly, steadily, with absolute regularity. A hand was pushed out of the cockpit and waved to him. He waved back a greeting to his mechanic, and looked searchingly over the whole machine. It stood gleaming in the blaze of light, polished, beautiful, an artist's dream of the Thing of Speed. It was quite small, with short metal wings and a tapering black body; on the front was the great radial engine, dwarfing the little aeroplane it was to tear through the skies. The slender undercarriage struts quivered slightly from the motion of the engine, the grass under the tail skid flattened and waved. Many men had labored over it; first on paper, with intricate calculations; then in wood, in gleaming steel, in rubber, for the long months until the day when the nervous designers had watched the miracle of its transformation into a thing of life and full-throated power as it swept through the air in towering climbs and arcs under the hands of its test pilot, a revolutionary design, a record breaker; now it was to answer for a man's life.

The mechanic started to build up the engine speed. A representative of the engine makers made his way over to the pilot.

'All right?' asked the pilot.

'The best we've ever done, Jimmy. Four of us have been going over it all night.' He caught Betty's eye. 'Give her gas and she'll run until you're an old man, boy!'

A man appeared with the pilot's flying suit and cap. Another brought out a cardboard box full of vacuum flasks and packets of food. Low in the

east was the faintest suggestion of gray in the sky. Wordlessly the girl watched these preparations, and caught the note of finality. Round the little group there was a constant flow of chatter, inconsequential gossip that served partly to conceal the nervous excitement which filled everybody. The engine ran faster. Men shouted against it, then gradually became silent as the powerful roar expanded, deepened. The pilot involuntarily stepped a pace or two forward and stood listening, oblivious of everything but the message coming from the shimmering mass of steel; momentarily he forgot the people, the girl, the flight itself, and concentrated on the volume of sound, as a conductor might listen to an orchestra; his ears picked out subtle messages unheard except by the initiated.

The roar built up; it spread out over everything, rending the quiet night. It dominated the little gathering completely. Everyone turned and watched with close attention, filled with the comprehension that here was the essence of it all, success or failure, life or death for the man who stood and listened to it so closely; did it falter only once over the lonely thousands of miles, no skill, no forethought, would save him. The flippant pressmen were serious. The girl stared at it fiercely, thoughtless of anything in the world except hope.

Now it was running at full throttle; streaks of flame burst from the exhaust manifolds; the glittering points of reflection all over the machine danced as it quivered and strained under the terrific pull of the racing propeller. The undercarriage wheels were chocked up against big wooden blocks, the tail skid was tied down with ropes to a stake. The grass was perfectly flat on the earth. A mechanic trying to make a short cut past the tail was instantly blown on to his knees, and clawed his way back out of the slip stream.

Minute followed minute, ears aching with the sizzling roar, but still inexorably it went on. The pilot felt it in his very bones; he knew, he understood the meaning to him of this whole adventure. Behind him lay all the weeks of careful planning, the minute attention to every detail, the tireless consideration of things large and small, the preparation so methodical that the object of it all began to seem remote; now the crisis was immediately before him — he was caught up in his own gamble. These were the last few minutes before he was committed beyond withdrawal to risking the very fullness of life itself against an enterprise which might finish, he reflected grimly, at the end of the runway; the thought sharpened his already supersensitive ear for the faintest unusual note in the torrent of sound, but it was unchanging.

Suddenly it dwindled, almost ceased; in the strange quietness the voice of the mechanic came from the cockpit.

'All ready!'

The engine was turning over slowly, regularly, as when they came. The pilot took off his hat and put it on the box of food; someone handed him his flying suit and he started to wriggle into it. The men were bringing cans of gasoline to replace that used in the long warming-up process; out of the tail of his eye he saw Cliff jealously inspecting the wash-leather filter before they started pouring into the funnel. Joe was stowing the vacuum flasks into the cockpit, putting the packets of food in the prearranged place for them.

He adjusted the suit very carefully, made sure his coat sleeves were comfortable, tried it all over before he pulled the zipper fastening up to his neck. Amid the babble of talk round him he asked someone the time; it was a quarter to five. He fitted his fur-

lined cap, with the clips for the oxygen mouthpiece, over his head, tried on his gauntlets, and took them off again. They were moving the machine off to the beginning of the runway. It was all purposeful, but unhurried, just as he wanted it to be. As he moved with them, away from the flood light, he saw the first faint light of the coming day, a sort of pearliness in the atmosphere.

Betty walked by his side. The machine was turned facing the long runway. He gave his gloves to Betty, climbed in, and began a minute inspection. He went over all the instruments, one by one. He examined the first setting of the earth inductor compass — he knew it by heart; and he also knew that the instrument had been tested again and again. He examined the gasoline gauges and the master gauge. He tested the oxygen apparatus, and saw that the vacuum flasks and the food packets were securely in their places. He checked the maps, and the writing bracket with its pad and pencil. Again and again he forced himself to be deliberate, to follow his set routine; throughout his work came the faint vibration and muffled clumpety-clump of the idling engine.

It was ten minutes before he crawled out again. He looked around; he could see people's faces in the growing light. He could not think of anything else to do. He looked at Joe and Cliff.

'Boys, guess I'll go now.'

They nodded, their eyes on his face. He started the necessary round of handshaking. There was a chorus from the newspaper boys, and shouts for him to stand while they photographed. He stood with his back against the side of the aeroplane and blinked in the blinding magnesium flares. There was one steady glare from the moving-picture outfits; an operator ran forward with the 'mike' connected to one of the talkie outfits.

'Come on, Jimmy, say sumpin' — what you're going to do!'

He faced the eager crowd; the man held the microphone a few feet in front of him. The pilot spoke hurriedly, trying to conceal his impatience.

'This flight will, I hope, demonstrate a step forward in flying, in high-speed flying. I am confident in the machine, which is of radical design. I expect to get there in record time' (*The hell you do!*) 'and I am satisfied with the weather conditions. I shall be flying at a great height the whole way.' (*What about fog, you fool?*) 'Yes, I've got a very heavy load of gasoline, but the machine will lift it with a comfortable margin.' (*Can it, can it? Yes, but can it?*)

He waved to them. He saw that they were nearly all on one side, so as not to face each other's flash lights. He seized Betty's arm, quickly ducked under the machine, and stood up with her on the other side. For a brief space they held each other close, and looked full in each other's eyes. She had braced her nerves to control her through this minute she had been dreading. He kissed her; as he did so he was conscious of the almost unbearable tension she was under, the strain so near to snapping point; for a second, in spite of herself, she gave herself away.

'Stick it, kid,' he said softly.

'Yes, Jim. . . . It's only the take-off, the . . .'

'I know I can get her off. I know I can do it! Believe me, kid, won't you?' Her eyes steadied on his own.

'All right, Jim; I believe it.' She grinned bravely. He held her tight; for a little instant their very souls fused one into the other; never again in their lives could they be closer than at this moment. . . . Then he stepped back, ducked under the polished fuselage again, and slipped into the aeroplane.

He settled himself comfortably into

his seat, as comfortably as the tension of his own nerves would let him. He arranged the oxygen mask handy for use. He tested the controls mechanically. His fingers opened up the throttle slowly as he gave the engine a final wide-open test, while he watched the oil temperature and the revolution counter; he saw that he was getting the maximum possible revolutions. He closed the throttle, let the control stick come forward to central again. He waved his hand as a signal for the chocks to be taken away. There was a blinding barrage of magnesium flares, a chorus of farewell shouts. He had a last vision of Betty, slim and erect, her hands close to her sides, her head up. She did not wave or move. . . .

He eased the machine forward about twenty yards, and closed his eyes tight while he sat and waited for the effect of the magnesium flares to wear off. When he opened them again, he could just see the dim gray plain of the airport surface; the cloudy sky, gray also in the diffused light. Far away, straight ahead of him, were two pin points of light marking the end of the runway. Breathing deeply, he opened the throttle, slowly at first, so as not to pull her over on her nose; then, as she gathered way, he opened it wide. The engine pounded and roared like a thing possessed. He eased the stick forward to get the tail up level; his feet were frantically busy correcting the heavily loaded aeroplane's tendency to swing from side to side. Now her tail was level, the stick rested central, jolting against his fingers as the machine tore over the rough ground. His eyes were strained ahead over the engine cowling. The tearing note of the wind mounted, shriller and shriller, as he raced on. The shocks on the undercarriage were getting close together, staccato and very sharp, like blows from a hammer. The field had become a streaming blur, throwing itself behind him; the pin points of light hurled themselves toward him and he began to see the ghostly row of trees on the other side. Faster . . . faster still! . . .

The machine took a long, low bound; as it touched the ground again his sensitive hand pulled the stick back a shade to ease the shock; then another long bound, but this time there was no shock; the wheels brushed the grass in a long sweep. He sat, his shoulders hunched, every nerve in his body, every last atom of sensibility, concentrated in his wrist and fingers. With infinite delicacy, with a degree of concentration almost inhuman, he eased the stick back, pulling the laboring machine up foot by foot. The flares flashed by; he had a camera-shutter vision of figures waving. The trees rushed toward him, higher than he was. His life, the swift accounting of utter finality, rested on the skill of his steady fingers. Still he eased the nose up; the speed was at the maximum — she would go no faster. He felt her rising, gaining buoyancy. In one last long crowding of seconds, they swept forward; then the trees flicked by just under the still-turning wheels. He saw the horizon; a long white glow spread along the distant ruler edge of the sea; he headed out toward it.

III

Wearily he considered the descending sun, gleaming in nearly level rays on a polished metal wingtip, throwing a splash of light on a corner of the instrument board, and once again he estimated the remaining daylight. At this great height, no mote of dust glittered in the beams streaming through the cockpit windows; the light was clear and hard.

Twenty thousand feet beneath, the sea formed a blue-gray background for the scattered islands of creamy cotton

wool; in every direction the beautiful desolation of space, but no sign of land or the friendly smoke of a ship. To the westward, the sea was a floor of gold. Straight ahead he followed his course, in solitude which might for him be endless. Strain his eyes as he might, he could see nothing but ocean; it became difficult for him to conceive land. The rarefied air made him drowsy; he began to think of the vast depths of the sea, the eternal utter blackness of a world where there had never been light, where there could be no sound, where immense pressures of many tons to every square inch encompassed great sightless monsters. The images were insistent, but woolly; for a few seconds his mind swam darkly in vague presentiments; then it was called back by the increasing pitch of the engine note. He pulled himself together and removed the weight of his arm from the stick. The instrument board wavered before him; quietly he turned the tap of the oxygen line to his mouthpiece and breathed deeply. The instrument board became sharp, he saw and thought clearly again. For the hundredth time he stretched about in his seat and tried for a more comfortable position.

Most of the sheets of his note pad had been covered with penciled calculations and turned back under the elastic band — notes on engine speed, oil temperature, height, speed, and the gasoline consumption, interleaved with differences in compass variation and his attempts at dead reckoning. For the first few hours his mind had been keen, until the effect of the height began to get him; then he had become more and more tired with every effort. He had passed over two great storms, and one of them had reached up to within a few thousand feet of him; he had flown through vast surges of the mighty wind currents, bumps which threw the machine up and down hundreds of feet, while he fought to keep on his compass course, panting with the physical effort, unwilling to use up too much of his precious oxygen supply. Time lengthened out in the air; each storm had taken only an hour or two to pass over, yet it had seemed a whole day until things had calmed down again. He had eaten some of his provisions at regular intervals; they had been tasteless and not worth the trouble, but he had forced himself to eat them to keep up his vitality.

It was terribly monotonous, yet the longer it went on, the more of a strain it was. It was a continuous and increasing fight, with nothing to strike against except the intangible slowness of time. Now he was looking everything over again, noting down the instrument readings. Cheered by the oxygen, he grinned at the thought of having made all these pages of careful notes for aeronautical experts to mull over; counting chickens, counting chickens. . . .

He had long since ceased to be anxious about the engine. It endlessly maintained its sizzling, drumming roar, turning over as steadily as a sewing machine, fed with gasoline from the big tanks and air from the supercharger. The wind beat and whistled against the forward windows, the propeller remained the same shimmering ghost ring. The air was very calm; the aeroplane sped along on an undeviating course, without the slightest perceptible rise or fall. He had no sensation of speed; it was as though he were suspended in a gale while the clouds and sea passed slowly beneath.

He straightened up and peered ahead over the engine cowling; he ranged his eyes backward and forward along the slightly curved horizon, but could see nothing. He put on a pair of amber-tinted glasses to cut the haze

near the horizon and looked again, but still saw nothing but the empty plain of the sea. In dull disappointment he took off the glasses, minutely examined the gasoline gauge, and figured the consumption per hour into the gallons which were left. This was the crux of the whole flight. He had reason to suppose that he had followed an approximately accurate course, not dangerously out of line; but he had flown for hours over storms, and high fog afterward, and had been given no chance to estimate his sideways drift or, by working his ground sights on a ship, to discover how the wind was affecting his true speed. He knew from his instruments that he had been making tremendous speed through the air, but he did not know to within five hundred miles how far he had come; he was still going on the figures he had compiled in his apartment in far-away New York. The apartment . . . the girl sitting there while he telephoned . . . how far away it seemed, part of another world, infinitely desirable, infinitely remote and poignant!

It was strange, too, that all the richness of life up to now, all there was to come of love and gayety and adventure, were brought to a summation by this little column of colorless liquid in a glass tube. Fraction by fraction the column descended, and one or two big things and a thousand little simple ones receded like some happy dream. Even while he looked ahead, his mind was busy with thoughts of all that was so dear to him, doubly so now that it was to be taken from him. He sighed and settled himself back in the lonely little cockpit; half his mind told him that he was getting morbid from overstrain and worry, but the other half told him there was much to lose.

Running at what he believed was record speed through the thin upper air, his calculations showed that he should have sighted land some time before, so the great winds which swept above the highest clouds had evidently been against him somewhere; still, he had nearly two hours' gasoline left. He relaxed his head against the bulkhead and hoped. He had faced the actual business of dying too often to be stampeded by it now that it was near; and he was so tired as to be almost placid.

Time passed. The engine kept up its monotonous work — suck in, compress, fire, and exhaust, hundreds of times a minute; the supercharger caught and compressed the thin air and fed it to the engine; the altimeter needle trembled around the same figure of twenty; the radium-lined figures on the compass ring did not move, the needle trembled upright on its brother, the earth inductor. The sun sank. He continued to sit in a dream, half-hypnotized by the rhythm.

It was at the end of another hour that he roused himself to make another edition of his methodical notes. He opened the oxygen tap for a spell, to give him enough energy to carry out his routine. He knew that he was near the end of everything. Significantly, it was the gasoline gauge that he examined first. The column of liquid was a little stumpy object sitting at the bottom of the tall glass tube; it looked a pitiful thing to be fighting his battle for him, the humble evidence of a few gallons of smelly gasoline swashing about in the bottoms of the nearly empty tanks. . . . He sat up and peered yet again over the shining cowling, and scanned the horizon.

IV

It was then that he saw the miracle; ahead of him, through the shimmering ring of the propeller, the horizon was

crinkled with a black, wavering line. Pulling himself nearly upright with one hand, unmindful of the engine's gathering roar as his body pushed the control stick forward, he stared unbelievingly. In an agony of suspense he tried to follow the line out to his right or left; then, far to his left, he saw an unmistakable promontory pointing into the graying sea. Land! He yelled, but was not conscious of any sound. The blood pounded in his head, his ears, and he panted heavily for breath. His eyes still on the land, he sank back into his seat and fumbled for the oxygen tap. Recklessly he gave it a quick turn, and inhaled eagerly. Impatiently he jerked the stick back and brought the machine level again; the engine note sank half an octave.

He could not take his eyes away from the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. All his weariness fell from him; he was intensely alert, wildly excited. He could not control his crazily thumping heart or try to think; he just drank in the whole panorama and abandoned himself to an exhilaration which kept every muscle in his body tight and quivering. Each minute brought an additional solidity to the hazy coast line; it began to widen and have depth.

He seized his pencil and began to scribble down the exact time. It was hard to make it legible; he could not write the words and figures clearly. He dropped the pencil on its string and began to fumble for his maps. How many times during the long flight he had looked down at them, neatly folded and clipped against the side of the fuselage, and longed for a chance to use them, to read the signs on the solid ground! He spread one out on his knees and tried to memorize the coast outline for comparison with the land he was approaching, but he could not concentrate. Impatiently he dropped it, and resumed his gaze ahead. The land was very plain now; he stared his fill. He became conscious that the oxygen mask was sticking to his cheeks. Tears! 'Ridiculous!' he thought. 'I must be going crazy — I must be losing my grip!' But he knew he was not ashamed. Now he was panting heavily again; the excitement and exertion were using up his oxygen too fast. 'Steady!' he told himself. 'Must n't spoil it all now! Take it slow!' He forced himself to relax while he strove to fend off the dizziness. He sat very still, while the gleaming machine drove forward over the lonely sea on weary but triumphant wings.

Some tiny specks — steam trawlers, probably; some larger ones dotted about; coastwise shipping made the sea appear crowded all of a sudden. The moments seemed to pass so easily; he felt no weariness now, only a grateful joyousness which filled his very bones. Moving cautiously, he spread the map out again, and examined the coast line. It did not take him many minutes to identify the bold sweeps and capes; he was so high that he could see a tremendous distance in every direction except toward the sun. He put on the tinted glasses again and peered down through the golden haze. He picked out a blob of gleaming white objects on the very point of a headland. 'Coast-guard station,' he thought. 'They've probably seen me and are sending telegrams all over.' That made him think of the ultimate destination. He watched the gasoline gauge narrowly; he had to bend down to estimate the height of the remnant of the once high column. He made a guess at the gallons remaining, and then read the air-speed indicator; it was unchanged. The evening air was perfectly calm; he knew that he was going at enormous speed, and decided to carry straight on and try to make it. He knew he

ought to be methodical and triangulate out his land speed through the sights, but he rebelled against breaking the spell of this last hour, the wonderful beauty of this flight back into Life.

He decided to chance it. The ground was becoming faintly suffused with purple, but the light was still clear enough four miles high. About a hundred miles away from his landing place he made an adjustment to the tail stabilizer; the nose dropped and the speed increased as they began to lose height in gradual stages. At fifteen thousand feet he leveled off for ten minutes, then started down again on the invisible sloping path. The light weakened noticeably; the air became thicker; the thermometer crept up to zero, then above zero. At ten thousand feet he adjusted the stabilizer again and kept a level flight. He was now near the end. He passed a formation of three aeroplanes, probably on the lookout for him, but he flashed by them with his superior speed. Time seemed to crowd up on him. He reveled in being able to breathe normally again, being able to move without the everlasting panting for enough air. He kept the oxygen on a little, fearful of losing clear grasp of everything for even a minute.

At last he saw the edge of the thick canopy of smoke and dust which betokened the presence of a huge city. How often he had dreamed of this moment! How often he had thought of the time when he would alter his course as he was doing now, to make for the great airport! Every detail of the field was clear in his mind; he had examined photographs of it, from every angle, hundreds of times. Within five minutes he saw it, an irregular clear space below him. At last!

With the realization that it was all over, the tension snapped, the exhilaration disappeared. Instantly he felt intensely tired, desperately sleepy. . . . 'Now,' he thought, 'one more effort.' He fumbled at the little food rack and secured a small cardboard box tied with a flaring red ribbon. He removed a glove, slipped the ribbon off, and opened the box. Inside were two or three capsules. He swallowed one. The powerful tonic began to whip his nerves. He maintained a wide circle. He took off the oxygen mask and dropped it on the floor. He closed his fingers round the engine throttle. 'This ought to be an ecstatic moment,' he thought, 'but oh, to go to sleep — to go to sleep!' . . . He shut off the gas, and for the first time since he had left the ground the faithful engine hesitated, spluttered for a second, then dwindled down to a barely audible mutter as the propeller idled. He altered the tail surface to gliding position, and began a wide, slow spiral. He intended to go down slowly in order to accustom his eyes to the fading light, which became less and less as he lost height. He wanted to take at least ten minutes.

Peering over the down-wing side of the machine, he looked at the airport, at the foot of his invisible spiral staircase. He could see everything perfectly distinctly. He saw the line of concrete hangars; and all around them, and stretching out on either side, a dense mass of people, thousands upon thousands. More automobiles than he had ever seen were massed in every direction. The several roads leading to the airport were jammed and black with vehicles. The ground looked much nearer than it actually was; everything was magnified after his long and lonely journey.

He knew that a vast crowd awaited him, fame, the realization of a great achievement, but his jangled nerves fought with his tired body and he could not grasp anything without effort.

There was only one welcome in the world he wanted, and the peace it would bring. . . . As the aeroplane drifted past the five-thousand-feet mark he grasped the pencil and began to write a cable on his writing pad. He would never be able to do it on the ground. There was not a bump in the evening air; the machine slid round and round its great circle with scarcely a sound, only the sough of the air over the polished surfaces. It was only a few words, but he wrote the message with difficulty, signed it with an initial.

The huge crowd surged to and fro, shouting, cheering, hysterical with wild excitement, their faces turned upward in the dusk toward the aeroplane coming in so quietly from one of the greatest flights the world had ever known. . . . A little group of radio announcers strove to control their voices, to keep free from the delirium which swept in vast waves over the mob. The airport telephones were monopolized by pressmen, peering out of windows, dictating in staccato rushes to city desks, while type was set paragraph by paragraph, while the ocean cables were held open, while all over the darkening country people sat silently by their radios waiting for each word.

The pilot glanced at the wind socks drooping on the tops of the hangars. He could land in any direction. The landing ground was tolerably clear, but the edge of the mob rippled in and out and threatened to spread out over the field. He made one final circle, getting very low, and then turned in toward the field. He braced himself for the last effort. A hangar roof flashed by his wingtip, the ground came up under the engine cowling and tore past. He leveled off; the sound of the wind sank to nothing. He was past trying to make a pretty landing; he waited. Suddenly the machine sank a few feet, there was a jar, and he felt the wheels rolling along the ground. At the end of the run he turned the machine round, toward the line of hangars, saw he could not get there, and switched the engine off. The propeller came to rest, a blade sticking bolt upright above the cowling.

He saw the police cordons burst aside, and the long front of the mob, like an ocean wave, roll rapidly toward him. Two mounted policemen galloped furiously across the field to get to him first. His deafened ears barely caught a tremendous roar, rushing at him, about to engulf him. He sat, too utterly weary to move, to think; then he lowered his head and smiled, like a child going to sleep, at the penciled cable folded in his hand, to the girl in New York.

HALFWAY

BY 'THIRTY'

I

THERE was nothing particularly remarkable about my thirtieth birthday. My wife gave me a present which she should not have afforded; my mother wrote me one of her fine loyal letters, which gave me, as similar letters must give other sons, a guilty feeling of shortcoming. And on the evening of the occasion two bachelors whose friendship goes back to the war, and a couple of whom we are fond, came to dine. We had a little champagne which was probably bottled in Brooklyn, and afterward settled down to an inexpensive game of poker. I was thirty. That was all.

But though I was sensible of no change, I had, as it were, stepped across a Mason-Dixon line. So long as I was in my twenties I classified myself as young: three — or six — years 'out of college,' and so on the sunny side of life. But with the thirties I made the first step into middle age. My mind did n't register this at the time. It was n't until talking with my uncle, who has had more fun in life than any man I know — it was n't until he remarked that 'the damnedest thing is the way life goes by without your knowing it' that I realized that my own time was about half gone. Ever since I can remember I have had the habit of subdividing time. I begrudged the day when half the summer vacation would be gone. I divided my detention after school in halves and quarters. By measuring time I get the illusion that I can stretch out the hours or speed them up. Now, about half of my time is up. How best can I stretch out the days to come?

Stock taking is a good American trait. But I don't believe we take stock of ourselves quite as frequently as we do of our bank accounts. This, for instance, is the first time I've done it in thirty years. Well, it's uncomfortable, for one thing. If you're candid with yourself you begin to see mistakes that should n't have happened, half honesties that do you no credit, accidents that would have ditched you but for providence. And unless you are hardy you will be apt to invoke self-pity, which above all should be shunned.

Self-abasement has gone out of fashion these days, along with the three-hour sermons and revival meetings which undoubtedly aggravated it. But though we are less willing to have human agents revile us openly for our weaknesses, this is not to say that in private we are any less given to humility than our ancestors were. We may not keep pious journals, we may not write down those pathetic programmes for self-betterment which were found among Samuel Johnson's literary remains, but I dare say our standards of perfection are as high as those which came before us, and that in our failure to reach them we suffer quite as instantaneously from self-reproach. The difference is that we forget our failures quicker than our ancestors did. We have not the long Sabbath to remind us of our transgressions, and we have

many more distractions to relieve the mind of its annoyance. New Year resolutions have come down to us as a standard joke, which makes me think that many of those who took such pledges were quite apt to fall off the wagon at the first jolt. To-day no single cure, no single pledge, has power over us. We scent salvation on each fresh wind and are unsuspicious of mere hot air. Some counsels of perfection we find in self-improvement books, — *Outlines of Philosophy*, *Minds in the Making*, Coué, — in lectures, psychology, and in a score of isms down to the Western Aimee; but too seldom do we turn to that periodic examination which only we can give ourselves.

II

I am halfway to sixty. Naturally I'd like to get there and perhaps even further. But I won't if I don't take more care with my driving. I pass as an ordinary motorist and have never been arrested for speeding. But every now and then, and always when I least expect it, I squeeze through a tight corner that might have been my last. We're an aggressive people; and for all our four-wheel brakes we do make cars that are too fast for our temper. Motoring in this country would be far more pleasurable — and healthy — if we could enjoy it without the ceaseless necessity of passing the fellow ahead. An American crowd that will jostle their way slowly and good-naturedly into the Polo Grounds or the Yale Bowl will begin to snarl, hoot, and crowd each other the instant their cars have begun the homeward run. Public opinion cannot be too hard against drunken driving, but it could be harder against the competitive motoring that makes every highway a race track. Personally, if I'd think more about my driving and less about my health, I'd be better off.

At thirty, you begin to realize that there are physical limits. I know, for instance, how many cigarettes or pipefuls a day will give the most enjoyment and the least irritation. I know by the pit of my stomach and by the condition of my finger nails — which I am apt to chew — when I have been pushing myself too hard. I know about how much exercise I am good for: thirty-six holes on a hot summer's day are too much, as I realize that night; but in the cool of the autumn I can tackle them creditably. I observe that my older friends are beginning to strain their backs and to groan about their sacro-iliacs. I do not know how to avoid the colds that plague most city dwellers. But I do know — the next morning — when I have had too much to drink, and though I console myself with the reflection that some alcohol is good for the system, there are times when I doubt whether the alcohol I have consumed would be good even for a dead snake.

For reasons of their own, young married couples are apt to drink more than is good for them. In any American summer resort it is they who raise the racket which gives such vicarious satisfaction to the rocking-chair brigade. Such drinking antedated Prohibition, but it has been aggravated by the increased use of hard liquor for which that law is responsible. It is begun, I suppose, when the first wonder of marriage has faded and when the couples feel the need for a little stimulating illusion. The trouble is, the illusion is apt to make the other fellow's wife the more attractive, sometimes with unhappy consequences for all members concerned. Most of us outgrow this middle-distance recklessness, but I'm bound to say that we'd be better off without so much of it in the first place.

I have no doubt that in certain

moods I am irritating enough to drive anyone to drink. Why I should return from an afternoon's golf only to be carping and critical at the dinner table is a mystery to which my score is perhaps the answer. And of course my wife's extravagances (every husband thinks that his wife is extravagant) and her casual memory often rub me the wrong way. It has been said that the happiest marriages are those which allow the maximum selfishness to either party, and if one discards the cynicism a kernel of truth remains. If I can contrive to keep my own selfishness within bounds and to forbear when I cannot sympathize with that of my wife; if I can contrive to work off my temper on the golf course where it belongs and to accept an occasional mediocre meal in peace, I believe I'll be easier to live with. I am dwelling, you understand, on the grumpy moments. That they are far outweighed by our happiness goes without saying.

I think what I envy most in other men is that apparently inexhaustible supply of energy which seems to be possessed by a few. I should like to be able to relish eighteen hours of the day without having my time sapped by fatigue. Edison seems to do it, and I suppose that much of his industry is due to the way in which he rests. I have been told that he has a couch in his laboratory and that he has trained himself when tired to sink down for three or four hours of solid sleep.

My social duties often make it impossible for me to sleep when I should most like to, — at dull plays and polite evenings, — but I have found that a forty-minute nap before dinner helps to sweep the office dust out of my mind, and that even such a simple thing as putting one's feet up takes some of the load off one's strength. In the war I often had little or no sleep for a length of time, but when we were relieved I could replenish my reservoir at once. I wish I could apply more of that habit to my daily life now, instead of going through the various stages of weariness that send one to bed yawning when the night is yet young. If for half of my time I felt as well as I do on an October morning, I almost believe I could set the world on fire. But the pace at which we live in America is so taxing that the strength stored up in one summer simply cannot last till the next. By mid-February the blood runs thin, and for a good many of us March is seldom a month worth living. The wealthy go South. But for the rest of us there ought to be a compulsory week-end holiday at least.

I need more energy if I am ever to do the work I have half formed in mind, and I need, as well, more confidence in myself. Want of confidence more than anything else is responsible for the unhappiness that goes with adolescence. I lacked it when I first became self-conscious, and as a boy I remember reaching the finals of five tennis tournaments before I had command enough to play my best game and win. Want of confidence simply panicked me before my college entrance examinations, and, though I eventually passed, I made my parents impatient and myself wretched at my poor start. In college I was fumbling about for the right direction, — to the plain-spoken irritation of my father, — and Heaven knows where I should have landed if the war had not come along to wake me up. It seems to me that confidence is acquired by doing things, and though by now I have a moderate share of it I must have still more if I am to handle myself right in times of difficult decision. I find I need my confidence most and am less sure of it when circumstances compel me to fight with people.

I am not naturally bumptious, but occasionally I wish I were. I have learned to be aggressive in games and

to be tenacious about my own work, but I certainly do hate to fight with people. Some men and women enjoy being aggressive even to the point of being plug-uglies, and we all know that their hardness can often be made a successful weapon. I have served on one or two minor committees where strong differences of opinion led to constant suspicion and angry checkmate. No wonder Wilson came back from the Peace Conference a broken man! With me — to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous — the sudden imminence of a fight, whether it be involved with calculating competitors, the newspapers, or the law courts, gives a reaction not so much of fear of the consequences as of perplexity that my motives have been impugned or that there has been deliberate duplicity or disloyalty on the part of others. This is naïve, but I dare say that most beginners in professional or business life have to learn not to be too trusting.

It sometimes seems to me that American business integrity is not as high as it should be. I have had too little experience abroad to know whether other nations are superior to us in this respect, but even without this comparison there is enough evidence to show me that we preach a higher standard than we practise. Mutual suspicion keeps competitors in many a trade from reaching an equable standard; in the open market, or in secret business, loyalty too often passes to the highest bidder, and in times of depression, such as we have been enduring, contract jumping has been indulged in with an almost cynical disregard of one's word. To make things worse, we are prone to justify our actions in the after event and to protest an injury not always undeserved.

This may look differently to me when I am sixty, but at the present I'm inclined to think there's something a little rotten in the state of Denmark.

III

'At thirty,' said a friend of mine, 'you begin to realize that the world does n't owe you a living.' In the years just after college I think many men are apt to be uncertain and a trifle condescending about their jobs. The work does n't seem to be exactly what they want to do and, of course, the pay is low. But they play along, half assured that opportunity will present itself, and meanwhile enjoy their week-ends and the invitations that come to a young bachelor. Then, as matrimony claims them, things begin to change. Unpaid bills begin to appear, and insurance and savings become more insistent than in the earlier hand-to-mouth days. At about this time we begin to take hold of our work and we are apt to make better use of the added responsibility that comes our way. The first evidences of one's capability are a powerful stimulant to the ambition. These first feelings of strength, the pressure for money, and the verbal encouragement of those above, can and do change a man from 'a passenger' to a very reliable workman in an astonishingly short time.

But no matter how great his gumption may be, a young married man eight or ten years out of college has got to sail pretty close to the wind — unless, of course, he is being towed by his parents or has the leeway of an inheritance. In the stepping up of our scale of living, for which we have Mr. Ford and mass production to thank, the professional man in his early thirties has come off distinctly second best. His salary has not been pushed up proportionately as the purchasing power of the dollar has been pushed down. Nor have his or his wife's tastes been simplified.

Things are in the saddle and ride mankind so luxuriously that a college graduate thinks he must have a car and a membership in a country club, money for football tickets and the movies, a summer bungalow for his family, cocktails for his friends, a radio for his wife. Others have them. Advertising and the force of example have tended to make these things not luxuries but necessities if a man is to hold his head up in a community. When these are added to the inescapable items, the sum is apt to exceed one's earning capacity.

I should put $4000 as the minimum that a college graduate of thirty and his wife can live on in a city; $5000 if they have a child. The average earnings of men eight years out of college and five years out of their professional schools, in law, architecture, engineering, and teaching, are less than $4000. Children later in life or not at all is the easiest answer. Nor has the professional man much redress against his employer; as the colleges increase their output the professions have more and cheaper men to draw on.

This is not to say that I am setting out to organize a revolution for the underpaid. The truth is, I have trouble getting enough for myself, and that modicum might cease if I took to a soap box in Central Park. I should soon be selling apples. But for the underpaid there are compensations in this current depression. My barber is no longer playing the market for a profit that made me sick; he's cutting all the hair he can. With more people trying to live within their earnings it will be easier for me and my wife to catch up with our spending and to make headway on those savings and that home in the country which we shall want when I am sixty.

A business man, my senior, whom I much respect, told me that on coming of age he determined that before he was nine years older he would have thirty thousand dollars of his own in the savings bank, and he had. In his latest book, Winston Spencer Churchill states that when he was twenty-six he had earned £10,000 by his writing and lecturing. These gentlemen are far ahead of me in their thrift. I merely cite them as illustrations of the will to provide that comes to us all early or late.

In a country where it is a shame to be poor, money getting must be taken seriously. But to take it seriously requires a sacrifice. It seems to me that the more hard-headed, the more proficient, we become in our earning, the more quickly we lose that amateur spirit which was ours on leaving school or college. We lose something of open generosity, something of that enthusiasm for many things, something of pure sportsmanship: we become intent, guarded; we calculate the effect; we realize that in dealing with competitors or subordinates we must command a certain advantage if profit is to be made. In short, we have stopped playing for the fun of the thing; we are playing for money — and when you play for money you have to look sharp.

We have become professionals, and unless we watch ourselves our looks betray us: the lecturer assumes a platform manner, the salesman his winning smile, the lawyer that disputatious exactitude, the artist his pose, the banker his acuteness, the writer his superiority complex. I envy the Englishman the orderliness with which he can do his day's work — and do it well — and then come home with his mind free for his garden, his books, or his other hobbies. We Americans don't stop at taking our business home; we take it to bed and toss and mutter in our sleep. I have seen something of this in the faces and manner of some of my

contemporaries — as no doubt they have observed a change in me. There comes a certain brusqueness, or maybe a suave insincerity, a tightening of the lips, an unwillingness to listen, a thirst for gambling, a pride about wealth, or telltale lines of nervous fatigue; these are evidences of the strain of money making, — of professionalism, — and as they come we lose something more than our youth.

I do not mean to lament, as young poets do, the salad days that are past. As a matter of fact, I personally am closer to happiness to-day than when I was in college. There is a zest in living thoughtlessly and there is a zest equally keen in ordering your time — in thinking, as Woodrow Wilson did, that a man's groundwork should be done between twenty-five and forty and his best work between forty and fifty-five. There is a distinct accomplishment in marking out certain objectives and in reaching them near schedule despite the wire entanglements of time. This sense of direction, this honest strategy, are indispensable in financial success; the pity of it is that in our absorption in money making, in taking our business home with us and keeping it on our minds over holidays, we forget that the same foresight, the same endeavor, are equally indispensable in leading the good life which Plato prescribed. In this connection I remember what a friend said to me at the close of an argument on education. 'The real result of education,' he said, 'is to teach us to live more happily on less money.'

IV

'One of the hardest things for a man to realize,' said a wise teacher, 'is that he is not very different from other men.' This is an admission I am not ready for yet. I want to be different, not as eccentricity is different, but as individuality is different from the commonplace. That part of my life which belongs to my wife and to myself, and which is free from the claims of business and society, I want to enjoy with the freedom which in college I had fancied was requisite to every day. I relish a good party as much as anyone, and yet there is not a winter that I do not rebel against having said 'yes.' There is a good deal more to time than merely 'going places and doing things,' as I realize on many a Monday following a spent week-end. I see no point to devoting the whole of a Saturday night to contract, the whole of a Sunday to golf. I want Sunday to set me free from ordinary considerations; then and in a good fraction of my evenings I want time for a correspondence, time to tinker with pencil and paper, time to hear and understand more music, time to read the history which I love and the physics which I do not but ought to comprehend, time to take one of those long unsettling walks which are good for every constitution.

I have reached a stage where friendships are becoming rarer and more to be valued; I must have time for my friends. We are an open-hearted people. We make friends easily, and then, thanks to the circulation of American life, we move away and those we were fond of fade into a memory much warmer than the reality of an occasional chance reunion. I was born and brought up in a small Eastern city. To-day when I return for a brief visit with my parents the houses which I used to respect have become filling stations, apartments rise on the lots where I played baseball, the reservoir has been drained. The land of my boyhood has gone — and so have the four best friends I had for fourteen years. College, the war, then business, have moved us apart. Ed we lost in

France. The others of us are separated by several hundred miles and by time that is hard to bridge.

I do not intend this to be sentimental. It is the kind of uprooting which is all too common in the United States, and which by a kind of envy makes us peculiarly susceptible to the old stone and ivy of England. It was to be expected that the singularly dependent, honest, and irascible friendships that developed overnight in France would — save in a few cases — hardly survive the diminuendo of peace. But the associations of one's youth go into more permanent soil and cannot be uprooted without a feeling of loss.

At home, in college, — and if there 's a war, — friends come and go, and where reunions occur it needs a high alcoholic content for us to slough off the strangeness we seem to have grown and to relive the dear, dead days. And after reunions we return to the community in which — very likely in the late twenties or early thirties — we have come to rest. As in my case, this community may be quite different from that in which we were brought up; we enter it with few or no family connections, and by virtue of our tastes and disposition we make new friends, friends of maturity.

Freshness and those partitions so often erected in college have ceased to shut us off from others; our feelings are not so easily violated by the unconventional, and we discover worth in unsuspected places; if we are lucky, we have married a wife and are content to learn about women from her — in short, we are more mellow and ductile members of society.

One of the first indications of this is the pleasure that we take in the companionship of our elders. I wonder how many sons really reach an understanding with their fathers before thirty, how many — before that time — have come to close grips in seriousness and in relaxation with men a generation older than themselves. It is, I suppose, this final coming of age that qualifies a man for the older clubs in his community. Such a masculine and elderly society is apt to offer the junior member an intimacy with his seniors, half friendly, half reserved, but wholly sagacious and delightful — an intimacy, I dare say, which grows with the years in appreciation.

It is this friendship, along with the more competitive, louder-laughing companionship of my contemporaries, that I want to make the most of. And I should like (I often entertain this idea, but only seldom put it to the test) time to follow up by letter those others who are so indelibly — at least in my mind — associated with my earlier years and for whom affection still survives, even though it be feeding only on a memory. To be kept alive, friendship needs feeding.

Time is what we make of it, and I think it is rather curious that with so much of it before us we spend so relatively little on our heart's desire. There was a Frenchman with hours to burn who estimated the amount of time a septuagenarian would have devoted to the routine of life. A man of seventy, he calculated, had given nineteen years to work, twenty-three to bed, nine to amusements, six to eating, three to dressing, two to sickness, two to shaving, and one to church. That would seem to leave him five years of unrestricted liberty on this fair earth; but when one stops to subtract the time spent on repairing the car, petty quarrels, one's income tax, the newspapers, and mending broken shoe laces, one is forced to conclude that such liberty as most of us will ever know has got to be found in the course of our marching routine.

I read not long ago a poem by an Englishman, Seymour Poole, which went like this: —

AT FIFTY

I have stood still — a watcher by the wayside
For a procession that has never come.
The day has been fine enough, the road quite pleasant,
And once I caught the far thrill of a drum.
Waiting in hope, I have not been unhappy,
For there were birds, flowers, trees, and the open sky;
And, when the time lagged, I made songs and stories
About all these, and about the passers-by.
Then, when I heard it — the incredible music
Of life at last, life to the full and sweet! —
It seemed for a minute to be coming toward me:
But it went down, after all, someone else's street.
No doubt I ought to have tackled life — gone to meet it,
Seized on a banner, become importunate;
But I just was n't made so, did n't know how to treat it,
And so am lost, like all who hesitate.
There was to have come a place in the procession
That I should have recognized as being my own;
I was to have been caught up in color and movement
By one sure hand — to have been no more alone.
But nothing has happened, and the day grows chilly;
A cold bed waits for the going down of the sun.
It seems a curious way to have spent a lifetime —
Strange to be nearing the end of what was never begun.

Frankly, I want a good place in that procession. I want to do something that I shall be remembered by, something a whole lot better than my contemporaries might do. I believe this is a fairly common aspiration among young men, and I don't think that it springs primarily from vanity. We don't put much stock in platitudes, which too often are the sage counsel of the weary, but I dare say there are a good many of us who derive some hope from the saying that 'you 'll come pretty close to what you 're after if you try hard enough.'

Most of us in the neighborhood of thirty are not content to be classified with 'the average.' We know that we 're better than that, and we 're out to prove it. Most of us are still hitched to somebody else's cart, learning the paces and feeling the harness; most of us realize that our best performance — the thing we may be remembered by — must grow out of the work we are now doing. Some pessimist, some life-insurance statistician, may face me with figures which show that most of us will probably die in our harness, good hacks to the last. But it does n't interest me. Why should it, with thirty years to kick over the traces!

SUNDAY DRESSES

WHERE are they gone, those Sunday dresses
That hung augustly in lavendered presses
(Until they sailed superbly to
Church, and graced the family pew),
Stiff with self-respect and pride,
Conscious of all their bones inside,
So neatly overcast by hand,
No three-piece suit would understand
Those devious ways of tucks and gusset,
Lining, interlining nice large pocket
(And one for my watch — please don't forget it),
Those mazy miles of braided trimming
And bastions with buttons brimming.
Though little Miss Finch in the village here
Strives to make me year by year
Something that can be called a dress,
These flimsy gibbets she must confess
(With a deprecatory cough)
Are not intended to 'set one off.'
For Fanny Finch lives in that day
When trains and bustles held their sway,
When a dogcart was Mount Everest
And every lady took her rest
In those long drowsy afternoons
From tyrant hooks and collarbones —
How long ago it seems!
When jasmine grew round the saddler's door
In that enchanting street of dreams.
Yet I can clearly hear a snore
(Discreetly muffled by the *Times*)
From someone sitting bolt upright
On a woolwork chair, in dappled light,
And smell the peeping tasseled limes;
And joyfully I can write and say
Sunday dresses still pass my way, for
Great-Aunt Susan has come to stay.

SUMMERHOUSE THOUGHTS OF A MILLIONAIRE

Briskly he walks with rigid cheerfulness,
Past bowing sycophants, and gardeners bending
(Dutifully eager to unwanted task),
The fawning hands of strange acquaintances,
The favored ones who in his pleasure bask;
Oh, to leave them shut in the florid richness
Of that tame loathèd garden, duly set —
The thyroid blooms, the tabulated trees,
Glass houses boring and unnecessary, yet
Bought with his gold, sown, trained, and pruned,
Watered and artificially fed by it!
Even the birds, saucy or shy, untroubled
Truly by his wealth, but wearing the look
Of pensioners, secure in knowledge
Of plenteous crumb-bounty daily sent
And crystal streams, imported, and stone baths
Exquisitely awaiting patronage.
His thoughts find fresh wild acres far from men —
Birds, beasts, and flowers are there by primal right,
Taking their chance, and he would take his too
And drink the tonic of the wilderness
Here in this preserved, exclusive spot
The very clouds seem marbled to a taste
Not his, for which he paid! How good
(Leaving the yacht and Raeburns high and dry)
To walk white roads where cool dark shadows lie,
And silvery ones, unwinding through the rain,
Passing the time of day unknown and free
With all the intriguing caravanserai;
Then find at evening time a fragrant lane,
Still as forgotten pain, and leading to
A barn with friendly bed of stars and hay,
And in a rose-washed dawn, bare dimpling hills
Where nymphs might dance, and shepherds pipe
For him, perchance! Well, well, perhaps — some day!

Doremy Olland

THE NOISY SLINGER

BY OSWALD COULDREY

I

CALLIPER, our temperamental Forest Officer, used to tell a story which never became a part of local Anglo-Indian tradition. Queer as it was, it remained peculiarly his, not so much because it pretended to represent his own experience as because his odd personality was the breath of its life. No one else, in fact, was capable of telling it properly.

For Calliper was much more than a mere Forest Officer. He posed as an interpreter of Indian forest lore in all its wonder-whispering branches. He was an active hunter, and a capital teller of hunting stories; but he took an even greater pride in regarding himself as a successor, and setting himself up as an imitator, of the Vedic hermits. Now those earlier denizens of his domain are supposed to have written, or rather composed, the real and original 'Jungle Books,' which are not stories about animals, but abstruse philosophic treatises. Calliper, 'sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,' actually wrote an *Aranyaka* (for that is the Sanskrit synonym) of his own, which was full of curious wisdom. But he was equally well qualified to have produced a Jungle Book in the lower sense of Kipling. His story of the noisy slinger had latent possibilities in both directions. It was a hunting story with metaphysical implications. Most of us could have managed the hunting story, but its metaphysical overtones were quite beyond us.

Calliper's own treatment of his supernatural machinery was a miracle of craftsmanship, or rather a series of such miracles. Although I heard him tell the story many times, I cannot give it, as I should like, in his own words, because he nearly always told it differently. Every version was a separate work of art, and I find myself unable to prefer one to another, while the group as a whole interested me more than any of its components. Calliper was an artist in life and pose rather even than a philosopher, and his stories always bore directly on the topic in hand. This particular story, with suitable modifications, could be used to illustrate several of his favorite philosophical and quasi-philosophical opinions. The modifications were noticeable enough to incline a casual hearer to disbelieve so strange a story altogether, but I came to the conclusion that a real experience lay behind the subtle forester's variations and embroideries. Having carefully collated his different versions as they lay shredded and blurred in my memory, like scraps of classic manuscript in a long-forsaken rubbish heap, I propose to relate what I suppose, with more or less confidence, to have actually happened. At the same time I shall try to suggest in passing the chief directions in which the narrator was wont to elaborate his raw material.

The thing happened, if I am not mistaken, in an out-of-the-way village of the Vizag Agency called Aladu. Calliper was lying on his camp cot in

the resthouse at noon, trying to sleep. He was tired out, and had work in hand which would shortly require the liveliest use of his wits. He had traveled all night by bullock cart at short notice on the chance of getting a shot at a tiger which was reported to be in the neighborhood.

So far the chance had looked uncommonly favorable. Calliper had arrived to find that the tiger had killed a buffalo there that very night. The kill had occurred within a mile of the resthouse, and the buffalo, partially eaten, had been considerately left by the tiger close to a large tree, in the branches of which Calliper had been able to arrange for the erection of a comfortable platform, or machan, where he could sit and wait until the tiger chose to come back to his dinner. Tigers dine late, like sahibs, and are even more unpunctual at meals, so that the comfort of the machan was an important consideration. The moon would be nearly at the full, and Calliper saw every prospect of bringing off his adventure with neatness and success. He had made all his preparations, even to the trimming of the visiting card which he always used on these occasions.

Calliper, unlike many philosophers and foresters, was punctilious in matters of social etiquette, and boasted that he never went anywhere without his cardcase. But the cards which he used when paying a call on a tiger were always cut in a peculiar V shape, and were placed, not in the tiger's not-at-home box, — as represented, shall we say, by the abandoned carcass of his victim, — but on the far sight of Calliper's rifle, so as to catch the moonlight when he took aim.

These preliminaries had occupied his forenoon pleasantly enough. All that was needed now was a few hours' quiet sleep, which would steady his nerves after the night-long jolting in the bullock cart and enable him to endure, if necessary, the yet more wearisome and cramping quiet of a night on the tree platform.

But at this point his troubles began. He was conscious of a hollow tooth, which made him restless; but even so, he thought, he could have slept well enough but for the voluble and skilled vociferation of a naked farmer's boy, who stood upon a wooden platform (also called a 'machan') in a maize field adjoining the resthouse compound, and performed the office of a living scarecrow.

For this duty, Calliper had to admit, he was uncommonly well qualified. The reference would not be to his appearance, though that was forbidding enough; his goblin features, and especially his enormous mouth, were plainly visible from the resthouse, which was about a hundred yards away from the wooden watchtower in the maize. But the operation of the living Indian scarecrow, like the imagery of the poet Milton, is rather musical than visual. He has invented, and brought in the course of ages to perfection, a kind of semi-articulate bellow and prolonged hullabaloo, which is quite eerily calculated to shatter the nerves of birds and men at an indefinite range.

In the art of rendering this diabolical ululation the watcher at Aladu seems to have been a master. Calliper would never have believed that such a note was within the compass of mere knack and lung power. His description of it was convincing enough to anyone at all familiar with the Indian countryside. It achieved without instrumental aid, he used to explain, the effect of a megaphonic ventriloquism; at a hundred yards it seemed to be dinning at your very ear. Moreover, although Calliper could distinguish no syllable of any

language known to him in the long gabble of the rigmarole, it seemed nevertheless to *mean* something, or rather it seemed to carry a variety of precise and menacing intimations, like a spell in some sacred and unintelligible tongue.

Like others of his cloth, or lack of it, the rustic wizard punctuated his ornithological oratory with stones delivered from a wheeling four-foot sling, many of which crashed from time to time into the cactus hedge that separated the maize field from the rest-house yard. Yet all his artillery of noise and stones and metaphysical suggestion succeeded less completely in balking the depredations of parrots and mynas on the fringes of the maize field than in scaring away the winged dreams from the weary eyelids of the forester.

II

Calliper cursed the too faithful hireling for the tenth time, and for the tenth time turned upon his other side. He tried vainly all the known means of inducing slumber. His mind wandered endlessly. He thought of his preparations, of his rifles, of the machan in the forest, of the half-eaten buffalo, and whether the tiger would come early to the kill. The tiger also, he reflected, must be 'lying up' somewhere in the neighborhood, waiting, poor innocent, for the same hour of the night as himself, dreaming of the same carcass under the tree, but not of the platform in the branches! Calliper wondered whether the clamor of the watcher was disturbing the tiger's slumbers as well as his own. Did tigers ever find it hard to sleep? Did they ever suffer from a hollow tooth?

He was minutely conscious, against his will, of everything that happened in the sunlit compound of the resthouse, a strip of which was visible through the open door. He watched the caretaker's little daughter, clad in a skirt and nothing else, fetch the family calf in out of the heat. Then an old woman appeared, carrying a small bundle. Her business was not so easy to guess. She climbed through a gap in the cactus hedge, and disappeared into the maize. The crop was taller than a man's height, but the level of the rest-house floor was higher than the field, and Calliper could see the dreadful slinger on the platform outlined with painful distinctness against the pale purple hills beyond, where the heat of noon set all the air aquiver above the crowded cones of maize.

Presently the watcher ceased shouting and got down from his perch. The relief was so grateful, and seemed so gratuitous, that Calliper at first could hardly believe his eyes and ears. He inferred that the old woman with the bundle, perhaps a grandmother, had taken the boy his midday meal. A certain respite was apparently assured, while the actors in this tedious masque of the maize field (including those pretty vices, the parrots and mynas) had lunch.

Blessing the old woman from the bottom of his weary heart, Calliper settled down to make the most of his opportunity.

He was well on his way to blissful unconsciousness when the grisly protagonist returned to the stage and the recitation was renewed.

Even then Calliper succeeded in holding for some time a condition of uneasy sleep; and it was at this point, according to his own account, that he was visited by a curious dream, a dream so curious, indeed, that he doubted afterward if it was a dream at all. He was still consciously striving for sleep in the face of his double affliction — the ache in his mouth and

the nerve-racking clamor at his ear; but now he was doubtful whether he lay on his camp cot in the resthouse or under a thicket in the open jungle on the far side of the maize field. The voice of the slinger, though veering vaguely in direction, remained about as loud as before, but the volume of his own toothache seemed somehow to have increased, as if the tooth itself had grown to thrice its former size. His other teeth seemed likewise to be growing larger, until he was aware of the possession of a set of splendid fangs, to which the ache of the ailing molar was apparently proportioned. Slowly his hovering consciousness condensed upon a point. Bristling, sun-splashed feelers stirred under his half-open eyes; hot smells of the underwood, strangely intensified, were in his nostrils. His irritation at the urchin's clamor assumed a new and savage vigor, confused and shaken occasionally by spasms of a vague, inhuman dread, but nevertheless fast gathering to a frenzy. . . . In fine, without losing his place, so to speak, in the order of time, and even without straying very far from his proper position in the space dimension, he had apparently ceased to be Calliper the would-be tiger killer and become the tiger himself.

Suddenly a stone from the field watcher's sling struck the Venetian shutters of the resthouse with a loud report, which promptly recalled a portion at least of Calliper's roaming soul to its usual habitation.

It took the forester several seconds to recover even confusedly his original bearings in space-time and to apprehend something of the nature of this final outrage on his peace and privacy. Then he sat up and glared at his tormentor in a transport of speechless fury.

Every European who has lived in India knows those tropic tempests of the mind. They are often founded, like this of Calliper's, in righteous indignation, but Calliper's, he declares, was so strangely cruel and savage that the very recollection of it used afterward to frighten him. Half awake, and only half himself again, he felt a desperate need to put his uncouth passion into words, but he could find no word or image vigorous enough to give it expression. He merely sat and glared at his enemy in an attitude of tense and silent execration. But though he spoke no curse, he willed perhaps a wilder doom than any that his powers of language could convey.

And then a dreadful wonder happened; for, even as the forester sat glaring and malevolent, there arose out of the sunlit maize behind the slinger a gigantic shape of flame, which seemed to the astonished Calliper like some hellish minister and embodiment of his own unspoken imprecation. The figure was luridly articulate with what looked like arms and head and hideous features, and it towered above the unwary slinger and struck him a terrific blow that felled him, suddenly silent, from his perch. Then it relapsed into the maize as swiftly and silently as it had arisen.

All Calliper's wrath went out of him as if the apparition had indeed been its deliberate fulfillment and exact expression. He stared aghast at the vacant stage among the maize cobs, he listened appalled to the silence that he had so furiously willed. He soon realized, in a sense, what had happened. Something, his reasonable self, or the hunter in him, was already shouting, 'Tiger, tiger in the maize!' But the solution gave him no relief; he took no notice of the trumpet call. Confused by his dream, and abashed by the reaction of his own rage, he was overpowered by a dreadful sense of blood-guiltiness, as if he had stricken the

field watcher himself. All the wild jungle tales of werwolves and witch tigers that he had ever heard and repeated, tales of men and women who turned into beasts and back again at will, or against their will, assailed his half-awakened consciousness. With these in wild confusion occurred equally fantastic Brahminical fables about the early sages, his pretended exemplars, whose curses, fortified by lonely meditation, materialized and blasted like the lightning.

Calliper had so often pretended, I suppose, to believe both kinds of marvel, and even laid claim to the possession, or at least to the occasional and partial achievement, of such occult powers and impulses himself, that he had almost succeeded in imposing on himself. He was like a sham necromancer who is suddenly confronted by a ghost.

III

With a desperate effort he collected his faculties and leaped from the cot. The bewildered dreamer disappeared and the hunter took charge. He seized and loaded his Winchester, shouted to his shikari, rushed out into the sunlight, and began to push through the maize with all the speed which necessary caution allowed.

He reached the platform without incident. The unhappy boy lay among the stalks at the foot of the scaffolding. His mouth was still open, and there was an expression as of stupid surprise on his face, which was twisted back into what should have been an impossible position. It was clear that his neck was broken. Beside him in the shadow of the platform lay the old woman who had brought his meal. At first Calliper supposed that she too was dead. Then he saw that she was comfortably asleep. The tiger's tracks were visible within a yard of her. She must have been asleep when the tiger came, and it had gone away without even waking her.

What first struck Calliper as astonishing in this discovery, he used to say, was not that the old woman should have slept undisturbed through the tiger's tragic visit, but that she should have been able to fall asleep at all while her hapless grandson was yet alive and vocal within six feet of her!

Then the full strangeness of the situation broke upon him. The tiger was evidently not a man-eater, or the dead would not have been thus left and the sleeper spared. More sensitive, in one direction at least, than the old dame herself, it had struck and killed, apparently, merely for the sake of peace and a quiet nap. There was something ludicrous in the contrast between the humane refinement of the motive and the brutality of the method.

But in view of Calliper's dream the resemblance between the tiger's case and his, and between their several reactions, was not so much ludicrous as uncanny. The brute indeed had ruthlessly and irrevocably enacted what the man had merely conceived and felt; but that, granted the rest, seemed natural. Even there in the white sunlight of the maize field Calliper found it hard to resist the persuasion that here was more than a coincidence, that some secret current of sympathy, some mysterious fusion of experience, had occurred between them.

The supposed coincidence was to prove even more exact and startling in the sequel. Calliper carefully tracked the tiger through the maize into the jungle beyond, where he preferred to leave it for the nonce. That night, in spite of unwonted nervousness, he shot the tiger very neatly with a single bullet from the tree platform. The following

morning he made the final discovery and received the crowning thrill of his weird adventure.

The tiger also, it seems, had a hollow tooth. It was a very badly decayed molar, a visible nightmare of the toothache which must have troubled even a tiger to desperation. Calliper used even to declare that it was situated in the same part of the jaw as his own affliction, but here, perhaps, though true to the spirit of jungle mythology, he comes within the danger of the Higher Skepticism.

I have heard Calliper tell this tale in support, or at least in illustration, both of the witch-tiger superstition and of the legends about the materializing maledictions of the forest sages. Only in his more daring moments did he claim that it was a definite instance of either sort of wonder. It was on these occasions, perhaps, that his variations in detail and emphasis were most ingenious and amusing, but he was more persuasive when he contented himself with offering his experience as a mystery only vaguely related to the topic in hand, perhaps an unknown genus of the species. Once he told it with unusual impressiveness in support of a theory which he had evolved somewhere in the jungle, and which he used as a corollary to his beloved fatalism — the theory, namely, that the divine soul immanent in 'all sentient beings' (as the Buddhists have it) always makes the same reaction to similar circumstances. Under 'circumstances' he usually included physical and mental character, but this tale illustrated his main point (at which I would not mock, for I believe it) without obviously calling for this refinement.

My belief that Calliper's exercises upon this theme of the slinger and the tiger were founded on fact is itself based chiefly on internal evidence and general considerations, but I ought to have mentioned that Calliper, whenever he told the tale in his own lair, always finished by actually producing the tiger's hollow tooth. This gesture reminded me of Longfellow's ingenuous Viking and his walrus tooth, but the exhibition in Calliper's case was always highly effective. Whatever else happened or did not happen, that tiger, or another of the name, certainly knew what it was to have the toothache.

A STUDENT IN POST-WAR BERLIN

BY ELLA H. FISHBERG

I

'You are a total economic loss, an unnecessary expense to the community. My wife knows that a woman must stay at home beside her husband and children and not run around in all sorts of filthy places.'

No, I was not being admonished by a judge before whom I was on trial for vagrancy, but merely receiving my diploma as Doctor of Medicine *cum laude* from the famous University of Berlin. The petty official, a sort of glorified janitor to whose lot it falls to distribute the diplomas, was merely taking the occasion to air a few of his views on the status of women. Thus was spoken *vale* to the happy three years I spent in Germany finishing my medical course.

I had picked those three years during which Germany was absolutely at the lowest point of its post-war economic and social depression and was just starting to 'come back.' Working in the clinics of Berlin, I had occasion to witness the utmost misery and poverty. There are still some objects — perhaps a corsage of orchids worn by a friend, or a jeweled clock in the window of a Fifth Avenue jeweler — at which I cannot look without a slight twinge of conscience. I am neither a Socialist nor a Bolshevik; I find an increasing pleasure in most things as they are and note with astonishment that this conservatism becomes more deeply impressed in me with the passing of the years; but the imprint of the misery that I saw in the Germany of my student days has been graven too deep to be effaced by even the comparative comfort which we Americans always enjoy.

I arrived in Germany in the summer of 1922. I cannot reproduce my thrill at actually feeling myself on the North Sea, the rhythm of whose waves had been singing to me from childhood in the poems of Heine's 'North Sea Cycle.' But in Bremen I found that though I had an appreciation of German poetry which moved me to repeat the immortal cadences of the 'North Sea Cycle' in the presence of a friendly audience, under the stimulus of moonlight and the imminent parting on the last evening on the boat, I could not manage to buy a bag of cherries from a woman on the street. I therefore decided that it would be best to pick some extremely quiet place where I could perfect my German during the summer and be ready to enter the University in the fall.

There is no place on the face of the globe better suited for quiet study and retreat from the world than a German sanatorium. 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,' can truly be said of the group that stay there, cut off from their fellow creatures. These health resorts must be excellent refuges for criminals fleeing from justice; the one where my mother and I stayed was the hiding place of Roger Casement when he wanted to escape the British authorities. That they are sometimes used for other purposes than those of health

may be deduced from the answer of an American who had stayed in one near Baden-Baden which was famed for its rural character. Someone asked him what they raised there, and he replied accurately and succinctly, 'Hell!'

It is an amazing fact that there is scarcely a really sick person in these sanatoria. One finds very much the same sort of people who go on the Mediterranean and longer West Indies cruises. Last winter, on one of these tours to Venezuela and Central America, someone remarked, 'This boat is full of people who, if they had n't got away the minute they did, would have committed murder.'

Our particular haven was situated in a garden spot a short twenty-minute trolley ride from the heart of Berlin, so thoroughly hidden from the street by the trees that supper was served in the moonlight in the garden. Here in this small artificial community, thrown together by chance, was to be found a modern staging of the old Biblical story of the tower of Babel. Fourteen or fifteen nationalities were represented, and we finally got so bored with exotic folk that when a native of Afghanistan arrived no one even bothered to go down to see whether he brought his harem with him. It would have formed an ideal experimental field for those statesmen who were then attempting in Geneva to settle that most perplexing question of nationality by the criterion of language. The tables were made up according to the language spoken by the guests, and the English-speaking table, where we were placed, had eight Americans and an English couple.

At our table the situation was comparatively peaceful. Still working on the language criterion, however, the management had put at the Russian table, composed of members of the old régime, a newly arrived Bolshevist Commissar and his wife. The diplomatic error was soon rectified, but it cost the sanatorium half a dozen plates, and I believe the Oriental rug on the dining-room floor never recovered its pristine appearance after the bath of hot soup given in the authentic Russian fashion. The Bolsheviki were quickly moved to the central table, and, strongly entrenched between the proprietor and her husband, were protected from all but the deadly looks of the followers of the Little White Father. The adherents of Karl Marx finally found peace and security at the strictly neutral Scandinavian table, but they were a cause of constant anxiety because we expected them to be wiped out at any moment by the Loyalists. It was with a sigh of relief that we learned that six more Leninists had arrived, so that in a pitched battle at least the opposing forces would be numerically equal. I regret to have to state that bets ran rather high for the impending civil war.

There were no French people and none would have been admitted, because this was at the time when the Ruhr occupation was imminent and feeling against the French was running very high. But, lest we forget the existence of that highly original Gallic race across the Rhine without whom no gathering can truly be said to be cosmopolitan, an old German lady would arise at the conclusion of every meal, raise a glass of wine to her lips, and exclaim with the air of a prophetess from the Old Testament, 'Oh, if this were only a glass of French blood!'

II

I applied at the University for a tutor in German, and a very earnest young woman was recommended to me. She was getting her doctor's degree in English literature and was busily en-

gaged in writing her thesis. My lessons were to pay for its publication. She told me that the title was 'The Exclamation Point in Shakespeare,' and I have always wondered whether or not she was pulling my leg. Seeing in me a supposedly cultured American, she would bring me choice bits of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century English prose and verse to decipher, though my knowledge of English of that period was restricted to a few of the Tales of Chaucer, read under duress and with the help of a transcription into modern English. She would look at me superciliously, and I have the feeling that she does not believe to this day that I actually have a degree from Columbia.

My inability to converse in Anglo-Saxon soon began to get on my nerves, and I changed my tutor for a professor of English at the University. He was one of the most cultured men it has been my good fortune to meet. Instead of putting me on dry rules of grammar and disconnected sentences, he told me to take Macaulay's *Life of Frederick the Great* and try to translate it into German. I made hundreds of mistakes, but I was working with material I loved. This teacher instilled in me an appreciation of the genius of Goethe that I shall retain forever. I stumbled through discussions of religion and evolution with him in German, and I can truly say that some of the finest thoughts that I have ever formulated for myself were couched in that language, so that I felt then and still feel a little toward it as a mediæval scholar must have regarded his Latin — as a means for the expression of those thoughts and feelings which he regarded as the highest and best.

At this time Germany was in a particularly embarrassing situation, because many people driven from the countries of Eastern Europe by famine and revolution, and excluded by the German quota immigration system, sought to evade the law by registering as students. I had never in my life seen so many Bulgarians, Jugoslavs, and Albanians, and had not realized that the thirst for knowledge ran so high in those reputedly backward countries. I was very soon disillusioned, however, because all these ladies and gentlemen of exotic nationality turned out to be either Russians or Poles. As there were practically no passports from Eastern Europe at this time and everyone was living with League of Nations passports, it was possible for large numbers to get away with the deception.

The other day in a Fifth Avenue bus in New York I saw an advertisement of a Jazz School. One attraction, evidently sufficiently in demand to warrant its inclusion in the limited and expensive space devoted to such an advertisement, was 'Registration in this school for non-quota residents entitles student to stay in New York.' How some of those 'Albanians' would have relished such a school!

Day after day I haunted the various Ministries trying to get through the red tape of admission as a regular student and candidate for a degree. In one of these I encountered a sub-official who had never heard of Columbia University, and I had to trouble the American Ambassador to send an official statement that Columbia to the best of his knowledge had a certain standing as a university. I still own this unique document.

All these Ministries were magnificent structures viewed from the outside. Within, the rooms of the under-officials were furnished with bare-looking tables and kitchen chairs. In each little cubbyhole was a petty official with a shaven head, munching a sandwich and a measly-looking apple. Whatever time of day I came, this munching was

going on. It seems that there was something wrong with the food at this time; everything was a 'substitute,' and appeared to have no sustaining qualities. In the street cars, in the theatres, everywhere one went one heard and saw this continual mastication. I was a guest in a box at the opera, and to my great surprise my host pulled out some hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches and devoured them.

After besieging the Ministries for a period of three weeks, I was at last informed that the document I craved would be mailed to me on payment of the few pfennigs postage. I went home jubilant, but alas, my rejoicing was short-lived. They had sent a grand-looking document permitting me to practise medicine in the State of Prussia — that is, to take an examination for the privilege — in case I ever finished medical school. Then I understood all the difficulties that had been placed in my way, because the Germans are extremely reluctant to allow foreigners the privilege of practising medicine on an equivalent basis with native Germans. I began inquiries again, and, moving my activities to the proper Ministry, was duly equipped in but a few days with a student card testifying that I was entitled to all the rights and privileges of a student in the University.

III

From the very first day my contacts with German petty officials were painful, but they are extremely amusing in retrospect. One must truly have been brought up in the atmosphere of the Golden Age of Germany before the great debacle to have acquired the exactly proper shade of amused deference with which to treat them. When I look back now I see that a foreigner can never develop the necessary technique with these underpaid people whose only reward is a sort of artificial dignity which must be maintained at all costs. Adler, the Viennese psychologist, would probably see in them a good example of the manifestation of his famed 'inferiority complex,' and our own talented countryman, Mr. Mencken, might easily find them similar to our lodge members who dress up in their fancy regalia and seek thus to compensate in some measure for the essential drabness of their lives.

I have already related what one such official said to me on handing me my diploma. I can now give his parting shot: 'My wife knows that her only business in life is to keep her eyes in the washtubs and the cooking pots and to see that I am properly served. Please pay me for the postal card and you may have your diploma.'

One of these petty officials almost landed me in jail. Owing to the prevailing economic conditions, it was my custom to wear shabby clothes while attending classes. One day, however, a family friend arrived and invited me to luncheon. Knowing that if I appeared poorly dressed a report would go to my parents that I was starving to death, I dressed as I should have in New York.

On the way to my appointment I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to change the solutions in which some microscopic preparations were resting and that they would be ruined if left thus. So I went back. The all-important gatekeeper did not recognize me in all my finery. 'Whom do you want?' he growled. 'You must be crazy not to recognize me,' I replied. 'You say I am crazy?' he retorted. I fled.

About a week later I got a note from my professor saying that I had been reported for insulting an official of the government. My high diplomatic error had been reported by the gatekeeper to the superintendent of the building,

by him to the director of the department where I was working, by the director to the dean and thence to the rector of the University, who had reported it back to my professor. Because I was an American, I was forgiven, on condition that I apologize.

In the Berlin subway, tickets are issued and punched when one enters and then must be given up as one leaves. Rushing to my pathology examination at six in the morning, nervous as a cat after cramming till three o'clock the night before, I managed somehow to slip into the subway without getting my ticket punched. As I emerged, the ticket taker (here a petty government official) looked at the ticket and then at me. 'How did you get in without having your ticket punched?' 'I don't know. All I do know is that I have to get out of this subway, and quickly, too.' 'You cannot leave till I report this to the controller, who does not come till seven. Wait here.' He put me under a shed. 'On your honor I rely on you to stay here.'

Must I confess it? As soon as his back was turned I fled. For the first time in my life I knew how hard is the lot of the criminal who comes into conflict with the law of the country, as I dodged down side alleys expecting to hear the clang of the Black Maria at any moment.

The Professor Ordinarius of Pathology had a most agreeable habit of giving his first lecture at 7 A.M. and his pathological demonstrations at 5 A.M. However, since his courses were almost the best to be found in Germany, everybody dragged through the darkness of the early northern dawn of Berlin to attend them. One student who had never attended the course, though enrolled, and did not know what the professor looked like but was fully aware of his reputation for ferocity and for flunking half the students appearing before him for examination, came to the laboratory to ask for an appointment for his final test. Seeing a small bearded figure, in overalls, he approached and slapped the little man on the back so hard that he nearly tumbled over.

'How is the Herr Geheimrat?' said the student. 'Is he as nasty as ever? What is he asking these days?'

'He is asking about the pathology of the lung,' was the reply. 'You may come to-morrow, at seven o'clock, for your examination.'

The next morning the poor student fainted when he saw his mistake. For those readers who are curious I can say that when he was revived he was asked only about the lung.

IV

One of the most delightful features of German academic life is its 'migratory possibilities.' In other words, you just take your registration book and your student card, on which appears your photograph, and go to whatever university you feel like entering. This enables you to go for the winter semester to Berlin or Munich, with its concerts and theatres, and then spend a most delightful spring semester at a country university such as Halle or Freiburg in the far-famed Black Forest of legend. Many students migrate every single semester. All students may thus enjoy the instruction of some particularly famous master in a special field, since they can come to his university for a semester at any time they wish. The result is that such lecture halls as that of the world-famous Aschoff at Freiburg or Lubarsch in Berlin are so full that the walls seem to bulge.

This is all made possible through the absolutely elective system open to the

German university student, who is presupposed to be an adult. Those pictures of the beer-drinking, duel-fighting German student are the exact equivalent of our motion pictures of 'college' life. Any traveler who has visited Heidelberg will testify to a lot of noisy students drinking beer and trying to kiss the waitress in a café. But these are the German equivalent of the 'rah-rah boy,' and most of them do not want to study. I have just read that the students in one of the universities, on being asked to pose for a talkie, refused on the ground that such pictures were a libel on their academic life.

The character of the students has changed since the war, for many have to earn their living in order to study. But that this earnestness is not a post-war phenomenon can be seen from the number of scientific papers, some world famous, that were published during the student days of men now well known. I saw plenty of the duel fighters striding around in their bright-colored caps, and singing their drinking songs, but the great majority of the students were mature-minded individuals eager to profit intellectually from their university years. Many a cold winter afternoon we walked home through the fresh snow of the Tiergarten disputing some problem brought up in the lecture room we came from.

I have never lived as simply — rather, as penuriously — as during my student years in Germany. I rode third class only because there was no fourth class, though the difference in my American money was perhaps one hundredth or one thousandth of a cent. In normal times I should have lived as I was accustomed, but I could not bring myself to allow my friends to think I was profiting by their misery. At the theatre I sat always in the back of the gallery, when the best seat in the orchestra could be obtained for ten cents.

Here I want to say a word about the Americans who went to Germany and lived off that poor country like locusts. To see a person striding up and down the lobby of the Adlon Hotel, where he was living more cheaply than at the hotel on the Bowery to which he was suited by birth, education, and economic standing, was painful in the extreme, as well to cultured Germans as to any fine-feeling American. It is a well-known fact that sometimes we pass over the great injuries done us, while the little ones rankle. The sight of these blustering, domineering 'millionaires' has remained implanted in the minds of the German people, and it will take a generation to uproot it.

V

Some day someone with a more ready pen than mine will write the epic of those Russian girls and boys who filled the universities of Central and Western Europe in a quest for the knowledge denied them at home — a tattered army, always a little dirty, snubbed and despised by the well-washed Teuton, living God knows where, subsisting on God knows what, going through the streets of Berlin or Zurich with torn shoes, filling the gallery of every theatre, thronging every concert, and delighting in the warmth of the religious and political freedom of Western Europe, denied them under the century-long oppressions of the Tsars. Now they are scattered in laboratories all over the world. Among the great names — Besredka, Minkowski, Lydia Rabinowitch, Lina Stern, and others — are surely some who belonged to this exiled, starving group. I want to express my humble tribute to that company, which was well personified in my dear friend Vera.

She came from Minsk, her whole family having been killed during the counter-revolutionary invasion of the White Army. She alone managed somehow to survive. Her black hair, drawn tight back, the depth of those sad eyes, had something of the simplicity and sorrow to be seen in the best of the primitive wooden Madonnas in the oldest of the Gothic churches. She managed to keep alive on the few lessons she gave and to get together her tuition money by means little short of miraculous. I can still see her trudging through the streets of Berlin during that long, terrible winter of '23, with the snow coming into the gaps in her old shoes. One would sooner have tried to shake hands with the Tsar in the days of his glory than have offered to help her.

Taking many of the courses with us was the son of a great German industrialist, a little older than most of us because of the time he had lost during the war in the service of his country. His worldly experience, combined with his superb tact, made him that highest product of European civilization, the cultured Continental gentleman. From the instant he laid eyes on Vera he seemed to see in her the reincarnation of one of the Madonnas of his world-famous collection. He paid her assiduous court and we were all happy at the Cinderella tale which was unfolding before our eyes. But we had reckoned without our host. 'I do not love him,' said Vera. 'How can I marry him?' She would have thought nothing of living with any man she loved, but could not be bought by wealth and position.

'Crazy,' said some. 'Russian,' said others, dismissing the matter with a shrug of their shoulders. 'An idealist,' said I.

In the summer of 1929, at the world physiological conference in Boston, there was to be seen a small dark woman — here, jesting in French; there, giving the Dutch professor's wife, in her native tongue, a description of present-day conditions in Russia; now, pausing at a demonstration to give instructions to one assistant in Russian and to another in Polish; again, making addresses in French, German, or English, as seemed most appropriate to the occasion. Later I met her at a dinner party of some Boston Brahmin, at a time when the word 'Bolshevik' was enough to raise everyone's blood pressure at least twenty degrees. She told of conditions in Russia — how they had worked in half-frozen laboratories just after the revolution, hungry and desolate.

'You see,' she continued, 'I was a professor at Geneva and had a huge ten-room apartment, where all the world that I cared to have could and did come to me. But I received a call to go back to my ravaged country, and I went. Now I am isolated in a little two-room flat, without water or modern improvements. But I feel that the little spark of Russian culture that has meant so much should not be allowed to die out during the political upheavals, and I am doing my best to see that it does n't. What are a few material wants when one feels that a moral obligation is being fulfilled?'

'Crazy,' said some. 'Russian,' said others. 'Another idealist,' said I.

VI

There is something in the make-up of people accustomed to the ravages of long-continued poverty that helps them to adjust themselves with the minimum amount of friction to the forces that govern life. However, it is very different with those who have had no contact with extreme poverty and suddenly find themselves, through

some external circumstance, forced to live in want. They have developed no mechanism for neutralizing the unpleasant elements of such a life. On all sides throughout Germany could be found people suddenly plunged, by the inflation of the currency, into situations of this kind.

In a research department of one of our great American universities is a director who, with his family, literally almost starved to death in Germany during the years after the war. At night even now, in the midst of security and comfort, he wakes up sometimes in a cold sweat because he thinks he hears his baby calling for food.

In the free clinics where we students were stationed it was our habit to talk to each other in a sort of dog Latin — or, as the Germans call it, *Küchenlatein* — in order that the patients should not understand what was being said. Sometimes a patient would correct our grammar, for many of them were of the educated classes that lost everything during the inflation period. One would notice a slight elevation of the eyebrows on the part of some woman dressed in rags, as a too broad jest passed in French among the doctors — a look of pain, since she knew that here, dependent on charity, it would ill behoove her to assert that old spirit that would have demanded the dismissal of a doctor committing such a breach in her presence.

One girl who came to the clinic again and again was the daughter of a Saxon army colonel and had lived in Potsdam in the military escort of the Kaiser. She would not work, since ladies did not work. As soon as we let her out of the hospital, where she 'high-hatted' us one and all, she would wander around the streets till brought in again, simply exhausted from cold and starvation. One of the women doctors said to her, 'Don't you see that I work for a living?' A lift of the eyebrow spoke as plainly as words: 'But *you* are not a lady!' It was exactly the same spirit that made captured Prussians refuse to stand up in the presence of the Allied officers.

Again, I saw a shopgirl come in to have a toe taken off because she could not afford a special shoe and she always had to look neat and trim. It must be remembered that at this time the income of the shopgirl was utterly insufficient to support life, and she had to supplement it by means not approved by the moralists and usually referred to as the oldest profession.

Even to-day, in very few countries of the world can a woman earn enough to enable her to live decently. If a working girl in Europe appeared in a fur coat and asserted that she bought it with her own wages she would be laughed out of court. Many a foreign friend on a visit to this country has asked me where the girls of our working classes get their clothes, and their figures. I have inevitably replied, 'The figures they are born with, and the clothes they earn' — only to be met with a skeptical and sneering smile at my innocence and lack of worldly understanding. A great German manufacturer told me that half the women in his shops were on the streets, and he seemed to regard this as quite the normal thing for women born without money.

VII

I have always been a little weak on the classics. Perhaps I should have done better to remember my Horace: *Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt;* it might have saved me some highly embarrassing moments. The Germans translate the above sentence very tersely and well by saying that eggs are cooked in water all over the world.

I came to Europe with great fear and trembling, convinced that if I went with a European man to the theatre I might expect him to murder me on the way home. I had also heard from some well-intentioned source that when a German goes to the theatre with a girl he presents a bill to her father. I thought I would take my bull by the horns, and offered a German gentleman my share of the bill. He accepted gladly — in fact, a little too readily. The girl who brings the wraps from the cloakroom forgot my fox fur, and I mentioned the fact to my escort. 'Well, run and get it,' he replied. I stared at him in amazement. 'And,' he continued, 'if you intend to give me a lecture on chivalry, be assured that it will be wasted. An American would certainly have gone after the fur. So should I, if I were here with a lady; but you insist on being treated as a man, and I should never dream of going after another man's hat if he were less than eighty years old.'

Again, coming home from the theatre, my escort started to display symptoms fairly common to the species everywhere. With my bugaboo of wicked Europeans, I protested more than vigorously. 'All right,' he answered, 'I will treat you exactly as though you were my mother.' The next morning a bouquet of flowers arrived with a card on which was written, 'I have an Œdipus complex.'

After my first winter in Germany, when things were going from bad to worse, and the French took possession of the Ruhr and the dollar dropped from one thousand to forty thousand marks within a week, I found that I could not stand the depression and went to Italy, trying to forget in the warm sunshine there the horror behind me. When I left I took with me from a hotel a copy of the *Yale Review*, because I wanted to finish reading an article in it. I salved my conscience by reasoning that some American had left it there, because no German hotel would, on its own initiative, subscribe to the *Yale Review*. In this same number was an article on missionary education, or something of that kind. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to discover that the couple in my compartment were missionaries, and, since I was going to lunch in the dining car at the first serving and they at the second, I told them that I would leave the book open at a page that would interest them — and then promptly proceeded to forget all about it. I went into the dining car, leaving on my seat a copy of the Tauchnitz edition of Somerset Maugham's *Trembling of a Leaf*, open to the story of *Rain*. When I came from lunch we were crossing the Alps, but the altitude alone was not enough to account for the sudden chill in the air.

VIII

Among my instructors in the medical school were many whose names were literally household words. First and foremost was my professor of medicine, Geheimrat Kraus, who probably knew all there was to be known of the weakness and frailty of human nature. 'To know all is to forgive all,' says the proverb, and here was a man who indeed knew all. Kings and beggars, they lay exposed before him, body and soul. In the play *The Green Pastures*, the Negro pastor tells the children that when he thinks of God it is in the person of an old Negro minister who preached in his church. In similar fashion there is a generation of people in Germany who see in this white-bearded omniscient savant a personification of their conception of God.

There is a story told of his clinic just before the war, when an American millionaire waited impatiently for two

hours and then went to the head nurse to complain. She replied, 'I'm sorry, but there are a king and two grand dukes ahead of you, so I guess you'll have to wait.'

I stayed during one entire vacation in a Berlin orphan asylum, one of the most cheerful places of its sort one could find, because the kindly director endeavored to remove as far as possible the asylum atmosphere. He had a horror of the present-day cult of efficiency, and believed firmly that he would rather have a child of his brought up in the poorest tenement than in the finest and most modern institution. He emphasized again and again the need of a particular ingredient in the formula of each baby, believing that no formula, however correct chemically and calorically, could be complete without it. I refer, needless to say, to mother love.

One day we heard that a little girl of three and a half, having the mentality of a child of over five or six, had been admitted to the asylum, having been taken away from a poor mother who could not support her. We went down to see her. A most intelligent, elfish face smiled up at us from a little body crippled and stunted by rickets. As a rule children in orphan asylums do not talk or walk till long after children who are brought up in a home usually do, because there is no one to bother to teach them. The director, however, took an instant fancy to this child and used to go every day to talk with her so that she would not forget how to speak. One day we heard her saying to her doll, on whom she was trying to press a piece of chocolate, 'Eat, now, or the visiting nurse will come and say I do not take care of you, and she will take you away from me as they took me from my mamma.' The director was a very rich man; Süsschen went back to her mother.

The professor of children's diseases was the world-famous Czerny. He had a slogan that there were only two measures, rather drastic ones, by which to reduce the infant mortality of Berlin: 'Forbid the sale of thermometers, and kill all grandmothers.' It was said that crying babies, when handed to him, instantly became quiet. I had heard this and did not believe it, but when I saw it myself I began to realize how legends of miracles might be built up around personalities of this kind.

IX

Examinations for the doctor's degree are conducted in public, and constitute a circus where young students are thrown to the lions. The victim stands in the centre of the arena, and question after question is fired at him. The little that one knows one forgets before that sea of mocking faces. As a charm against bad luck the students are accustomed to wish each other *Hals und Beinbruch* ('Break your neck and leg'), and when I received a card conveying this message I must say that I was astonished.

There have been many embarrassing moments in my life, but none more so than when I was taking my obstetrics examination. Since I was a chemist, my knowledge of this oldest of the medical sciences was practically limited to the fact that women have babies, and I trembled before the towering figure of the examining professor, his six feet four of impressiveness flanked by a huge beard. His first question was hardly charitable to the poor foreigner stranded in the great arena in full view of ten grinning assistants and about three hundred students. 'Do you know anything?' he bellowed at me. What could I answer? 'Well,' I replied, 'I should n't advise you to call me as *consiliaria*, but I know a little.' 'Well,' he

answered, 'you at least said *consiliaria* instead of *consiliarius*, which shows that they teach Latin now even in America.'

After the ordeal was over this professor said to me in a low voice, 'Now speak a little more. I am having a dinner party to-night and I want to imitate your accent; I think I've got it down pretty well by now.' I, who was proud as a peacock of my German, was put just where I belonged.

In some of the clinics the professors' assistants were good-natured and would tell the poor student what sort of case he was going to get, and this sometimes resulted in unforeseen consequences. One of the students was told that he was going to get a case with a very much enlarged spleen that was plainly palpable. Instead, by some slip-up, a case of sore throat was given him. The unfortunate student walked bravely up to the patient and said, after a few cursory taps, 'An enlarged spleen.' He spoke with such positiveness that the professor, wondering if he had overlooked something, himself examined the patient and found, of course, an absolutely impalpable spleen.

Thereupon the professor handed the student a crayon and told him to map out the organ on the patient. The poor candidate, knowing how large the spleen was supposed to be, made one of the largest possible, restricting its size only so that it should not extend outside the abdomen. In certain rare cases the spleen has a scalloped appearance, and, remembering this, he added five or six beautiful scallops to the picture crayoned on the patient's abdomen. 'Failed!' roared the professor. 'I would have forgiven everything but those scallops. Come back in three weeks and try again.'

After receiving my diploma, I went to Paris for some postgraduate work. I am naturally allied to the French; I look like them, being distinctly Latin in appearance, and I must confess that emotionally and instinctively they lie nearer to me than the blond-haired Teutons. But intellectually I found a formalism and adherence to old tradition and moulds which amazed and dismayed me.

In Berlin I had known a most cultured woman who tried, with a large measure of success, to maintain an eighteenth-century salon in modern times. A governess who worked in her family at one time told me that before her guests came she would get down her Heine, Goethe, some of the Latin and Greek authors, and make *eine geistige Toilette* ('dress up her mind') to receive them. In Paris I bought myself some much-needed clothes, and when I got home it was, peculiarly enough, these few rags which the customs officials examined with care. That far more important thing which I brought from Europe — my *geistige Toilette* — was absolutely ignored. I have forgotten to look, however — perhaps the United States Government attends to that in the latest tariff bill!

HIPPOS

BY ALICE DAY PRATT

I

In the rear of my homestead cabin, a quarter of a mile to the west, rises a solitary butte to the height of a thousand feet. Having all exposures, which are variously favored at various seasons, rising a little nearer to the scanty mists and clouds than the level land around it, and being for perhaps additional reasons peculiarly adapted to the growth of bunch grass, it has offered, ever since the arrival of domestic stock, a favorite haunt at all seasons. Around its lower slopes, hoary junipers offer superior shelter from storms or from a too generous summer sun (it is a saying of the country that no benighted traveler ever failed to find dry ground beneath a juniper) and there is always a lee side to the butte in any gale.

This morning, when I opened my door at five-thirty, the sun had just illuminated the fringe of junipers on the summit of the butte, and standing on the very highest point, fully exposed, a snow-white horse gleamed like a statue against the indefinite dull blue of the western sky. It occurred to me to wonder, as often before, how early in the antiquity of our own race this spectacle began to affect the imagination and to become inwoven with mythology.

Pegasus alighting upon Helicon, Greyfell browsing in the sky-pastures of Wotan, chariots and horses descending from the clouds — the beauty and ideal qualities of the horse have entitled him to be associated with man's most ethereal imaginings. A beautiful horse is altogether admirable. He stands for no evil qualities whatever. He represents strength, swiftness, fire of spirit, extreme sensibility and keenness of sense, joy of life, and, to his sorrow, wonderful docility and patience in his relation to ourselves. If he fights, it is in extremity and in self-defense, and he is entirely justified. Add to his noble qualities beauty, and there is nothing to be desired. 'And if,' as the Arab says, 'he be white, then thank the gods.' The white horse is a favorite of all time, and either because of this favoritism, or because the whiteness lends itself in a peculiar degree to expressiveness of eye, the white horse has a peculiarly speaking and appealing expression. I have never handled or observed a white horse that had not this appeal and gentleness in its eyes.

II

This evening, as I sit quietly reading, Max Welton, the collie, pricks up his ears, rises from his place beside me, and goes out. A moment later I become conscious of a faint vibration, a rhythmical beating rapidly increasing in volume, an approaching thunder, a storm of hoofs, and my cabin is surrounded. My seven ponies stand about expectant. The older ones, whose introduction to man's ways has left upon them a permanent timidity, force themselves upon my attention by nothing more than a gentle whinny. It is the young horses born and bred here that take the initiative.

Babe, my white marble saddler, who learned the trick of the door knob in infancy, comes to the back door. Alas, she has demolished the door knob, and has repeatedly broken the hospitable latchstring. Now, as the door is buttoned on the inside, she merely bumps upon it with her nose, patiently and persistently, knowing that my resistance is short-lived. While she is thus engaged, Gnat, the dapple-gray five-year-old, assails the front of the house. Alas again, he has battered down so many steps with those impatient hoofs of his that I have discarded steps and adopted a balcony instead of a porch. He reaches across the woven-wire defense and seizes anything within reach. Once, in my absence, it was my rag bag. The day was windy. I returned to find all of the neighboring juniper trees, all of the sage and Purshia bushes in the vicinity, adorned with the tatters of Joseph's coat. If indiscretion has left a sack of feed within reach, Gnat has it over the railing and shakes out the contents for the delectation of the company. If I have left the back door open, he hauls the covers off my cot and gives them a proper shaking before he strews them upon the floor. Gnat would make intelligent use of hands if he had them.

What they are asking for, one and all, is that I shall come out with a basin of grain and treat each to a mouthful or two, little as they need it. It is thirst, however, that has prompted their visit. If springs are low, I must take them out, the distance of a mile. Sometimes I ride one of them, prancing in the midst of his companions, and, at the end of the mile, dashing importantly ahead to open the gate for the others. Sometimes I walk, and they dance and gallop about me, to and fro, with never a thought of escape or desire to see the great world, which the older ones recall as far less desirable than their present quiet haven.

Here, thirty miles from town and railway, well off the highways, is a little backwater, undominated by the spirit of the age. Within a 640-acre area, including the butte, no jangling telephone bells, no static improvisations, no shriek of motors rivals the cheerful mocking of magpies, the musical chorus of 'juniper birds,' the soft hushing of junipers, and the distant purr of the pines on the mountain.

Here, upon an annual growth of bunch grass sufficient to keep them the year round if snows do not get too deep, my seven ponies pass the seasons exactly as their progenitors passed them for four hundred years, and as a prehistoric race of horses passed them, populating the continent from Alaska to Patagonia. To-day, the roar of motors dominates that same extent of country, and even here, on the edge of the populated regions, my ponies excite the amused comment of practical men, since they consume what might just as well be converted into juicy beefsteak or fat-dripping mutton chops.

Here, all unconscious of their inadequacy, my ponies hold sway over what they believe to be their undisputed territory, tolerating the cows, the presence of which they accept as in the natural order of things. Cows keep down the Purshia brush (one can imagine their point of view), which is of no use to horses, and thrive upon weeds and useless bright-colored flowers, which might otherwise encroach upon the useful grass. Probably they exist for such purposes. Anyway, they are easily driven away from any disputed area, and from the water when they seek it at the wrong time. Horns make no show against hoofs and teeth. It is difficult to see just why. Doubtless it is the dominance of the spirit that wields the latter.

Wholly contented within this little area that they call their own, the ponies return to it by hook or by crook when accidentally excluded, or when borrowed and turned out in other pastures, working through numerous wire fences with patient persistence till they emerge with joyous whinnyings and excited prancings within the old familiar place.

Fly, a white mustang of superior strain, with her daughter Babe and son Gnat, born on the place, form the nucleus of the company. To all animals with whom I am acquainted, the place in which young have been born and raised becomes home, if conditions have proved favorable to this fundamental achievement. Moreover, the caretaker who has proved a satisfactory guardian of the new generation becomes the one to whom they look for protection and whose decisions they do not question. How often we hear it said by those of our own race, 'The children were born there; it seems like home to me,' or, 'Such and such persons cared for my children; I cannot forget them.' We seldom stop to reflect how essentially primitive are many of our feelings, or how much we have in common with other species. Strange that our sympathies are not more expansive than they are.

Rab, also white, a perfect cow pony, was added to the group in his maturity and became Fly's shadow and obedient follower, the gentle and loved friend and playmate of the colts. Edna, a bay and of domestic stock, is Fly's meek and obedient team mate. Over butte and rim rock, and through roaring and ice-blocked fords, the two have pulled my rattling 'hack,' piled with crates of white Leghorns or domestic furnishings and supplies, or calves, or stove wood. Staunch and patient under natural conditions, they run away consistently at the approach of an automobile. They sense the hostility of the age.

Two other members were self-invited into our circle — a beautiful little black mare, strayed and neglected by her owners, and an 'Indian pony,' a tough little roanish-bay, wind-broken, spavined, wire-cut, all but downed by the hardships of her lot. She was turned out to die, and strayed into this quiet harbor, where she forgets the mercilessness of that being who claims to be made in the image of God.

Fly is the undisputed boss and leader of the group. Without her, the others are lost, disconsolate, timid, and restless. When a neighbor borrows her, they follow her to the farthest peak of the enclosure, whinnying and anxiously watching her to the vanishing point. If the neighbor turns her out in his own pasture, she will, although 'wire-shy,' negotiate the intervening fences, and, on some glad morning, excited gallopings and neighings will tell me that Fly has reached our fence and is exchanging kisses across it while she waits for me to let her in.

There is a very strong and lasting affection between related horses, and often between those that have worked or run together for any length of time. Parting is a sad thing with them and we little think what we are doing when we separate an old team or a happy family. I remember reading that when horses are gathered for war there are always some that will not eat, and die of no discoverable cause. This is laid to simple homesickness and mourning for their own.

As among all herd animals, order of precedence is perfectly established. In my group, Fly comes first, then the colts, then Rab, then Edna, then the two strays, the little hard-used mare being the last. When they are fed, each receiving a pile of hay, it is perfectly understood who gets the first, and who must wait till the very last for her turn.

III

Even in this secure and semi-domestic state, these native ponies retain or revert to the instinct of all wild creatures of wandering habits to stay in the open, where a look around is always possible. Even in dead of winter, when receiving a daily feed, they often prefer their junipers to a good shed, winding down the butte, through the snowdrifts, at dawn, a graceful, lovely company, and returning before dark to their natural shelter.

As early as February, usually, winter breaks up and the new growth begins to push up into the hard bunch grass, serving the place of butter on stale bread; moreover, like a little wine with a monotonous diet, inducing certain manifestations inseparable from spring — shrill whinnyings, playful prancings, visitings across the fence with neighboring horses (social ventures giving rise to hideous screams and precarious attempts at combat through the wire), renewals also of youthful antics under the saddle. At this season the ponies cover the whole acreage in search of the uncropped tufts of green. A little later the interloper, 'cheat grass,' comes up on old fields like a thick growth of moss, and fills a large place while young and tender.

Before midsummer, if the season is good, bunch grass stands almost knee-high, rich with seed, which is the native grain. This puts a rich gloss on the coat and layers of fat over all of the outstanding angles of the winter time.

At this season the ponies are most coy, loving the most retired localities, especially the summit of the butte, fancying (and not without foundation) that they are thus most free from demands upon their strength for domestic purposes, needing nothing from humankind except a bit of salt, which they can secure on moonlight nights while folks are asleep. They give the would-be captor a chase, albeit always surrendering in the end, showing a superstitious conviction of the inevitability of their mild enslavement, which their pursuer, realizing his inferiority in strength and speed, recognizes with ever-renewed surprise. At this season they are most beautiful, in perfect flesh and silky summer coat, with dancing muscles and arching necks.

In the fall, when the seed is all scattered from the bunch grass and the grass itself is hard from drought, and water perhaps becomes insufficient, then they begin to steal meekly about the house each day, whinnying appealingly for a treat of grain, coming regularly to be taken out to a neighboring pond and scampering back again with a nervous fear of being shut out or cut off from one another's companionship. When the cold fall rains and gales begin, they huddle under their shelters on the lee side of the butte, coming out into the first sunshine for a good drying and toasting, and for a thorough rolling and shampooing in the moist soil.

Winter is a hard, hard time at best for the uncared-for, and, although the younger ones will live through an ordinary season quite without care, an owner must be hard of heart or powerless to help his horses if he takes no notice when snow lies deep and blizzards assail, and the killing cold holds on from night to night and week to week, using up all of the stored fuel of the summer, exposing ribs and bare hip bones, hollowing the appealing eyes, causing heads to droop lower and lower as, hunted by hunger and cold, they walk and walk their ceaseless round while hope remains. It has been the universal fate of the Western horse to be turned out, when his usefulness is at an end, to die the cruel death of starvation in the dead of winter. It is

the instinct to spare his own feelings, callous though they must be, that induces the owner to tolerate this atrocity rather than make use of the merciful bullet before the season of suffering sets in.

Can the psychologist explain the protective action of the human brain that makes it possible for the highest order of being to lie contentedly in his warm bed or enjoy to the full his bountiful meals while these gaunt shadows, these former creatures of his hand and engines of his activities, stalk the land in the howling storms and drop to a lingering death in the mounting snowdrifts? It must be, as someone has said, that we have developed a cerebral compartment where we stow away those pitiful experiences of which we choose not to think, especially those that relate to the 'mere animal' whom we choose to exploit. More obedient than Pandora, our sympathies refrain from opening the door, lest we be haunted by the inhabitants.

IV

The wise ones tell me that the double continent we Americans naïvely call our own was the incubator (was it the only one?) of the genus Equus. From north to south, from east to west, he ranged over the prairies and through the woodlands, developing, during the period of his evolution, from 'little Eohippus, no bigger than a fox,' with his four toes and the remnant of a fifth, to the form that we choose to call the 'true horse' (simply because it happens to correspond with our moment of time and to have fitted our purposes so admirably). In Oregon, before the earth cracked open almost from pole to pole and covered this immediate region with several hundred thousand cubic miles of lava, the little toed horses disported themselves very numerously. After the great cataclysm subsided and soil had accumulated and forest sprung up, they bobbed serenely up again, having added some fifty per cent to their size and shed a toe.

The genus Equus branched off, during this considerable period of an indefinite number of millions of years, into a number of species or varieties, all of which, including the flower, became extinct here, for reasons unknown. Did the true horse migrate across that historic Alaskan strait, meeting our own kind coming hither, and establish himself in Asia, where at present, on the high plains of Tibet, there is the only wild horse in existence?

In Africa, whether indigenous or implanted, the genus existed very early and still includes two other species, the zebra and the ass. Very early too, since he has one less vertebra than all other horses, the Arabian began his separate existence, probably originating in Africa.

From African and possibly, too, from Arabian sources, having circumambulated and circumnavigated the globe, the true horse came into his own again, on the American continent. Straying and abandoned by the would-be conquerors of golden cities, he recognized the grassy plains as his native territory and forthwith became the mustang, whose history has been intimately interwoven with ours for four hundred years. The mustangs were prevailingly cream and mouse-colored, the latter having a broad dark stripe all the way down the spine and faint stripes around the upper parts of the legs. Only recently I rode beside one of these striped, mouse-colored horses, still peculiarly valued for their outstanding virtues. It is a far-away ancestor indeed who has bequeathed these stripes to them and to their cousins the zebras.

The books say that men of the stone age had already associated the horse

with their own fortunes and that he was probably first used to draw small two-wheeled carts, being used as a mount only later when man began to make predatory excursions. The writer would venture another guess. She sees an anthropoidal youth with a fire in his eyes that his muscular equipment is inadequate to satisfy. She can see him crouching in the branches above the watering place, watching and longing day after day, till, the temptation having become overpowering, he drops upon some glossy back and clings with prehistoric claws while he knows the first wild gallop on the plains, without which his race will never again be content till engines on earth and in air surpass and supersede this living wonder.

Nevertheless, it was a sad day for this freedom-loving animal when he involuntarily joined his fortunes with ours. Not all the centuries of our association, not all of our vaunted appreciation of his noble qualities, have developed in us any true kindness toward him. His fate among us is still such that all of his true lovers rejoice at his replacement in great and increasing measure by insensible engines, though this may mean almost his extermination. Cannon fodder in every war, miserable slave in the city streets, worked to death on the farm, ridden to death on the plains, turned out to starve each winter season, ruthlessly tortured for entertainment at the rodeo — it is with scant pride that we can bid him farewell.

Horses in their prime have been the recipients of affection and the source of pride in all ages. Yet, even in these latter days, not one in a thousand of us has attained to the acceptance of responsibility for the old and worn-out horse. His fate is ignored by those who rejoiced in his youth and beauty, and it is pitiful indeed. In *The Hand of Ethelberta* read Thomas Hardy's description of old horses bought for the feeding of hounds. This picture is represented now in hundreds of cases in our own land, where old horses are made use of on thriving fox farms or are bought by trappers. Turned into bare enclosures, it matters little for the purposes of the purchaser whether they die of starvation or the bullet. Have the humane societies died a natural death? Are they altogether unsupported by the sentiment of our rushing, pleasure-loving population?

Here in the West, where the horse has reverted to the wild state and exists in great numbers, his depreciation in value has presented a large problem. In one or two states it has been permitted to hunt and shoot horses like deer — a sport for 'red-blooded young men,' as a recent magazine suggests. In some places the capture of them alive has involved unspeakable cruelty to the captured and to the horses used in the enterprise, about four out of five of those taken being killed in the process, and about three or four saddle horses out of ten being ruined.

The commercial use of horseflesh has aroused considerable opposition among those who do not realize the alternative. Very lately, a little south of the home of the writer, a herd of five hundred horses was driven across the state of Oregon, from east to west, loaded on cattle cars at Bend, and shipped to a factory in Portland. Those who saw the horses reported them in fine condition and spirits while on the drive. Arrived at the stockyards, the process is much the same for them as for cattle. Driven up a runway, each horse meets the bullet, and his reduction to commercial material becomes a matter of minutes — barreled meat for Scandinavia, Holland, and Belgium, chicken feed, fertilizer, hats, leather, glue; there is no waste.

The methods employed in the round-up seem to have been merciful and skillful. A herd of tame horses was used as a decoy and as leaders. The wild horses were gradually worked into a long chute that sloped to strongly built corrals. Once well started on the drive, they gave but little trouble. It would seem that there could be no more appropriate work for a humane society or for a civilized government than to see this successful method put in practice universally.

V

What would the horse have become if we had not taken his evolution in charge? What may he yet become in case he outlives us? Possibly he will not outlive us. We already have to our credit the glory of having exterminated some of the most interesting and highly organized of creatures. We may yet exterminate 'our friend, the horse.'

To some of us older ones, as we watch the blithe youth of to-day handling with unconscious dexterity their roaring motor cars, there comes a wonder that they feel no lack in that they have never stroked a velvet nose, or laid cheek against it, listening to the whispering whinny that speaks of tender affection, or felt the wild, free spirit of a horse in breathless race on the unfenced prairie.

For the writer, the aspect of a scrap of soiled paper, rummaged from somewhere in a rough ranch house, two hundred miles from the railroad, is burned forever into memory. On this scrap of paper was scrawled a bill of sale of 'one strawberry-roan, two-year-old filly, brand thus (□) on right shoulder.' Below the bill of sale, in a familiar hand, was written a transference of 'the above-described property,' by 'the party of the second part,' to his eleven-year-old daughter, 'for value received in love and affection, to be her own private and personal property.' This document fulfilled the dearest hope of my youth. The subject of it became and remained, down to old age, my dearest possession.

When I look up at dawn to a white statue on my hilltop, I pray that no evil fate may intervene, but that, in memory of our age-long but unworthy friendship with this high-minded creature, Fly and her little company may live out their lives upon this solitary butte, haunting the south side in the winter season and the north side in summer, tasting the wine of spring in the first green blades and the strength of maturity in the ripened seed, hiding beneath juniper canopies from the driving storms, and seeking the first rays of morning on the pinnacle of the hill, gleaming like Pegasus on the top of Helicon.

THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF REFORMERS

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

THE grandiloquent Roscoe Conkling, exasperated by proposals to stiffen the Federal Civil Service requirements, once burst out in the United States Senate, 'When Dr. Johnson declared that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he ignored the enormous possibilities of the word "reform."' And even the best-behaved citizens, wearied by the aggressiveness or pertinacity of some 'uplifter,' have been ready in certain moods to subscribe to Conkling's sentiments. If the reform which we desire could only be separated from its promoters — if only we could have the Jacqueminot without the thorns! Why is it that the pure in heart are often so unalluring and that transgressors are such good companions? What perversity makes so many of us flee at the approach of the 'unco guid' and tread the primrose path of dalliance unashamedly with the damned?

The craving to be 'let alone' is one of the first formed and most abiding of human instincts. Any normal child resents being told to wash his hands before dinner, and there is no grown-up who suffers admonishment with pleasure. 'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,' cried Sir Toby to the puritanical Malvolio, 'there shall be no more cakes and ale?' This query haunts us when some well-meaning but uninvited fanatic attempts to regulate our diet. The vegetarian is innocuous so long as he confines his theories to his own kitchen, but he may prove a pest if he insists that his neighbors renounce beef and mutton. Although anyone is legally entitled to practise asceticism, he is branded as an intolerable nuisance when he appoints himself a *censor morum* for his vicinage. If a secret ballot could be arranged, it would be found that very few missionaries are popular among those at whom they are preaching. Professor Barrett Wendell once bestowed upon Whittier the unmistakable compliment of being 'the least irritating of the reformers.' When Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson spoke with admiration of William Lloyd Garrison to Mr. Augustus Aspinwall, the latter, a mild-mannered gentleman with soft blue eyes, merely sipped his claret and said, 'It may be as you say. I never saw him, but I always supposed him to be a fellow who ought to be hung.' Even reformers themselves seldom listen patiently to the reproofs of their associates. The late William Jennings Bryan, by whom any indulgence in alcoholic beverages was regarded as a lapse from virtue, was vexed when attention was drawn to his gluttony at the table. After all, that was his own affair!

Unfortunately for our happiness, a passion for effecting conversions is also a basic human attribute, latent in most of us and dominant in many. Those who have benefited by some 'pain killer' want others to try it and are readily persuaded to sign testimonials, with their photographs attached. If we are thrilled by some new faith, we are

driven to shout its tenets from the housetops. This is a thoroughly natural feeling, resulting from motives psychologists analyze as a puzzling blend of selfishness and altruism; for, as Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe has pointed out, the twin qualities of an effective reformer are 'absolute belief in a cause and, to an equal degree, in one's self.' Under favorable conditions it is possible for an enthusiast to imagine himself divinely designated to avert some evil or spread some doctrine. Then we have the invincible crusader, glowing with ardor, capable of amazing sacrifice, strengthened by opposition, and impervious to ridicule or abuse.

It would be grossly uncritical, of course, to put all reformers in the same category. There is a vast gulf, intellectually and morally, between a statesman bent on bringing a lasting peace to a war-burdened world and a fanatic who is trying to remove Voltaire's *Candide* from the shelves of libraries. The advocate of more tolerable prison conditions must not be classed with the prohibitionist who believes that the drinking of amontillado is a sin. The modest and gentle Clara Barton, toiling ceaselessly for the relief of suffering, is quite different from the demented Carry Nation, with a tongue 'hinged in the middle and loose at both ends,' who knocked cigarettes from the lips of smokers. But the reformer's career, no matter what changes he hopes to effect, is bound to be nerve-racking. Against him are the cumulative inertia, the sclerotic conservatism, of a society which, oblivious of its shortcomings, is rather smug and anæsthetized. Wherever he steps, he is on somebody's toes. Whatever he says vexes some supporter of the old order. Soon he discovers that if he continues he will have to face an organized and truculent foe. If he is really a stubborn soul, — and no other should adopt reforming as a vocation, — he grows pachydermatous and, unaffected by ostracism and threats of martyrdom, glories in the wounds received in combat. It is, he perceives, essential for him to be irritating if he is to be efficient. Thus, whether or not we resent his persistency, he wings his darts until we show some reaction to the stimulus of their barbs; and he is likely to estimate his success as proportionate to the volume and intensity of our cries of pain and fury.

II

For examining worn-out theories, conducting experiments, and jarring the world out of its complacency, the reformer is indispensable. We need him badly. But his belligerency and singleness of purpose, so potent in the clash of wills, are also distasteful to those who have to confront them. The average American of the 1840's, living at a distance from the Uncle Toms and Simon Legrees of the South, was indignant at the raucous intrusion of Garrison's 'I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — *and I will be heard.*' The advocates of votes for women achieved their end partly by becoming so quarrelsome that men yielded in order to secure peace, as a despairing husband makes concessions to a nagging spouse. The trouble is that the reformer allows us no repose. Hardly have we settled back in our armchairs after the day's routine before he is at us again, with pamphlets and telegrams, insistent, mirthless, and implacable, justifying his impoliteness by the nobility of his cause. Whether we capitulate because of persuasion or because of weariness, he is happy. But even when we surrender we do not like our conqueror.

To function with the maximum of effectiveness, the reformer must take

himself very seriously, with the conviction that he is, like Lord Curzon in the famous limerick, 'a very superior person.' A sense of humor is distracting as well as fatal to his professional aims. He must conduct himself as solemnly as Charles Sumner, who once confessed that he never assumed in his own study a posture which he would not have taken in the Senate of the United States. An eminently respectable lady, following the recent 'wet' triumph in Massachusetts, set Boston laughing by gravely declaring her intention of moving to Florida, where sobriety ruled; and she was apparently unconscious of irony. Nobody with even a primitive appreciation of the ludicrous could have set out to cleanse motion pictures by expurgating the spectacle of a woman sewing a layette or by purifying *The Scarlet Letter* through the introduction of 'marriage lines.' We are reminded of Thomas Bowdler, who emasculated Shakespeare's works so that they could 'be read aloud by a gentleman to a company of ladies,' or of that exquisite delicacy which, among the Victorians, employed the sanitary euphemisms of 'd——n' and 'd——l' for words which were taboo. Colonel Higginson was one of those rare reformers who have dared to laugh at themselves and at their fellow propagandists. The Comstocks and the Sumners, with a deadly earnestness in their eyes, have warded off danger. Nobody is less vulnerable than an opponent who cannot or will not see a joke.

Discriminating men naturally object to the disproportion exhibited by those reformers who, with their gaze focused on one evil, are blind to everything outside or beyond. To extremists like Garrison and Anthony Comstock, black was black and white was white, and there were no intermediate shades. Garrison, although he had never examined conditions on plantations, condemned unsparingly and with equal vehemence all slave owners, regardless of mitigating circumstances; and Comstock denounced with the same ferocity an obscene drawing and the 'September Morn' of Paul Chabas, or an obviously pornographic magazine and a medical monograph of scientific significance. The more violent prohibitionist recognizes no distinction between rare old Chambertin and the raw liquor of the bootlegger — both are poison! So the militant moralist perceives no gradations in error, but tilts with exultant rage at both giants and windmills. Careful observers, accustomed to cautious generalizations and to conclusions derived principally from facts, are troubled when a reformer deviates from accuracy. But he has his defense. He knows that he can fulfill his mission most expeditiously and thoroughly through exaggeration. Without the incessant beating of the verbal tom-tom and the splash of gaudy color, he cannot attract the attention of those whose support he needs. Because the truth is not sufficiently vivid, he resorts to sensationalism.

This tendency toward overstatement is noticeable in the explosive language to which a thwarted reformer will sometimes have recourse in periods of excitement. Anybody who resists him is transformed at once into an enemy, to be feared and upbraided. No matter how sensitive he may be in his own conscience, he seldom tolerates a similar tenderness in men who have views different from his own. And why should he? If he is honestly convinced that he is infallible, why should he listen with forbearance to dissenters? It is only rarely that a so-called 'moral issue' is fairly debated. The prejudices involved are too strong.

When Charles Remond, the Negro

agitator, said to Wendell Phillips, 'George Washington was a villain,' the latter replied, 'Charles, the epithet is infelicitous.' But Phillips himself, far from being distinguished by courtesy toward his adversaries, habitually indulged in billingsgate and, aristocrat though he was by birth and breeding, won an unenviable reputation for immoderate language. Senator Hoar once wrote of him, 'If he failed to make an impression by argument, he took to invective. If vinegar would not answer, he resorted to cayenne pepper. If that failed, he tried to throw vitriol in the eyes of the men whom he hated.' Most of the radical abolitionists of the 1850's resembled Phillips in preferring epithets to logic as a means of expounding their gospel. Daniel Webster was peculiarly the object of their scurrility. Garrison, embittered by the Seventh of March Speech, responded, not by refuting its conclusions, but by depicting its author as an 'enemy of the human race' and 'the personification of all that is vile,' and by asserting that the Massachusetts Senator kept a harem of colored women, some of them 'big black wenches, as ugly and vulgar as Webster himself.' Only a few days after Webster's funeral in 1852, a Christian clergyman, the Reverend Theodore Parker, delivered from a Boston pulpit a sermon which was a long series of falsehoods, in which he compared the statesman with Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr and described him as a 'keeper of slavery's dogs.' The same vindictive spirit led Carry Nation to picture clubmen as 'diamond-studded, gold-fobbed rummies whose bodies are reeking masses of corruption.' Some of the abuse bestowed today by irate 'drys' upon the 'wets' further illustrates the axiom that hell hath no fury like a reformer contradicted. With the certainty that God is on his side, he regards all opposition as emanating from the Devil and declines to treat it with anything but contempt.

Nor, in all fairness, can it be claimed that the 'wets' are guiltless of exaggerations and excesses. In these days they perhaps may be regarded as constituting a reforming party, and they certainly have their fanatics, their Garrisons and Parkers. Their incessant wailing over the invasion of their personal liberties and their daily predictions of disaster may, because of their very extravagance, be just as offensive as the ostentatious virtue of the 'drys.' How can an extremist retain his judgment? And how can a man of judgment become and remain an extremist?

III

Convinced that the movement to which he is consecrated transcends everything else in importance, the reformer can be frankly indifferent to any incidental damage which he may wreak while swinging his bludgeon. In all our history there have been few more dramatic incidents than Garrison's appearance on Independence Day, 1854, in the public square at Framingham, Massachusetts, when he set fire to a copy of the Constitution of the United States, crying, 'So perish all compromises with tyranny!' In his unrestraint, he called it a 'covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' and became as openly a secessionist as Jefferson Davis. Characteristically enough, he never explained how the dissolution of the Federal compact would set the black man free. Ignoring all the feasible methods of abolishing slavery, he refused to cast a ballot or to shoulder arms, but merely kept up his ceaseless agitation. It is undoubtedly difficult for a high-minded idealist not to be partisan on moral questions; but these so-called moral questions are

not altogether one-sided. Furthermore, even the most sincere reformers have their disagreements as to policies.

To what extent, for example, are they warranted in using deception in order to expose vice? Is it right to employ the bait of falsehood in order to catch the carp of truth? Anthony Comstock, we are told, sent out decoy letters with forged signatures, and, having induced a suspect to sell forbidden wares, produced the evidence thus obtained as a means of securing a conviction. The Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society, in a recent trial, acknowledged that, in its capacity as a protector of public morals, it occasionally relied on fraud and deceit for the detection of alleged indecent literature. Doubtless there are sincere prohibitionists who consider Carry Nation's 'hatchetation' of saloons as justified by its effectiveness, and who are equally sympathetic with the summary procedure adopted by some contemporary enforcement officers in apprehending violators of the Volstead Act. To many respectable and law-abiding Americans, however, such practices are abhorrent. The problem as to what is permissible in the arrest and conviction of offenders is not easily settled, even by clergymen and judges.

One mistake lies in the supposition that the true reformer wishes to weigh evidence or to make a neat audit of the good or evil involved in a course of conduct. The power of his ideas lies much more in their emotional appeal than in their rationality, and he understands instinctively that it is easier to make people feel than to make them think. Some of our modern social crusaders are actuated by a spirit of the same potency as that which, in the Middle Ages, drove pilgrims on a mad journey to the Holy Land. Only a few months ago, an American socialist, Michael Gold, in a savage review of *The Woman of Andros*, berated Thornton Wilder because the latter did not happen in his philosophy to be a disciple of Karl Marx; and the partisans of the ill-fated Sacco and Vanzetti burst out periodically in repudiation of the legal system which brought about their execution. Much of this venting of spleen is healthful enough, if only because it is the harmless release of pent-up emotions which, if denied a safety valve, might become hazardous to the state. Its untamed rhetoric, however, is disturbing to persons who are seriously occupied with the quest for truth, and who are confused, not convinced, by invective. Upton Sinclair's superlatives, although sometimes based on facts, are resented by investigators who are doing their best, under many difficulties, to preserve a judicial attitude. Even when reformers are right, they may be irritating, especially to men who prefer to reach conclusions through their reason rather than through their intuitions.

Reformers, being lovers of publicity, ignore none of the recognized advertising channels and love to lecture and to write. Their clamorous egotism finds expression in such spots as Hyde Park, where on every Sunday morning voluble orators declaim hopefully on vivisection, birth control, pacifism, the single tax, vegetarianism, spiritualism, and anarchy. The prohibition controversy has released a torrent of eloquence from proselytizers seeking a place in the limelight. A reader of a newspaper like the *New York Times* soon grows familiar with the names of certain 'cranks' who address the editor at frequent intervals to elucidate their solutions of current problems. The freedom with which they bestow gratuitous advice upon an indifferent world is one of the most fascinating phenomena of our generation.

Most reformers are disposed to ac-

cept innovations without subjecting them to scrutiny. Garrison, typical in this as well as in other respects, was naïvely credulous, especially regarding patent medicines, and, to alleviate his physical ailments, would swallow draft after draft of the latest panacea. Everywhere in his house were boxes of pills and powders. Once, when he declared that an anti-scrofulous compound had permeated his system 'in the most delightful manner,' a friend commented, 'Why, it was the first time he had taken a glass of grog, and he did n't know how good it was!' So, too, he accepted uncritically almost every suggested cure for the maladies of society and was so willing to sponsor any plausible theory that he was accused by one of his supporters of picking up 'every infidel fanaticism afloat.' Lowell, himself an abolitionist, once said of his associates, taken as a class, 'They treat ideas as ignorant persons do cherries. They think them unwholesome unless they are swallowed, stones and all.' There is a striking contrast between two such men as Webster and Garrison: the first practical and skeptical, always able to see both sides of a discussion and hesitant about changes; the other an avowed individualist, strongly prejudiced, gullible, and restless of intellect. Garrison was a ceaseless agitator, no sooner well occupied with one project than he had started another. When he was not condemning the use of tobacco, he was dallying with phrenology and clairvoyance; and, in his leisure moments, he denounced international boat races and pleaded with his adherents not to subscribe to the endowment of the college of which the 'traitor' Robert E. Lee was president.

Viewed from a sufficient remoteness in time or space, reformers may look picturesque, but most of them have been difficult to live with. They have usually been too self-centred and preoccupied. Frances Willard, the champion of woman's rights and prohibition, once wrote, 'I have always wanted to react upon the world about me to my utmost ounce of power; to be widely known, loved, and believed in — the more widely the better.' A similar desire for domination affected Anthony Comstock, who managed every trivial detail of his wife's housekeeping, checking her on even the smallest expenditure. The helpmeets of reformers must have moments when they regret the unofficial sainthood to which their husbands are dedicated.

Every conspicuous advance in civilization inevitably attracts, not alone its sincere and high-minded leaders, but also what Colonel Higginson called a body of 'unbalanced and crotchety people,' who, through their grotesque antics and utterances, sometimes almost nullify the work of those in control. Emerson, attending a gathering in 1840 of 'the Friends of Universal Reform,' wrote that the delegates were distinguished by 'a great deal of confusion, eccentricity, and freak,' and was amused by the tumult in which various 'queer' persons drifted successively to the top — 'madmen, mad women, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-day Baptists, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and Philosophers.' Such assemblies invariably become a refuge for weird obsessions and perversions, for esoteric creeds and isms. One such pugnacious extremist moved in an abolitionist conclave in 1841 that 'the church and clergy of the United States, as a whole, constitute a GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES'; and another, a woman, presented before the Massachusetts Antislavery Society a resolution asserting that 'the sectarian organizations called churches are combinations of

thieves, robbers, adulterers, pirates, and murderers.' Each year a graduate of one of our colleges writes to its president, protesting against the smoking of cigars and cigarettes at the alumni dinner and describing graphically the deleterious effects of nicotine on the lungs and heart. The president, blessed with an unfailing sense of humor, merely smiles and dictates a courteous answer, pointing out the futility of trying to restrain his 'old boys' in their genial vices, and then secretes the complaint with its predecessors in his files.

The simplest defensive weapon against such eccentricities is doubtless ridicule or mild irony. The reformer's appalling seriousness can best be dissipated by a laugh. But if such letters arrived every week, they would goad the recipient ultimately to some form of retaliation. Those who were so fortunate as to see *Strange Interlude* in New York were momentarily diverted at its suppression in Boston and at the discomfiture of their friends who had bought tickets; but that type of censorship, if persisted in, is most distasteful to sane and intelligent persons. Every once in a while, because of peculiar local conditions, some hero insists that the dozens of blue laws on the statute books shall be enforced to the letter; and at once groups of outraged voters rise up spontaneously in protest. No community will endure fanatical reformers beyond a certain point. When its patience is exhausted, it turns articulate, swings its mailed fist, and smites the censor — all of which means that it resolves, in matters of food and drink and amusement, to do what it pleases.

Radical reformers, though much good may be ascribed to them, probably accomplish less than is commonly supposed. They inspire, it is true, but they do not always lead. In its permanent results, a violent revolution is not so operative as the slow growth produced less spectacularly by education. Among Webster's most profound observations is a remark made quite casually at an almost forgotten Independence Day celebration in Barre, Massachusetts: 'The exercise of political power for moral ends is worse than useless if it go in advance of popular approbation.' It is this 'popular approbation' which, especially in a democracy, cannot be ignored or overborne. The Negro was finally emancipated, not through methods approved by Garrison, but through those of Webster as they shaped themselves in the sagacious mind of Abraham Lincoln. Many respectable Americans are convinced that our nation was well on its way to temperance at the moment when, during the World War, prohibition was imposed upon a country not yet prepared for it. It may be a legitimate and beneficial duty of reformers to keep us uneasy, not only by closing miniature golf courses and motion pictures on Sunday, but also by purifying the drama and fumigating our literature. They will indubitably succeed in arousing our anger. But, whatever their victories in the past, — and that they have won victories no one can deny, — their work is more likely to endure when it is accomplished by persuasion rather than by force, and when their violence and exaggeration are curbed by the gentle rein of common sense.

GOING HOME

BY EDWA ROBERT

I

I WAS tired of books! Tired of looking at books, talking about books, dusting books, selling books. I had reached a point when I no longer saw the world through my shop window, — arrayed with books, — but through the medium of a printed page whereon the letters tripped over each other before my bewildered eyes.

'Get back to Mother Nature!' ordered the doctor.

Mother Nature! She sounded very comforting. Where was she? Surely she was not much use under a sidewalk. Then I began to think of a village on the River's edge where I had spent my summers as a child. That was the place for me. I could sit on the ample knees of the matron who had held Adam, and lay my head upon her rocky breast. She sounded hard and real, and I wanted reality.

The next week I was speeding along the highway, with a map on my lap and a red circle around the almost imperceptible dot that marked my destination. I sighted the River early in the afternoon, and with an almost empty gas tank drew up to the first garage on the outskirts of the village. There was a sign swinging triumphantly in the breeze that I thought I remembered. I sniffed. No, the smell of a tire being vulcanized was not what I expected. I felt a twinge of disappointment. It was n't tires, that old smell; it was — it was — horseshoes!

I leaped out of the car. The old blacksmith's! Now I remembered. It was the same old black tar-covered building, where the forge had shot hot showers of jewels, and patient horses had stood at the rack, waiting their turn and swishing flies. What a change, I thought, and what an uninteresting one!

But I was n't getting much service. I blew the horn, wondering if I should tie the car and let it wait its turn at the rack; but no — a sleek-haired young man came out and asked me if I wanted straight gas or super.

I went inside while he filled the tank. Many recollections swarmed over me. In the shadow of an unused corner, I could imagine that I still saw the beaming smile on the blacksmith's dirty face. He had all gold teeth, which lent advantage to a blacksmith's smile, and when I was a child I was devoted to him. Beside his shadowy image stood an old barrel that had once held nails, and on that barrel, for one long, glorious afternoon, I had sat, to watch the red horseshoes whiten in puffs of steam from the cooling tank, while Bill told me stories of horses and men, and the muscles ran up and down his shoulders like the mice on the rafters. My brother, I remembered, had been told to take care of me, but he had gone off swimming with the boys, and I sat on a barrel of nails till he came back. I have had harder seats. For a moment I fancied I saw a small person in a gingham frock hold out a sunburned finger for the horseshoe-nail ring Bill turned at the forge. I was feeling for

the ring when the garage man came in, and my illusion vanished.

'Where can I get a room?' I asked.

'A room?' queried the garage man.

'Yes, a room,' I replied tartly. Had he not dispelled my illusion?

'Oh, a room? You mean a room to stay in?'

'I'm sure I don't know what else one could do with a room.'

The man looked at me as if I were best disposed of promptly.

'Over there at the white house with the green on it.'

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a gray house with dark shutters. Perhaps it used to be white with green on it, I pondered. Perhaps the garage man had been happy there. Perhaps even garage men have illusions. Feeling more gently toward him, I paid him with thanks, and drove to the farmhouse on the hill.

The nearer I got to the house, the smaller and grayer it became. It was not a farmhouse, because it had n't any farm, but it was a house, and a house had to have rooms. I knocked, and a tall bony woman answered my summons. I told her I wanted a room. To my relief, she knew at once what I wanted a room for, and led me to it. I shan't say much about it, for it was n't enough of a room to talk of, and I was about to say that I thought I had better go nearer town when she opened the shutters and I saw the River. That settled it for me. We fixed the price, and I asked the hour of meals.

'We has breakfast at sundown,' she replied, 'and dinner at sunup, for my man, he's a fisherman, and they works in the dark.'

So saying, she left me to unpack my small bag and to wonder at the whimsicality of fishermen. But not for long. Outside the window, the River shimmered in the autumn sunlight, and trees painted like Indians played Narcissus on the banks. The blue tint of the surface waters broke over sand bars to let the bronze tone of the undercurrent come through and mingle, and as the stream plunged headlong between distant islands a flock of terns swooped from the sky and rested a split second on the rushing waters. I could not tell how wide it was, though it looked vast. I had the satisfaction of knowing that the River, at least, could not diminish in immensity now that I was grown.

II

I could n't bear the room when the River was going so fast, so, without changing my clothes, I went out for a walk before breakfast. My landlady was taking in the washing.

'You're a stranger here, ain't you?' she asked.

I said I was. A sense of tremendous freedom descended on me at the thought that no one could tell my family name. Why is it so uplifting to separate one's self from all the past and be, for infinitesimal moments of liberty, merely a human being, glad to be alive? I like my past. I rejoiced that I could slip back into the security of its recognitions, but I was the freest vagabond in Missouri as I strode down the railroad track.

In less than a quarter of a mile I came to the village. Here the track ran straight to the station, and as I was not interested in stations I turned off to the road and sat down beside it to contemplate my Mother Nature, who nestled not only me, but also rivers and villages and hills. For what I had not remembered was the curious structure of the village, with its two straight streets, which lay parallel to the railroad track, between the River and a hill. It was an immense hill, or

looked to be as I sat at its base and stared up at it. The rough varicolored limestone, whose more crumbled strata made scant hold for dwarfed foliage, stared grimly down at me. I turned from the forbidding rock to the River's kinder smile, only to realize the metallic lustre of the water's substance. There was rock in that water, and surely, from the gleam in the shadow, there was water in the rock. They are one, I thought, this River and this hill; man and wife as Adam and Eve were. And, being a little startled at the austerity of the idea, I got up and hurried to the streets of men.

The same place. Was it really smaller, or had I drunk from an enchanted vial and grown out of all proportion? Gulliver never felt more out of place. The boarded-up windows of the cider plant were sullen and despairing. With the exception of the filling stations, the street was just as I remembered it. There reared the old hotel, with its little iron balconies and the row of chairs under the porch. There stood the bank, and the undertaker's, and the flagpole in front of the post office. The cars, parked at angles where the horses used to wait, struck me as a personal affront. So did the way the people on the sidewalk stared at me. Perhaps the way I stared back affronted them. I thought I recognized one or two, but they had not seen me in ten years and could not know who I was. The little picture of Blake's that hangs over my desk hung over my thoughts as I passed down the street. 'What is Man?' I almost asked aloud, as if the caterpillar pictured in the baby's bonnet were there to answer.

'I need only mention my name,' I reflected, 'and half the village will ask me to dinner. But without a name tag I have n't even a presence.'

A man rode past on a rebellious horse. I almost waved to him, for I remembered him well. I wondered if I should have recognized him had he not been on horseback. A train roared in. The little crowd at the station surged toward it. The horse plunged and reared. A troop of boys ran yelping past with a dog yapping at their heels. I watched the train disappear by the willows, and turned into the street nearer the hill. I remembered the houses as being much larger. When I came to the creek by the library, I paused on the bridge to think.

A bullet-headed boy of about fifteen joined me. His overalls were minus one necessary shoulder strap, but so small a deficiency as that could not dim his smile.

'Hello,' he said, 'who are you?'

'I'm a stranger,' I replied, as if my identity were the fondest secret of my life.

The boy whistled between his teeth, and regarded me with puzzled, unlit eyes.

'Does it hurt?' he asked.

'No,' I said, 'it feels great.'

'That's nice,' he answered. 'How did you get here?'

'I fell from the moon.'

His staring credulity was terrible to see.

'Here,' he said at last, 'you better take this crawfish.'

Thrusting the slimy creature into my hand, he set off at top speed, his bare feet pelting the sidewalk. I dropped the filthy offering back into the creek, and looked for Betty Foy, not without trepidations as to her words to me for terrifying her kindly offspring. His friendliness shamed me and I resolved to make up with him. As he was no longer in sight, I contented myself with recollecting the tranquillity of Dostoevsky's Idiot, and strolled on.

Across the street stood an old brick church. The locust trees hid the

greater part of its façade, so that I had to stand at the front door to see all of it at once — a difficult way to appreciate architecture. It was a fine, restrained Gothic, with a belfry that held pigeons, and a rose window that might have been lovely if it had been washed.

Why I should have recollected it on the church steps I can't say, but an old story I had heard in years long past flashed into my mind. It concerned a doctor of this village, who, when he became too old to ride horseback, nailed a triangular chicken coop to a breaking cart, cinched his saddle to the apex, and behind the tamest of tame steeds used to go posting about the country roads as though he fancied himself Young Lochinvar of the Middle West. I never saw him, but I have often lain awake at night when the wind howled and thought of the doctor posting down the dark on his besaddled chicken coop.

'There won't be anything left to equal that,' I thought. 'The world is too standardized.'

Yet, before I had finished thinking it, a figure appeared around the corner that seized my attention. I stood on the top step of the church, flat against the door, and I watched him come and I watched him go — an overalled figure, lanky and stooped, with a big floppy straw hat shading his eyes, pulling after him a child's wagon filled with milk bottles. I don't know why it struck me so humorously, but as the sign at the back of the wagon wobbled its legend, 'Milk Delivery,' out of sight, I felt that the goats of Naples were not the equal of this.

III

I had much to see before my sundown breakfast, and the middle of the afternoon was come. I left the church and went hastily up the quiet, shady street where the distant moo of a tethered cow mingled with the squawks of chickens and the shrill cries of the playing children. I came to a house singular in that it had no flower bed, not even a vine on the porch, where a woman wrapped in a fringed red shawl sat and rocked and sat. Some former image of my mind, forgotten till now, came back to me, and, settling like a cloud over the rocking figure, coincided with it and rocked on. Mrs. Carstairs! And while all the world and the River were going their separate ways, she had sat rocking, day in and day out, ever since Bill the Blacksmith had given me a horseshoe-nail ring. The creak of her chair sounded in my ears like the refrain, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.' I did not wait to say 'Amen,' but I could not help wondering what she would do in her coffin, unless one might be invented that would rock.

Across the street from her, in the yard of a wee little house surrounded by hollyhocks, sat an old man with a long white beard, a bald head, and an ancient sword suspended from his belt, holding in one gnarled, crippled hand a cord that prevented a white gander from gobbling bugs in the yard next door. Him I recalled in the robustness of an earlier time, and, nodding to him as I walked on, I remembered the tales I had heard of his combats which won the Civil War, and the one great story of the gander.

It seems that once upon a time a grandchild of the Veteran's came to pay him a visit. This child proved itself to be an unworthy descendant of its noble predecessor, for it resented the gander's nibbling at its bare toes and hit him with a stick. The Veteran heard the hisses of his outraged pet, and, seizing the grandchild by the scruff and the seat, bundled it into a

passing hay wagon and ordered it taken home to its mother.

'The brat was a-botherin' Ulysses!'

A cow, its mellow bell tinkling as a small girl led it down the street, made me aware that I had passed the city limits and had reached the country again. Before me stretched a white road, whose gracious curve uphill invited me to all sorts of adventures. Roads curving uphill always have enchanted me, I know not why, unless I have, perhaps, a faint hope that some day one of them will go high enough to reach Heaven. Heaven, at that moment, was a great blue bowl, as intense there in the centre as the blue flame of a spruce fire, and as soft on the horizon as the fleece of the lambs the little clouds pictured over the hill. I started to climb. Wild rosebushes, their blooming long past, sprawled at the roots of the mock-orange borders that shaded the road, while the ironweed and the goldenrod blazed back at the sun, and the woodpeckers and squirrels made the most of their harvesting. I reached the top and looked back. Down the winding way I had come up, the road at the foot of the hill was out of sight, and I stood on the top of my world, as aloof as I have ever wished to be.

'If I died now,' I thought with secret exultation, 'no one would know what to say on my tombstone!'

A delicious shiver went through my spine, for I felt akin not to someone, but to everyone — a member of the family of Adam, alone under the sky.

Below, the River ran thinner and bluer, and I leaned through the mock-orange bush to watch the black smoke of a steamboat twist upward like a Chinese dragon.

The dilapidated cabin crowning the hill puzzled me. I crossed the road, and when I laid my hand on the gate an apparition rose to my mind like Aladdin's genie. Loving Henry! He stood before my imagination as plainly as I used to see him stand by this gate, one hand where mine rested, the other holding the brim of his tattered hat — taken off with a flourish that would have delighted Lord Chesterfield. Loving Henry, with his fine manners, his black face framed in gray burnsides, and his seven wives!

'You old rascal,' I apostrophized his shameless ghost, 'it took you three weeks to die! Three weeks — while we did the cooking and our cook stood guard between your wives and your last jug of rum. "Sistah Ella, you sho' is a good 'oman. You's de onliest 'oman I knows dat I kin trus' to gimme mah las' mouf-ful 'fore I goes!" And I'll never forget your funeral, Henry, for all your wives wore mourning, and each one fainted in turn at your grave, and they wept in chorus.'

In the rustle of the wind in the bushes, I could almost hear his chuckle. Perhaps I did. His ghost would be a goblin spirit, for not even the black angels pictured in his Bible could whiten his soul. And yet he had been very kind to a little girl.

From his ruined cabin to the farther slope — there is always a farther slope in the River country, for the hills follow each other inland as waves put out to sea — lay a winding, weed-grown path that a wagon passed over perhaps once a year. There was not another house in sight. In the cornfields on either side the haphazard clumps of stalks waited the harvesting. No longer proud as Indians, the corn bowed its captive head, and the land that had been its own all summer gleamed palely gold after the reaper's coming. Between the fences and the trail at my feet, the sumach took possession, and I marched between the bushes, escorted by a scarlet guard. My approach, quiet as it was, disturbed the refection of a

flock of blackbirds, who rose in a cloud on both sides and temporarily halted my progress. How they scolded me! Hundreds and hundreds of them! Almost afraid, I put my fingers in my ears and ran down the red-bordered aisle while the angry birds flapped over my offending head and threatened me with I know not what dire end. At last I escaped, but whether I frightened them or whether they considered pursuit of me poor sport compared to the looting of the cornfield, I can't say. When I looked back, the black cloud of them had again settled over the golden field, and a discussion of my intrusion was continued in offended caws.

I was tired. Panting, I dropped beside an old tree and fanned my hot face with my hat. When I had caught my breath, I looked around, for I had run a long way, past the cornfields to a place where even the wagon tracks ended and the open woods began. As I looked, it seemed to me that the warm autumn air, laden with the pungent smell of apples and hay, blew the wood closer about me as a gesture of welcome. I felt curiously at home. There was a little hollow that particularly attracted me. I thought how thrilling it would be to lie in it at night and watch the stars, and then I recalled with a shock that brought me to my feet that this was the hollow where my pony had broken his leg and died before we knew.

Pegasus! Surely you knew I had not forgotten you, my darling! Did your small, iron-shod feet ring on a heavenly roadway, and were the clouds I often saw spread winglike over me your angel acquisitions? I could not want a better guardian spirit than your own. The sun that turned your chestnut flanks to satin bronze was not more staunch than you, small brother of the wind and friend of mine.

A crashing in the underbrush broke in upon my revery, and a little spotted pig with a rag around his neck ran snorting at me. I drew back in disgust, for, much as I esteem pig on the platter, pig on the hoof does not make desirable company.

'Shoo!' I cried, for the little beast began nosing at my shoes in an unpleasantly chummy manner.

'Shoo! Get away, you hateful little brute!'

I whacked him with a stick.

He backed off and looked up at me. His little shiny eyes expressed all sorts of disapprobation at my rude reception. In fact, even his tail told me that he was plainly disappointed in me. I was not the sort of person he had expected me to be. I was unworthy of his confidence. And with that last crushing shot he turned haughtily away, and trotted into the wood.

IV

I started on my way — in the opposite direction. I was nearly over the hill crest when I saw a colored woman coming toward me. She was muttering to herself, and holding around her an old worn coat, too long and too wide, and her gray hair was escaping in thin wisps from under the battered felt hat that shaded her half-blind eyes. I knew she was half blind, for she squinted terribly, and felt her way from tree to tree, like a poor lost witch whose magic is used up.

'Who dat?' she cried out, trembling.

'Only a lady having a walk.'

'Honey,' she quavered, stretching out a hand grotesque in leanness, 'is you-all seen Meriky?'

'Meriky?' I asked. 'Is that your son?'

'No, he ain't my son! Think I'd be lookin' for dat no-'count boy, me an' my blind eyes, in dis-yer woods? He's no-'count, dat boy ob mine! Honey, don' you-all know what he done? He

done 'fuse to come home! Dat's what he done! I sended him to school an' I sended him to college, worked my fingers to de bone takin' in washin', put my eyes out ob my haid sewin' in de candlelight, an' now he 'fuse to come home! Goin' to stay an' be a p'ofessor. Who he think goin' chop de wood? Who he think goin' mend de roof? Talk to me 'bout my son —'

Her words rambled off unintelligibly, and we stood staring at each other, a little confused by the outburst.

'But Meriky?' I asked.

'Oh, Meriky!' she responded, her thin cheeks wrinkling in smiles about her toothless mouth. 'Honey, Meriky's de sweetest, cutest, bestest little pig in de whole worl'. Dey tells me he got a little spot on he lef' ear an' a little spot on he right laig. He can talk same's a person. I ain't never lonesome when I got Meriky! He ain't never goin' to school. Honey, did you-all see him?'

I never felt more chagrined! To think that this paragon of pigdom had been within my grasp and I had not realized how infinitely more desirable he was than educated sons. America! America! You made me feel small and ashamed!

'I saw him go that way, Aunty,' I said, 'and I'm sure he can't have gone far.'

'Lord bless you, chile! You-all sho' is a big help! If he gone dat way, he knows de way home. I sho'ly thanks you. 'Cause you know, honey, if dat little pig was to leave me I would n't have nuffin lef'. An', honey, ain't it a shame my eyes is too dim to see de little spots on Meriky, an' yet dey ain't blind 'nuff to get me a pension?'

I bid her farewell, and resolved to inquire next day for the truant bacon, but now I must get on, for the woods were all about me and I had a long way to go. I was glad of it. The hard maples were red and yellow-gold, and the wind in the dry oak leaves rustled over my head. Once in a while I saw clumps of bittersweet not yet opened, and here and there flames of scarlet ivy ran up the black trunks. I caught snatches of sky and snatches of River between the colorful branches. There from the hill crest I could have sworn the River was the bluer. There was very little underbrush. I dogtrotted along a cattle path until the hill grew perceptibly steeper, and I knew I had crossed the ridge of the first rise and started up the high one just behind the town. I don't know how I knew it, for I could n't have told myself how they joined an hour before. But this had been my playground once, and ever since I had passed the place where Pegasus died I felt I had come home.

'I'll have to see the old place — what's left of it.' And there in the friendly wood I was glad that no one knew me and so could not talk of the past.

The first streak of red was in the west when I reached the top of the River's hill and stood on the edge of jutting rock to salute the sun's descent. Behind me yawned the pit where the Indians had buried their dead. Before me and below, I saw the village and the train track, and the River in all its majesty, mirroring around its islands the glory of the sky. The smell of smoke was in the air. In that hour of mystery I could have fancied myself dead and a spirit for centuries, for with the immensity of the sky, and the odor of smoke that rose heavenward from summer's funeral pyre, and the sparkle of colored waters that sped seaward below, I forgot who I was and what I was, and sat cross-legged and enchanted, to breathe deep and admire.

What did it matter how kingdoms rose and fell, what books were written, or whether music soared, birdlike,

upon the air? When all of these and more had passed away, the River and the hill would still be here. Perhaps, when our chatter was over, I might hear them converse. I wondered which would speak first and what they would say of man.

But man, I have found, has a way of speaking for himself. I had not gone far down the hill when a black hand reached out of the twilight and seized my arm. I stopped in terror. An old Negro, bent and gray, with a gun on his shoulder and a pack on his back, held me in a vise-like grip, and peered at me with intensely living eyes.

'Missy,' he chuckled, 'I allays knowed you'd come back!'

My breath returned — slowly.

'Uncle Nick!' I whispered. 'How did you know me?'

'How I know you? Law, chile! Don' I know how your fambly walks? Toes on de groun' an' eyes on de sky! Know you! I orter know you. Been in your fambly longer 'n you has.'

That was true. Uncle Nick had been a slave of my mother's father, and I had thought him long dead.

'Missy,' he asked pleadingly, 'you ain't got a little whiskey, is you?'

I regretted the oversight.

Nick shook his head.

'When I was your grandpa's slave, I could git all I wanted. Now I'se free I can't git nothin'. What's de use ob bein' free?'

I deplored the condition, but promised to ease it all I could. We had a few words more and had started on our separate ways when he called me to stop.

'You take dis rabbit fo' your supper, Missy. You won't git nothin' to eat at dat place like you used to at home.'

I thanked him, took the rabbit by the proffered hind foot, and went on. 'At home!' he had said. As if I were not at home! What more could I want than woods like these, and one old man to hail me by my name? The past rose up from the twilit forest to claim me. Each step I took down the hillside carried me farther and farther into the shadowy realms of the years before, and little tendrils of memory that had hung dry and limp sprang up and bloomed. It was not alone that I returned to the gray house with dark trimmings. My old friends were thick about me in the dusk, and as I paused on the threshold I saw Pegasus race over the River with the other clouds that roam the sky. I was late to breakfast of sausages and apple pie, but I bore Nick's rabbit in propitiation.

SHAKESPEARE FOR AMERICA

BY GEORGE F. WHICHER

I

THE founding of libraries, not for the circulation of books among general readers, but as repositories of rare editions and other literary treasures, is a comparatively recent development in the United States. Though university and college libraries have often been enriched by special gifts or purchases of early printed books or manuscript materials, and two large collections of Americana, the John Carter Brown Library at Providence and the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor, have been separately housed on university campuses, the establishing of such independent institutions as the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York and the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, California, is significant of a new departure in American cultural life.

Each of the two collections last named makes accessible to scholars a wealth of material ranging over the whole extent of English literature and including books of particular interest to the student of Shakespeare. In this latter respect the Huntington Library, where the famous Devonshire collection is now lodged, is especially notable for the number and rarity of the items it contains. Mr. Morgan, however, was a collector of rare books in general, while Mr. Huntington's interests were so widely diversified as to include Americana, incunabula, and English books printed before 1640; in both instances the early editions of Shakespeare now in their libraries were acquired as part of a larger buying programme.

The gathering of books and other objects of interest with the sole aim of illustrating the life and works of Shakespeare was the consistent avocation of another American collector, Mr. Henry Clay Folger, one-time president and later chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New York, whose library, suitably housed and endowed with ample funds for its maintenance and expansion, is soon to be permanently established and opened to public use in Washington. With quiet intensity and scholarly concentration, Mr. Folger made it his life work to bring together all the books and other materials that might be serviceable to a student of Shakespeare, and he succeeded even beyond his hopes in forming what is undoubtedly the largest and richest collection of its kind that the world has seen or will ever see again. When the great mass of books, manuscripts, documents, playbills, costumes, prints, paintings, musical scores, and objects of historical interest assembled by Mr. Folger are installed in the building now approaching completion across the street from the Library of Congress, the United States will have at each side of the continent a centre for advanced scholarship in English studies whose resources in certain fields will be comparable to those of the British Museum and the Bodleian libraries. The cultural consequences, though not easy to assess in advance, may be very considerable.

Meanwhile the fact that the executive head of one of the country's leading industries should have spent nearly all his leisure time, during years when he was burdened with heavy responsibilities, in the study of Shakespeare's text, — for Mr. Folger was both a reader and an expert bibliographer, — and in gathering books for the proper study of Shakespeare, is a circumstance not to be overlooked in making up America's cultural account. In the social history of our times such representative avocations of leading business men deserve at least as much emphasis as the occasional titanisms more conspicuously featured by the press, caricatured in popular fiction, and accepted by uncritical foreigners as characteristically American.

Thanks largely to Mr. Folger's single-minded and single-handed efforts, with due respect also to Mr. Huntington's, the United States has come abreast of Great Britain in establishing important Shakespeare collections for scholarly use; this after years of lagging behind. The British Museum received by the bequest of David Garrick in 1779 the nucleus of its Shakespeare library; in the same year a second important collection formed by Edward Capell was presented to Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1812 the Bodleian received by bequest the books of Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean editor. For more than half a century thereafter British libraries were able to acquire Shakespeareana with little competition from America. Then the collecting of rare books became a favorite pastime of American millionaires, and little by little nearly all the early editions of Shakespeare privately owned in England passed into the hands of collectors in this country.

The transfer was of no immediate benefit to Shakespeare scholars, because books in private ownership, whether in British country houses or in the libraries of American men of wealth, could not readily be consulted. Even as late as the time of Shakespeare's tercentennial in 1916, Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett, who catalogued the exhibition arranged by the New York Public Library, was able to say: 'Unfortunately there are in America but three public institutions which contain original editions of Shakespeare's works of sufficient value to form the basis for an exhibition.' Since these words were written, however, the most important private collections of Shakespeare in the United States have become, in effect if not strictly in fact, public possessions under conditions that make them permanently available to scholars. The amassing of a nearly complete series of texts under one roof, wherever that roof is situated, is a great improvement on having them scattered in many places, and students of Shakespeare on both sides of the Atlantic may find reason for satisfaction in the bringing together of such collections by Mr. Huntington and Mr. Folger. 'It is a very fine achievement,' writes Dr. Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum, 'and one which every wise Englishman will view not merely without jealousy, but with the greatest possible pleasure that they have thought it worth accomplishing, and have accomplished it.'

It was characteristic of Mr. Folger, indeed a part of his business training, never to announce his plans until he was ready to carry them into effect. He always conducted his buying of Shakespearean rarities alone, except for the devoted and competent assistance of Mrs. Folger, who helped him to keep a manuscript record of his purchases. His books were stored in bank vaults and storage rooms, never assembled in one place, and rarely shown. Consequently few persons in this coun-

try, even among bookmen, realized the magnitude of his achievement. In England, where the importance of his work was better appreciated, he was repeatedly urged to leave his collection as a Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon. This he declined to do. His final intention, as expressed in a letter of January 19, 1928, was 'to help make the United States a centre for literary study and progress.'

In an even more practical way his design to promote the study of Shakespeare in the United States appears in another provision for the ultimate disposal of his collection. By the terms of his will the administration of the Folger Shakespeare Library and of the fund for its support is entrusted to the trustees of Amherst College, who in compensation for their services are instructed to apply to the purposes of the college approximately one quarter of the annual income from the Shakespeare fund. The material benefit to the college of this generous arrangement does not need to be emphasized, though at first glance it may seem incongruous to place a library in Washington under the control of the trustees of a small undergraduate college in New England. But in making this disposition of his property Mr. Folger was presumably not actuated merely by affectionate loyalty to the college where he received his education. It would have been a simple matter for him to have benefited the college and founded the library by separate bequests, if he had wished to do so. His intention rather was to place the continuation of the most cherished personal interest of his life in the hands of men aware of educational values and in immediate contact with a scholarly enterprise. Under such direction the Folger Shakespeare Library might be expected to develop into something more than a mausoleum for rare books or a shrine to a venerated name; it might be made to exercise a living influence throughout the United States as a centre of literature and learning dedicated to the spirit of a master poet.

II

A Shakespeare library conceived as a national institution is of particular significance to scholars, teachers of literature, and writers. Let us first consider the opportunities for scholarship that the opening of the Folger Library will make available.

Through the courtesy of Mr. William Adams Slade, the director for the time being on appointment by Mrs. Folger, I have before me a condensed survey of the main features of the Folger collection. It extends to some fifteen typewritten pages, single-spaced. Very little of the information so generously supplied can be given within the limits of this paper, but by a selection of statistics and specific details I may be able to suggest the extent and richness of the library's resources. It should be said, however, that Mr. Slade has as yet had no opportunity to examine the books and that the information here given is compiled from Mr. Folger's manuscript catalogue.

Though Shakespeare's writings are the nucleus around which the entire library has been built, not all the seventy thousand books in the collection are by or about Shakespeare. Early editions of other Elizabethan and Jacobean authors are liberally represented, particularly those from which the dramatist drew plots or quotations, or which he is supposed to have read, or which contain allusions to his works. But we may well begin with editions of Shakespeare.

On this subject Mr. Slade writes: 'The Folger Shakespeare Library contains upward of 1400 different copies of

the collected works (different editions and duplicate copies both included) in a total of about 9700 volumes. In addition, besides numerous copies of the sonnets and poems, it has, as one would expect, a very great number of the separate editions of the plays, *Hamlet* leading, with over 800 copies; *Macbeth* next, with over 500; *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Merchant of Venice* next, each with over 400; and the others following. For historical, literary, or critical study it will obviously be of great service to have at hand such a collection of different editions, so largely supplied as they are with introductions, notes, essays, and critical apparatus. Moreover, a large number of the copies contain MS. notes by editors, men of letters, and others, giving the volumes added value and interest.'

Practising a resolute synecdoche, I cull from the list that illustrates this last statement only these items: Rowe's First Edition, 1709, John Dennis's own copy, with full notes in his handwriting, regarded as the earliest annotated copy known; Theobald's Second Edition, 1750, MS. notes by the poet Gray; Hanmer's Second Edition, 1770–1771, Sarah Siddons's copy, with her notes for Shakespeare readings; Charles Lamb's copy; S. T. Coleridge's copy, with his MS. notes; First American Edition, eight volumes, 1795, President John Adams's copy; Bell Edition, 1774, Volume I only, George Washington's copy; Abraham Lincoln's copy, edition of 1835, autograph and MS. notes.

Of all the collected editions the most interesting to both laymen and special students is, of course, the First Folio of 1623, containing the earliest printed versions of twenty of the thirty-seven plays included in the Shakespeare canon. Only a few more than two hundred copies of this book have been preserved, and of these seventy-nine, including six fragments, are in the Folger collection. Among them are: the Daniel Folio, once owned by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and listed by Sir Sidney Lee as one of fourteen copies in a perfect state of preservation; three others also regarded as perfect, though apparently not so listed by Lee; six of twenty-seven copies placed by Lee in the second division of the first class because of minute defects; and perhaps most interesting of all, though not perfect, the Vincent Folio, the tallest known copy and one of the first to come from the press, bearing on its title-page an inscription recording its presentation by William Jaggard, the printer of the volume, to Augustine Vincent, the herald who had been instrumental in securing the grant of Shakespeare's arms. This last First Folio was the first copy that Mr. Folger acquired, and, though it was not the most expensive book in his library, he was accustomed to refer to it as 'the most precious book in the world.' Among the less distinguished copies in a company where all are of high distinction is one that Mr. Folger must have regarded with special affection, the Roberts Folio, used by Chatto and Windus in the production of the reduced facsimile edited by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1876. It was with the purchase of this facsimile for one dollar and twenty-five cents that Mr. Folger commenced his career as a student of Shakespeare's text and a collector of Shakespearean books.

The folios succeeding the first are also generously represented, the Second Folio by at least fifty copies, the Third Folio by at least twenty-four (including both issues), and the Fourth Folio by at least thirty. (Only approximate figures can be given.)

Next to the folios, which stand fore-

most among the glories of the Folger Library, come the plays in quarto, of which the earliest printed are among the rarest of rare books. Not infrequently an edition is known by only three to six surviving copies, and in some instances a single copy is all that remains. Seventeen plays were printed in quarto form before the issue of the First Folio, fourteen of them, as is now maintained, from fairly reliable manuscripts, and five (counting *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* once in each group) from 'stolne and surreptitious copies' irregularly secured by catchpenny publishers. Of the five 'bad' quartos Mr. Folger was able to obtain all but the 1603 *Hamlet*, and of the fourteen 'good' first quartos twelve, the missing items being *Richard II* (1597) and the *First Part of Henry IV* (1598). To compensate for these gaps his library includes a unique fragment (four leaves) regarded by Halliwell-Phillipps as a 'portion of the first and hitherto unknown edition of the *First Part of Henry IV*, published by Wise early in the year 1598,' and a unique third edition of *Richard II* (1598) which has been the object of much bibliographical attention. Mr. Folger also possessed the only known copy of *Titus Andronicus* (1594), the earliest printed of all Shakespeare's plays; one of the three known copies of *Hamlet* (1604), the first issue of the revised play; and the rare second edition of *Pericles* (1611), besides both states of the first edition. Out of a large and representative collection of later quartos, from which only three of those issued prior to 1623 appear to be missing, the item that most insistently demands recognition is the bound set of the Jaggard-Pavier quartos of 1619, the only complete set known to have survived in seventeenth-century binding. A second but incomplete copy of the same curious book is noted in Mr. Folger's record of his purchases and will be eagerly examined when his library is catalogued.

Plays that Shakespeare revised and plays wrongfully attributed to him by enterprising publishers are well represented, nearly always in the form of first quartos, but there is no room to list them here. We must pass on to the poems. Of the very scarce early issues of *Venus and Adonis* the Folger Library holds a unique fragment of the third edition, one of two known copies of the sixth edition, and one of two known copies of the thirteenth. There are two of the ten recorded copies of the *Rape of Lucrece*, first edition, and single examples of the third, sixth, seventh, and eighth editions. The *Sonnets* are represented by two copies of the first printing (1609). Finally, there are ten copies of the first collected edition of the *Poems* (1640), at least one of which has the rare portrait by William Marshall, the second likeness of Shakespeare to be engraved.

Rare original issues of works by other Elizabethan authors abound, but I must pass them over except to remark that the library is especially rich in materials, both manuscripts and printed, relating to Ben Jonson and Francis Bacon. So also I must dismiss cursorily the works of adapters, imitators, and 'improvers' of Shakespeare; the writings of editors, critics, and commentators, much of them in the form of marginal notes; and the great mass of manuscript materials, beginning with the original diary of the Reverend John Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon from 1662 to 1681, and including hundreds of autograph letters from famous authors — Voltaire, Goethe, the Brownings, Tennyson, and Swinburne among others. A final word must be said of the materials illustrating stage history, and here again I quote Mr. Slade: —

The leading exponents of Shakespeare on the stage, especially from the age of Cibber, are the subject of a series of special groups containing printed books, prompt books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, portraits, playbills, programmes, clippings, scrapbooks, costumes, stage properties, association objects, etc., etc. The Garrick material would give distinction to any library. The Cibbers, Macklin, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, the Kembles, Macready, the Keans, Phelps, Forrest, Helen Faucit (afterwards Lady Martin), Charlotte Cushman, the Booths, the Barretts, Helena Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Forbes-Robertson, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Beerbohm Tree, these and others all figure. The entries under William Winter's name, representing not only Winter's writings but also the items collected by him, fill nearly six pages of the catalogue. The playbills are so many that they may actually number anywhere from fifty thousand to half a million. The Augustin Daly material includes about 6000 letters covering the period from 1860 to 1900.

Portraits, statues, prints, drawings, water colors, oil paintings, medals — it is useless to try to particularize further. Even Walt Whitman's appetite for 'auctioneer's catalogues' of details would be glutted. Sufficient to say that there will be a museum in connection with the Folger Library with thousands of objects to fill it.

Even an abbreviated and inadequate survey of the contents of the Folger Library may suggest how much it holds for the study and delight of investigators in many fields of English literature. Though its chief distinction rests upon its Elizabethan and seventeenth-century books, yet there is abundant material also to interest the student of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century letters. Countless special studies might be based on its rare volumes and manuscripts, or on particular collections illustrating some minor point in regard to Shakespeare, but worthy of attention on their own account. The nature of the library as a whole, however, makes it preëminently the place where certain kinds of investigation may be most conveniently carried on and where indeed some organized effort might profitably be made to utilize the extraordinary resources of the collection.

Mr. Folger's main interest in Shakespeare lay in textual and bibliographical problems, and accordingly the 'fine kit of tools for the proper study of Shakespeare' (as he called his library) was assembled with an eye to this type of investigation. This intention explains what might otherwise seem its unnecessary richness in First Folios. Between the various copies of this book there are minute but possibly significant differences. Had Mr. Folger lived to make use of his library, it was his design to supervise such a collation of First Folios as has never before been possible. This remains for others to perform. It is but one step, however, in the bibliographical study of Shakespeare for which his collection provides the means. To Shakespeare's earliest editors an error in the printing of quartos and folios was merely a blemish to be removed by the readiest means at hand. To a modern editor, on the contrary, an error may be a significant indication of some stage in the process that Shakespeare's plays went through between the time when they left his hand and the time when the better-authorized but not entirely accurate versions appeared in the First Folio. The problem is not in the first instance to eliminate mistakes, but to interpret them in order that corrections of the text may be intelligently made. Presumably no absolute certainty will ever be reached concerning every word that Shakespeare wrote, but that is no reason why all the available informa-

tion should not be collected and used for what it may be worth in the formation of as sound a text as can be made.

An association of Shakespeare scholars brought together for a limited object could do much to utilize the remarkable resources of the Folger collection, but it might be possible to organize under the direction of the library a scholarly enterprise of a more permanent and systematic kind. In the American Academies at Rome and Athens we have a type of institution founded for the study of a subject at points where the richness of the material justifies the continued maintenance of a body of experts. The Folger Library will create in Washington a centre for the study of the literature of Elizabethan England comparable to the best that can be found in Great Britain. It would be easy to conceive there an American Academy for English Studies that might, like its prototypes abroad, bring into profitable coöperation a permanent staff of experts attached to the library, visiting scholars of distinction, and younger men appointed to fellowships. From such a centre of scholarship might be issued a series of publications that would quicken the advance of knowledge in the most important field of literary investigation, while young men trained there and occasionally returning for periods of research might exercise a salutary influence on the teaching of English in American colleges.

III

So far we have considered the Folger Library simply as a collection of books, a tool whereby scholars may increase the general store of learning. The rare volumes assembled by Mr. Folger, however, will occupy only a part of the building designed to hold them. The beautiful structure conceived by the architect, Mr. Paul P. Cret, in consultation with Mr. Alexander B. Trowbridge, is planned both without and within to express a larger purpose than that of being only a kind of sanctuary for Shakespeare students.

Outwardly the building is classic in spirit, though not an archæological imitation of any particular period of classic architecture, and in certain details is suggestive of a restrained modernism. The simplicity of the marble façade is emphasized by the introduction of sculptured panels, one at the foot of each of the nine bays, representing scenes from the best-known Shakespearean plays; these will stand at a point where they may easily be studied by visitors. Within this classic shell the architect has very boldly conceived the idea of producing a Tudor interior. The transition is made gradually, since the long exhibition gallery which runs parallel to the main façade is designed in the spirit of English work of the early Renaissance. The large reading room or library proper, which lies behind the gallery, will be carried out in the architectural manner of Shakespeare's time, though with some mixture, because at one end of the room there will stand a window with Gothic tracery which in its stonework is a copy of the principal window in the church at Stratford where Shakespeare lies buried. The left wing of the building will contain a small auditorium modeled on the pattern of an Elizabethan theatre, about which a whole story might be written. The many elements of form combined in the design of the library building appropriately suggest the richness and variety of the tradition gathered up in Shakespeare's works and through them handed down to our own day. So, too, by means of architectural masses and sculptured figures speaking to the

passer-by, and more directly by means of its museum and stage, the Folger Shakespeare Library will be enabled to impress the public mind, enlighten the uninformed, and help those already interested to fuller knowledge.

Of the stage included in the Folger Library a word more should be said. It will be one of the few places in the world where Shakespeare's plays may be acted under conditions like those for which they were originally written. One may confidently suppose that it will be used not only for lectures and readings, but for occasional performances by our greatest actors in the Shakespearean tradition and for the instruction of school and college groups in methods of staging and acting Elizabethan dramas. Though the auditorium will seat less than three hundred people, its productions may reach a wider audience through talking pictures and radio. By this means the stage of the Folger Library may be made a centre for the cultivation of the spoken language as a thing of beauty and may contribute in no small degree to revive a sense of dramatic verse as a noble equivalent to operatic music. Anyone who has heard a performance of French classical drama in France will understand how much English-speaking audiences have yet to learn in this respect.

The reading room of the Folger Library will, of course, not be open to the public at large. A place where rare volumes are treasured and where literary research is to be carried on cannot be used directly as an instrument for general education. But, in addition to the educational work forwarded by its museum and theatre, the Folger Library may as a research institution exercise an indirect but notable influence upon formal education in schools and colleges. It is not too optimistic to suppose that the creation of a permanent centre for Shakespeare study will tend to accentuate the teaching of Shakespeare and gradually help to bring about a new emphasis in the study of literature. In considering the possible effects of such a library on the great academic industry that the teaching of English has become, however, we are entering a field of speculation where consummations devoutly to be wished will not necessarily come to pass unless belief in them and desire for them bring them into being.

English literature as a part of formal education is still comparatively new and its character is far from settled. Courses in English literature may be studies in æsthetic appreciation, in social history, in illustrations of a favorite 'philosophy of life,' in textual or linguistic problems, or in the biography of authors. Nearly all these types of courses are given at any point in the educational programme where it happens to be convenient or locally traditional to place them. There is no controlling conviction as to what aspects of the subject should come first or what aspects are central. College announcements are stuffed with far too many courses in English, a large number of them dealing with side issues and fringes of the subject. In one large university recently thirteen courses were simultaneously being given in the short story alone. It is time that English departments were de-upholstered. So far as the Folger Library may serve to focus attention on the central figure in English literature, its influence will be entirely wholesome.

Opportunities to engage in research at the Folger Library and reports of the work being carried on there may also help to spread among the smaller colleges an idea of English as a subject of advanced study, and so bring them some of the advantages that a college at a university derives from its associa-

tion with the graduate schools. These advantages do not consist in the introduction into the college of courses of graduate-school type, but in the permeation through the college community of a mature attitude toward learning. The most obvious defects of the detached college are its absorption in its own affairs, its tendency to conceive of classroom teaching as the whole duty of its faculty, and its readiness to define learning as something to be given students to 'prepare them for life.' Even a distant or occasional contact with a different type of institution, where learning is cultivated, not for the sake of adolescent learners, but for the sake of a subject to be pursued, can hardly fail to have a tonic effect on the college. It may assist in establishing there a conception of learning as a way of life that some men instinctively prefer to all other careers, and thereby enable the college to give its students the greatest of all educational experiences, that of association with older minds moving steadily in their own orbits.

IV

The Folger Shakespeare Library is already a property of no inconsiderable value. Its building will soon be one of the sights of the national capital; its book collection is obviously destined to become a Mecca for scholars, and its museum and theatre instruments of public instruction. But there is one more question to be asked. Can an institution so dedicated, and supported by the most munificent bequest ever made for the purpose of literary study and progress, be directed to the encouragement of contemporary letters as well as to the stimulation of research and criticism? Can it serve to make evident that the spirit of Shakespeare is continued down to our own day by the work of original writers no less than by the activities of actors, editors, and commentators?

We are dealing now with a conception for which there is no precedent, with an ideal that may be realized more through subtleties of emphasis and the spirit in which things are done than through any specific acts. It would be easy to cut off a Shakespeare memorial from the living current of literature, to close the circuit and consider it a monument to what has been rather than to what may be again. When books become precious possessions, it is possible for the curators to forget that the values they are guarding are not implicit in the volumes as physical objects, that to preserve paper and bindings is not all that is required in treasuring up the life-blood of a master spirit.

If it is hard to go beyond the idea of a Shakespeare library as a repository of priceless possessions, it is even more difficult to avoid making it the preserve of an unmellowed, fiercely specialized scholarship which views literature merely as an excuse for historical fact finding, textual emendation, and critical footnotes. All these things should, of course, be done, but with a sense that they are no more than preliminaries and appendages to literary study, that the task of scientific investigation is always secondary to the work of original creation. An institution founded for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge in regard to Shakespeare, and with the line 'For wisedomes sake, a word that all men love' written upon its frieze, should not be unmindful of the noble aims of scholarship as defined for the Elizabethan age by Sidney: 'This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and

draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clayey lodging, can be capable of.' The clarification of judgment and direction of sympathies which supreme poetry effects should not be lost sight of in a concern for remedying the defects of Elizabethan printing. It was through Emerson that Mr. Folger learned to honor Shakespeare above all other writers, and no words of Emerson's could more suitably be inscribed in the paradise of 'the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees' than his saying, 'Shakespeare was not made by the study of Shakespeare.'

One who loves books according to the letter may readily retort: 'True, but since by no conceivable alchemy can I be made like Shakespeare, I take it that the work I am fitted to do is other than his. My purpose is to discover what the poet actually wrote and what his words mean. I command the texts and firmly believe that I can tell what lines he set down, and how they were probably punctuated, better than he could do himself if he were here to-day and had to trust his memory. This library provides me with the tools appropriate to my trade; just as the scientist belongs in the laboratory, so I belong here.'

The research scholar has his rights, even when he puts them low, and there is no danger that the importance of his work will not be appreciated at the Folger Library. The danger is rather that the business of technical scholarship will be overdone and the claims of contemporary letters ignored. But in a large sense the writer of imaginative literature is the true inheritor of the Shakespearean tradition, while the textual and critical student is perpetuating the tradition of Scaliger. It would not be inappropriate if recent poetry, discriminatingly chosen, were sometimes read in the Folger Theatre and thus given the prestige of association with Shakespeare's memory.

We are inheritors both of what Shakespeare accomplished and of what he left undone. In the long gallery of his characters, beside those whose names and natures are as familiar to us as our closest friends', are figures that he merely touched upon in passing, whose names are mentioned but who never appear bodily upon his scene: that fellow of infinite jest and merriment whose bones lie in the graveyard at Elsinore; the Lady Rosaline who so keenly discerned the shallowness of Romeo's infatuation for her; Kate, the tough girl of the rollicking catch, who would n't love a sailor; old Double, who drew a good bow, as Justice Shallow tells us, until time drew a better against him; Mariana's brother Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea; the maid called Barbara from whom Desdemona learned her 'willow' song; and

> Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
> And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell.

We know what insights into the paradox of life the poet revealed through his Hamlet, Lear, Falstaff, Brutus, Prospero; but what he might have added through these whose faces flicker for but a moment in the lucid mirror of his mind, whose stories are hinted but untold, is forever lost to us save as poetry recovers it. To forward the work of imagination in interpreting human nature from age to age would be the worthiest function of a Shakespeare memorial. If that can be done, the Folger Library may come to be a kind of embassy to the people of the United States from the 'realms of gold' where others besides Shakespeare have traveled.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING THE ORIENT

BY LIEUTENANT MELVIN F. TALBOT (SC), U. S. N.

I

For ten days on their return from a year's service with the United States Asiatic Fleet, the light cruisers lay at Yokohama. Those ten short days gave me a glimpse of Japan I shall not soon forget — the old Japan of our childhood fancies, the country of toy houses and fairy gardens, of flowers and flower-like children, of black-eyed women as bright and dainty as nodding nasturtiums. Japan, the land where grave and courteous scholars go hand in hand with little girls among the cherry blossoms, where at dusk the lanterns shine like stars on the steep hillsides, and one seems to hear the violins crying out above the hushed harbors of Japan the longing of Madame Butterfly, who forever waits a foreign ship and a foreign lover. Japan at evening — it is a land of dreams.

And side by side with all this quiet beauty of the past rises the new Japan of crowded cities and smoking factories, built by the pitiless god of modern progress. To defend it his brother, the god of war, is training an army of booted soldiers and building a great gray battle fleet.

We were most graciously received by the Japanese Navy. To them it is an honored duty to welcome with hospitality the stranger at their gates. They try to make friends of us, to show us their way of thinking, to mix just a little high policy with the champagne, hoping that we may return home a bit less prejudiced than before. And it works. After all, men rule, or think they rule, the destiny of nations; and men, with their likes and dislikes, are essentially human.

When His Excellency the Admiral entertains foreign officers, he leaves Mrs. Admiral and the ladies at home. He arranges a geisha party at the Maple Leaf Club in Tokyo.

And here let me explain the geisha girl. She is an artist, a kind of professional entertainer of homeless men. As a child she learns to sing and dance, and to make polite and amusing conversation. She appears in her own artistic native costume, as picturesque as if she had just stepped out of some delicate Japanese print. She is taught to kneel beside the great gentlemen, to serve their food and to keep full the cup that cheers. At the end of it all she bows almost to the floor, as if to say, 'You have indeed honored your little servant,' and goes home — alone. And if she has brought a moment of color into drab lives, need we be too censorious? There's many a dull dinner in pious upcountry villages at home, many an evening heavy with cigar smoke and gentlemen's jokes, that would have been better could she have graced it with her hired charms.

'And when in Rome,' said the commander, handing out invitations finely engraved in vertical lines of Oriental characters, 'see how the Romans do it. Different ships, different long splices — different men, different manners. Inspect for holes in your stockings. They take away your shoes at the door.'

At the appointed hour we arrive at the Maple Leaf Club and check our hats and shoes. We enter a bare room. There are neither tables nor chairs. Clean straw matting covers the deck. We are presented to the Japanese admiral and his staff. They bow stiffly. There follows a halting conversation in English on that internationally dull topic, the weather.

Soon geisha girls enter, carrying low carved benches. They set out wine and food. We seat ourselves on the floor and wonder what to do with our legs and stocking feet.

A geisha kneels beside each guest and fills his glass. The evening proceeds with feasting and drinking. Our hosts do most of the feasting. Balancing oysters between two little chopsticks is not an art to be acquired without practice. Nor is the fare less foreign to us than the etiquette of the table. Pressed shellfish served on seaweed proves strangely reminiscent of New England wharves on a hot day in the herring season. But the champagne is excellent, for which may the Japanese taxpayer be duly thanked. A toast is called to the gallant American cruisers. We reply with an equally eloquent toast to the heroic Japanese Navy. A bespectacled Japanese — M.A., Harvard University — acts as interpreter. We all drink to the mutual understanding between the nations. We wonder how well they understand us and our country. What foreigner can ever unravel those tangled threads that weave themselves into the fabric of our foreign policy, our skeptical self-sufficiency forever at variance with our all-inclusive international idealism? And perhaps they too are wondering how much we as casual visitors to their shores can know of Japan and her aspirations that spring from a past hidden so far down the dim, foreshortened perspective of history.

Native rice wine is brought. It is lukewarm, and, to the Western palate, has a vaguely medicinal taste, like paregoric. The rest of the evening leaves a somewhat confused impression of bright kimonos, little men with big glasses, stocking feet that will not be stowed away, and music whose weird minor strains recall the elusive motifs of an ultra-modern symphony.

II

Our ten-day visit drew quickly to its close. The little group of navy wives took passage for San Francisco, to meet their husbands again in Norfolk, unless another sudden change of schedule should come to send these wandering ships hurrying off to some foreign port. Brave women, these navy wives who follow their men up and down the world, young mothers whose children are born in loneliness in strange hospitals, women whose sudden sorrows and scattered weeks of rapturous happiness have no counterpart in the settled lives of their sisters at home.

With the first flush of dawn, the snow-capped peak of Fuji rose pink above its mantle of fleecy clouds. The boats were hoisted aboard and stowed for sea. In that most lovely hour the cruisers formed column and steamed out.

All morning sacred Fujiyama stood up dazzling white above the horizon astern, as if to beckon us back to the ancient lands of the East. Slowly the mountain dwindled and dropped from sight. The light cruisers had left the Orient.

What is the truth, I asked myself as I paced the deck that first morning at sea, the truth behind all the ready phrases that fill the ponderous volumes of international policies — 'economic penetration,' 'special interests,' 'manifest destiny'? These are but words.

Do words, not men, govern the fate of nations?

So perhaps it would seem when one seeks the truth, not from the teeming lands and peoples of the East, but from silent and lifeless library stacks. For, if the economic school of historians see aright, the nations are but rudderless ships swept on by a current whose course the economist alone can predict and no man can control. In their philosophy human figures become dwarfed and insignificant. Our genial hosts of yesterday are to them an inanimate entity, 'the Japanese Navy'; English statesmen are known as 'Downing Street'; and those whose slightest whim rules Russia's enslaved millions become 'the Soviets.' To them the nations are not masters of their fate, but mere puppets in a show whose strings are pulled by an invisible and all-powerful hand.

The immutable laws of trade, so they tell us, drew the first Portuguese galleons here to the East centuries ago. Have they looked well upon the portraits of those intrepid navigators and noted their sea-gazing eyes? Surely not for trafficking alone they sailed the uncharted seas of the Orient. What would they think, these old explorers, could they return to see the proud banner of Portugal flying over the tiny settlement at Macao, ex-opium port of evil memory? And now the ramparts of Hongkong overshadow the last vestige of Portuguese empire, and great steamers with other and newer flags come threading their way among the changeless harbor junks.

It was destiny, these modern scholars tell us, that broke the power of those first boastful claimants to the lands and oceans of the fabled East and brought in their place the British garrison and the merchants of the Treaty Ports. Destiny again that sent Perry's squadron to burst open the harbors of Japan, leaving her no other choice but to champion the Orient against the greedy exploitation of traders from overseas. And, farther to the west, these writers see another and perhaps final evidence of economic preordination, the Red Revolution according to the prophecy of Karl Marx, spread eastward by the fanatical priests of Communism, who, from dingy offices under the Kremlin walls, plot the dread harvest of another war, a last great battle in the East, in whose bloody wake each man's hand shall be against his neighbor.

Are we but helpless pieces on the checkerboard of economic rivalry, I wondered, as I watched the shores of the Orient fading into the distance astern. Were these our ships built but to shatter and be shattered by the ships that carry another flag, that the Devil and the schemers of Moscow may laugh at human folly?

Is not the world weary of the doctrine that a changeless Fate, fixed and inexorable, has drawn and must always draw all peoples into the maelstrom of 'inevitable war'? Can the comradeship of last night mean nothing more than the memory of bright-colored kimonos and little geishas solemnly kneeling to serve the honored guests from distant lands? Is the friendship of nations as light and transitory as those ten short days in Japan, days that saw the cherry flowers blossom and fall?

The shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe recalled me from my reverie.

'Relieve the wheel and lookout!'

I went below with the words of a Japanese verse running through my mind:

> How then to live this life of ours,
> When driving rain, when sudden showers,
> Scatter amain the cherry flowers?

When I next came on deck, the Orient had dropped under the horizon astern.

THE END OF AN EPOCH

BY SUSANNE K. LANGER

I

PHILOSOPHY is out of date. We live in an age of science, achievement, advance — of economic and social changes that are staggering when we compare them with the slow mutations and evolutions of custom which have gone before. Reality is so novel and perplexing that we have no time for mere contemplation, so absorbing that we feel no need of filling our minds with the exotic interests of metaphysics. Philosophy, which used to quicken the solid familiar world into a thing of mystery and intellectual challenge, is itself a slow and ever-decreasing force in the fluid, exciting world around us. It is overshadowed by a new knowledge, a new purpose, and if it would survive in our transformed universe it must adapt itself to these. It must outgrow what Comte called 'the metaphysical stage,' and become scientific. It must serve social and tangible ends.

William James, philosopher and science worshiper, startled a solemn generation of academicians with something like a trumpet peal. Out with all this wordy nonsense of idealism, transcendentalism, conceptualism! We do not need any of these grandiose metaphysical constructions. Religion we must have, to keep us sane in a world of bewildering shocks and surprises; ethics, scientific or religious — yes; but metaphysics is of the Devil. Metaphysics must be anathema to the progressive modern mind. Schiller in England and Dewey in America have taken up the cry, and anyone who has read of the vagaries of Cartesians, Kantians, or Hegelians in the entertaining pages of Will Durant is probably quite ready to join in. What do we care about the Transcendental Ego or the Concrete Universal? Why must we believe in anything of this sort? Our protons and electrons may be just as odd, but at least we can use them for scientific purposes; we cannot use Egos, Absolutes, and Ideas in the Mind of God. Those metaphysical entities, recent inventions though they may be, are neither enlightening nor convenient to present-day thought. They are as strange and uncouth in our world as the angels whose digestive and respiratory systems were most minutely discussed by the erudite Saint Thomas Aquinas.

Yet metaphysics is the mainstay of philosophy. Logic is merely a tool; ethics and æsthetics and the 'social sciences' are derivatives from a more general interpretation of experience. This general interpretation is exactly what we mean by metaphysics. To say that we have outgrown the need of metaphysics is to say that we have no further need of any interpretation — and that is a momentous statement. It means that we are satisfied either with the face values of things or with the unconscious interpretations of common sense, and are prepared to go on without philosophy.

And so, indeed, we are. Even in our centres of learning, the universities, philosophy is not a live and indis-

pensable subject. At best it has taken a modest place with the classics and other relics in the curriculum; at worst it has vanished like the Cheshire Cat, leaving only a dim religious light where once it smiled upon the world. It has become a jejune, polite subject — a show-case antique of the mind.

Has it outlived its usefulness, then, after twenty-five hundred years? Has human thinking outgrown, once and for all, the 'metaphysical stage' between primitive superstition and science, and arrived at the latter, so that it can kick away the scaffolding at last?

II

The picture which philosophy presents to us is indeed rather pathetic, but I believe it looks worse at close range than from a distance, and worst of all from our particular angle, for ours is a retrospective view, dull and unexpectant. We stand at the end of a philosophic epoch. We are at the dead point between two intellectual ages.

The growth of ideas is not a steady evolution, but progresses, as has often been remarked, by spectacular outbursts of genius, with long periods of comparative languor between. After centuries of slow growth, a new life suddenly ferments the world; people's thoughts and feelings are freed from old conventions and habits; a new style of living makes even the immediate past look archaic; all activities are changed, old hopes seem futile and forlorn, new ambitions and promises fill the world with a flare of slightly mad originality. Thus the Athenian age must have crowned a long and gradual change from pastoral life to urbanity; thus the light of Christian thought and emotion dawned on a dragging, jaded world, the corpse of Hellenism; thus the Renaissance transformed the fine-spun learning of centuries — the academic echo of Christianity — into a mere preliminary to a pageant of discoveries, inventions, and creations that made Europe marvel at itself.

It is a striking fact that philosophy is not as swift to feel the impulses of a new age as religion, art, or science. Greek civilization arose quickly, and its phases are somewhat telescoped, yet we can see the discrepancy between the birth of poetry or sculpture or mathematics and the birth of philosophy; Plato and Aristotle mark very nearly the end of the Golden Age. Likewise, Christianity was full-fledged and elaborately organized before Anselm, Thomas, and Duns Scotus articulated its philosophical import. The Renaissance had no philosopher of first magnitude before Descartes. In every case the rise of philosophy is a late development, if not an aftermath, of a great creative age; and the exploitation of philosophical ideas belongs to the quieter centuries that follow. The reason for this is obvious: philosophy is essentially reflective, and must wait the passage of an era before it can interpret the new conceptions that inspired it. Ideas arise in use, and express themselves in practical activity, ingenuity, and artistic insight long before they are recognized as definite new factors in the world. Therefore every period of intellectual history has its fundamental ideas that move and inspire and color its *Weltanschauung*, and in turn become the central concerns of its philosophy. Great epochs of spiritual productivity are always followed by ages of rational labor.

Whenever the implications and possibilities of a particular world view are exhausted, we come to the end of a philosophic epoch, marked by bootless warfare among schools, attempts

at synthesis, patchy eclecticism, and academic debate. This ragged fringe of an old philosophy overlaps the next era of growth; Hellenic metaphysics was in the last stages of disintegration all the time that the spirit of the Church was rising, practical, vivid, and militant, to the conquest of Europe. 'The Consolation of Philosophy,' as Boethius presents it, appears peculiarly bloodless and out of keeping with those strenuous times. Ancient thought had come to the end of its tether, and already new ideas — of soul, divinity, substance, and what not — were creeping in to reduce the traditional lore to final confusion. In the same way we see the remarkable structure of mediæval philosophy — the rationalization of Christianity — deteriorate into a sterile game of logic, even as the Renaissance is under way. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, miraculous times of genius, witness the senility of Scholasticism and all its relatives. The impetus that Christianity gave is exhausted, the new sources of insight not yet recognized and recorded.

At present we face the closing of another philosophic tradition. The Renaissance gave us what we are still taught, at our universities, to call 'modern philosophy': the whole gamut of systems — idealism, empiricism, rationalism, pragmatism — descended from that great intellectual revolution. Problems of body and mind, causality and freedom, sense and reason, appearance and reality, the stock in trade of contemporary metaphysics, arose not by continuous development from mediæval philosophy, but by way of a wide excursion, through channels of scientific and imaginative thought. Our traditional world view, our basic belief, is Copernican — it is experimental, skeptical, self-assertive. The mediæval view was Augustinian — mystical, supramundane, and dogmatic. To us inheritors of the Renaissance those very adjectives sound like a reproach. They express the antithesis of 'the modern spirit.'

This skeptical spirit, in our esteem the only tradition in good scholarly standing, was first explicitly prescribed for philosophy by René Descartes. From his thinking, which was not so much a burst of individual conception as a brilliant formulation of Renaissance ideas, all our major doctrines are descended. Descartes has very properly been called 'the father of modern philosophy.' He was the first systematic thinker who reflected upon the new intellectual attitude which had sprung up in Europe, and stated it in maxims and premises. To him we owe our conceptions of matter and mind as essentially different substances, our notions of self and not-self, our problem of knowledge; his emphasis on the Thinker as the central fact of the universe is the source of idealism; his recognition of the perceptions as 'given' objects of knowledge gave rise to the empiricist tradition; rationalism is a logical outcome of his faith that Reality cannot deceive the human reason. All our warring metaphysical factions, all our conflicting doctrines, really have a joint origin in the fertile and variegated thought of Descartes. What we commonly call the modern period in philosophy might fairly be designated as the Cartesian age — especially as it is no longer quite modern.

III

The Cartesian age is coming to its close. Our college generations are witnessing that verbal and ineffectual battle of doctrines, that professionalism within the academic sphere and utter indifference outside, which are the marks of senescence in philosophy.

All the famous inventions of reason, which answered burning questions in the days of Leibniz, Kant, or Schopenhauer, are defunct; we have done what we can with those concepts. Idealism, realism, empiricism, and all our other systems are not productive any more; they cast no new light upon the world, but constitute a field of esoteric learning, a possession of the universities.

Ours is an age of activity, a world-transforming age. Philosophy, now the mere echo of another era, looks pale among the revolutionary arts and sciences of such a time. But already the moving forces of the new world are taking conceptual form, and a new philosophy is dawning. What its keynote will be is, of course, obscure; all we know is that it will be unfamiliar, incommensurable with old ideas, and generative of entirely new problems and interests. Also it will probably spring from other than philosophical sources: from the arts, from science, from social experiments — whatever our dominant activity may be. We see its beginning in the new physics. Why does the notion of space-time stir the curiosity of the whole intellectual world? Because it defies all philosophical premises! Einstein is the first great non-Cartesian. The doctrine of space-time, whatever its scientific virtues may be, has momentous implications for philosophy: for it kills the traditional conception of matter. Descartes defined matter as *res extensa*, a substance whose essential property is pure extendedness. For Einstein there is no such thing. Extension as an independent property is meaningless. The world is not a realm of things, but a pattern of events. The old distinction between the passive substance, matter, and the active substance which moves it, mind, falls into ruin at the touch of the new science — if we accept a non-Newtonian physics, we throw the doors open to a non-Cartesian metaphysics. That is why the young generation of philosophers feels so mightily drawn to the Einsteinian theories, and discourses eagerly on the four-dimensional manifold, the quantum theory, the curvature of space, and other subjects chiefly or wholly beyond its ken. We feel the wealth and fertility of new ideas, and realize implicitly rather than explicitly that the old metaphysics we learn and still avow is not the foundation of our own most advanced thinking, not in keeping with our most interesting beliefs, not necessary to our understanding. It is faded and quaint beside the bold, difficult, pragmatic inventions of the laboratory.

Psychology, too, has departed from the Cartesian tradition with considerable uproar and swagger. The doctrine of the conditioned reflex, the erotics of Freud, the recent German *Gestalt* psychology, have thrown metaphysics off its balance. The whole philosophy of body and mind — interactionism, parallelism, epiphenomenalism, and so forth — becomes void and irrelevant in the light of these new constructions. There is no body-and-soul problem for our psychologists. There are problems of response, expression, understanding — problems of vital function. The material body and the spiritual will, which mechanists and vitalists still endeavor to relate, have ceased to worry students of theoretical psychology.

It is a peculiar paradox that the staleness, the futility, of our philosophy are the most interesting things about it. It means that the present age is one of mental vigor, a constructive, contributive age, which has outgrown the visions of a bygone day and is waking to visions of its own; that obscure intellectual forces are shaping a new act in the history of philosophy, and the curtain is about to rise.

HARNESSING THE WILD HORSES OF INDUSTRY

BY STUART CHASE

A HANDICRAFT culture needs no systematic planning of its economic life. Each local area is self-sufficient. A mechanical culture, such as ours, has no corresponding economic stability if allowed to drift with the winds of free competition and the unlimited pursuit of private profit. A million cogwheels must mesh if food, shelter, and clothing are to be obtained. To-day a great fraction of the gears are out of order. Why should they not be, with nobody making it his business to keep them aligned and oiled? Even in times of so-called prosperity, the creaking is prodigious. Witness the plight of American farmers from 1922 to 1929; the utter disorganization of the textile industry; of bituminous coal.

In these circumstances it is the contention of reasonable men that if we are to elect a mechanical civilization — and we have so voted — we have got to control it. This means centralized planning; the same procedure for the economic region, the nation, perhaps the whole continent, which an efficient manufacturer employs in his own office, whereby he organizes his shop and correlates production schedules to probable demand. We must make the cogwheels mesh — or else retreat, after a frightful cataclysm, to the stability of the handicraft age. Russia to-day is carrying on a magnificent experiment in the purposeful control of the machine. We of the West must follow with experiments of our own, and that shortly. The gods — as this terrible depression proves — are not prepared to grant an indefinite stay of sentence to the policy of muddling through.

A decade ago when I was a young idealist and not a cantankerous critic, I used to forgather with other young idealists, and, with an earnestness almost religious, proceed to the formulation of a master plan for the economic control of seven states in the upper left-hand corner of this Republic. 'The Northwest Project,' we called it. It took months of the most concentrated labor of our lives. More deplorable still, the results were never, as I remember it, communicated to a person of influence. A peculiar feature of the enterprise was that the plan upon which we toiled dealt solely with economic phenomena containing not one political suggestion; while the young idealists were neither poets nor journalists, but trained technicians — engineers, statisticians, accountants, foresters. We presented ourselves with the problem: How would a group of experts administer a very considerable slice of territory with a minimum of waste and a maximum of well-being for the underlying population?

Was it not charmingly ridiculous, a gorgeous sacrifice of time and effort which might have been so much better employed raising our own reasonably meagre standards of living? Certainly. Yet if the seven states had adopted that programme ten years ago it is safe to say that they would constitute the most prosperous area in the whole world to-day. This is not saying much, but it is saying something.

Before me as I write are some of the old charts and tabulations. How we pored over maps, ransacked the census and files of all the government statistical bureaus! Even the great building where I saw the Russian Gosplan functioning with charts for one hundred and sixty millions of people over more than eight million square miles of territory is less vivid than these yellowing pages. Indeed I can never hear the phrases 'economic general staff' and 'master planning' that the Northwest Project does not leap into focus. For once I worked on a master plan, and it was as exciting an adventure as ever I had known. For me it is the key to all the current clamor about controlling the machine from a central conning tower. Let me describe very briefly the sort of thing we did, in the hope that I can make the clamor a little more clear to the reader.

I

The seven states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington constitute a solid belt from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. It is an area singularly rich in natural resources and with great possibilities of future development and settlement. The population at the time of our study was approximately ten million. These ten millions, we argued, needed food, shelter, clothing, and reasonable comforts. In what tonnage and quantities? Our first task was to prepare a budget of minimum requirements cast in physical terms, — pounds of flour, pairs of shoes, suits of clothing, tons of fuel, — based on the health and decency schedules of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. These consumable goods were then converted into producer's goods — bushels of wheat, beef cattle, cotton, wool, lumber, coal, hydroelectric power. We also made side excursions into the labor hours required to convert and distribute these staples.

With requirements in hand, we proceeded to estimate the productive plant and capacity of the seven states, in respect to both developed natural resources, including farm lands, and manufacturing establishments. What is now produced; what can be produced if the present acreage and plant are operated at capacity; what could be produced under a scientific rearrangement of economic factors? In the latter category the chase became — for young idealists — violently exciting. We gave modern engineering a free hand and proceeded to build up the living standards of the heavy-footed Scandinavians of those steppes by leaps and bounds.

Productive powers were balanced against requirements, and surpluses and deficiencies struck. How far was the region self-sustaining? What did it lack, and what had it to exchange? In North Dakota, for instance, there was — and is — a vast surplus of wheat above the requirements not only of the state but of the whole region, offset by a deficiency of lumber and water power. In Washington there was a surplus of lumber; in Wisconsin a surplus of dairy products and a deficiency of wool and cotton. In the whole area no sugar at all was produced. So, item by item, the score of the major staples was told. Into the domain of luxuries and such necessities as drugs and musical instruments we did not go at all.

Finally came the Olympian task of reorganizing the economic framework: building up self-sufficiency to the line of diminishing returns; arranging exportable surpluses against deficiencies on the principle of the 'balanced load' and straight-line engineering. We called into being a mining and power

centre in the lignite fields of North Dakota; a woolen manufacturing centre in the sheep lands of Montana, where water power was abundant; a cotton centre in Minnesota, supplied by reciprocal arrangement with a great cotton growers' coöperative in Texas; a whole battery of food manufacturing centres — flour mills, packing houses, butter and cheese factories, canneries — strategically situated in relation to raw materials and consuming areas. We distributed farm products direct to city folks by a parcel-post system saving 65 to 90 per cent of distribution costs. (One of our members was earning his living working out such a project for the City of Washington.) We laid out forest and woodworking centres in Minnesota and Idaho where lumber workers might live with their families in the central town — it was to be a garden city — and cut the surrounding hills forever. (Another member, a forestry engineer, had mapped out a practical plan for a perpetual timber supply at the behest of the United States Government.) Here ran the power lines; here the great trunk highways by-passing urban areas, with never a signboard from end to end; here the airways and there the postal delivery routes; while brigades of snorting tractors hauled giant combines over vast wheat fields coöperatively worked.

This in the last analysis is what master planning means to me. But after a decade of lopsided prosperity, stock-market depth bombs, silly front-page prophecies by men who ought to know better, and general disillusionment, I realize that no such Utopian map-making is initially possible, or even conceivable, in the harsh confines of 'things as they are' in these United States. I am confident that the Northwest Project etched the final goal of economic planning, but more pedestrian steps must lead to it — granting that the Republic ever elects to go in that direction at all. With seven million workless men on the streets, overproduction and underconsumption rampant, purchasing power falling ever more seriously behind technical capacity to produce, and costs of distribution mounting steadily in the chaos which stretches between factory door and ultimate consumer; with the waste of natural resources ever more appalling, and the business cycle running unchecked in a wild orbit of its own as remote from human control as a lunar eclipse — the necessity of so electing seems reasonably plain.

II

Of the kinds and varieties of industrial coördination, history furnishes a number of interesting examples. Unfortunately few have functioned, or are functioning, in the age of a billion horsepower. The handicraft exhibits, accordingly, take on a largely academic interest, save for the light they may shed on the capacity of human nature to adapt itself to an economic general staff. By and large, mankind had no serious use for master planning before 1800; nor was the need really acute until the second industrial revolution inaugurated mass production on a grand scale some two decades ago. Before Watt transformed the lumbering engine of Newcomen, men tended to live in self-sustaining villages and small communities the planet over, even as they live in Mexico to-day. It is the intricate specialization and delicate interdependence over an increasing area which create most of our current tribulations. When men in Akron, Ohio, are threatened with starvation if a rubber crop is interrupted twelve thousand miles away, we catch a glimpse of what specialization entails.

Perhaps the greatest exhibit of economic planning in the handicraft age was the extraordinary régime of the Incas in Peru. According to Prescott, this mysterious people organized their Indian subjects and allies into a huge producing machine, functioning for two thousand miles down the backbone of the Andes. The creative arts were encouraged, soils and crops were scientifically administered, irrigation projects were launched on a grand scale, down the length of the Empire ran great arteries of transportation and communication, and poverty was completely abolished. In an earlier epoch, we are told, the Egyptian empire handled the Nile as an engineering unit, permitting no private parties to tamper with the sources of the nation's food supply. Rome regulated her imperial commerce with a high degree of centralization and extraordinary administrative ability — but took no lasting measures to restrict the latifundia which finally overwhelmed her at home.

In the ancient craft guilds, in the activities of the mercantilists, in the Church itself during the Middle Ages, we find vestiges of deliberate control — some of it of an exceedingly pestiferous nature. Indeed it might not be extravagant to hold that the rise of free competition and *laissez faire* was hastened by the desire to break away from economic restrictions imposed by central authority. The revolt was healthy, natural, and thoroughly commendable. We must point out, however, that the control against which the young revolutionary capitalists rebelled was in the first place loaded down with traditional imposts, duties, penalties, of the utmost stupidity and unreason, and was in the second place maintained for the exclusive benefit of a small ruling class, chiefly landowners. It is not to be gainsaid, however, that this illustrates one of the grave dangers of master planning. If stupid and greedy men force their way into the conning tower, they may wreck the whole project with bureaucracy and venality.

From about 1800 to 1910, free competition had its heyday, spreading over the domain of the machine like bacteria in a culture. About the only economic functions left to central authority were the issuing of currency, the collection of taxes, and fiddling — most ineptly — with tariffs. Germany under Bismarck was, of course, an exception. She planned an empire at the cost of whatever empires lay across her path. Students of economic control would do well to look into this period — and, while they are at it, into that amazing phenomenon, the industrialization of Japan within a decade or two. Both wagons were hitched to thoroughly malignant stars, in my opinion, but they may contain valuable technical examples, as well as danger signals.

Shortly after the turn of the century it became apparent that free competition was unworkable without extensive modifications which seriously undermined the whole theory — so piously documented by the Manchester School — upon which it was based. Radical philosophers had very little to do with the undermining process. It grew out of the day-by-day exigencies of life and took the form of trusts, monopolies, trade associations, 'gentlemen's agreements,' on the part of the business wing of the community; and trade-unions, state laws for the regulation of hours, working conditions, the employment of children, minimum wages, on the part of the labor wing. Meanwhile the doctrine, hitherto seditious, of certain industries being 'affected with a public interest' made hideous inroads into the corpus of *laissez faire*, taking tangible shape in government commissions to regulate railways, telephones, water,

gas, street cars, subways, electric power. In the regulated American telephone system we have perhaps the best example of long-range engineering control which any single industry has produced. In all these developments, despite their utter lack of correlation, we see clearly enough the desire, nay, the stark necessity, of substituting control for aimless drift. The difficulty was — and is — that each functioned in one small segment of the whole interlocked structure and was never headed up into a central plan. The wheat growers of North Dakota might combine to alleviate their difficulties, and the trade-unionists of Seattle, and the business men of Butte; but there was no Northwest Project — at least where the interested parties could see it.

All these movements toward coördination paled into insignificance before the machinery set in operation by the World War. After a year or two of costly floundering, the Allies relinquished free competition altogether and inaugurated the Supreme Economic Council which directed the movement of men and materials over half the world. Traders, middlemen, speculators, crosshauling, the whole tangled fabric of business as usual, were obliterated before an engineering control which articulated supply to demand; and, failing this, the war would most certainly have been lost.

In the United States, citadel of sturdy individualism, the War Industries Board calmly and inevitably undertook the management of three hundred and fifty industries, and practically the entire routing of the supply of skilled labor and essential raw materials. It fixed prices, closed down the luxury trades, speeded munitions with priority orders. Manned chiefly by business executives, it secured the coöperation of almost the entire business world in its programme of high-handed and utterly unprecedented centralized control. Its success is evidenced by the fact that it permitted the removal of ten million able-bodied producers from the industrial machine, — soldiers and munitions workers, — yet so organized the remaining labor supply that the parasites were amply provided for, while the domestic population reached a higher standard of living than it had ever before enjoyed. This it did without taking over a single industrial establishment, or seriously damaging the flow of corporate profits.

With the Armistice, the dollar-a-year men packed their bags, the control nerves were ruthlessly severed, 'normalcy' became the slogan of a Presidential election. In due course there followed a dizzy toboggan slide into the abyss, with six million unemployed in 1921, and the complete prostration of agriculture — a prostration from which the farmer has never recovered. His piteous wails have rung in our ears ever since. The Supreme Economic Council faded into a pale ghost known as the League of Nations, publishing admirable reports to which nobody paid the slightest attention. The war demonstrated the incalculable advantages of master planning, but the lesson was never taken to heart. We found a diamond in an ash heap and presently threw it away.

III

On one nation alone the lesson was not lost. In 1922, Lenin inaugurated the New Economic Policy in Russia, and an obscure little bureau was set up as part of the machinery to draft a plan for the unification of electric power. This was whimsical, inasmuch as the young Republic had no electric power to speak of, and no visible capital with which to acquire it. Indeed, after eight years of war, revolution, and marauding White armies, she

had very little industrial equipment of any kind. Production had fallen to 20 per cent of the 1913 output. Handicraft economy based on village self-sufficiency alone saved her from utter collapse. A few devoted engineers schemed huge dams and vast power sites, while practical men laughed. But the vision would not fade. Power became the symbol of the dawning religion of communism. Men in ragged blouses, swilling hot tea in glasses, dreamed glittering steel, looping transmission lines, purring dynamos, huge bastions of cement. The plans of the little bureau grew more and more ambitious. Presently it became known as the Gosplan, and, lodged in an old barracks in Moscow, was gulping statistics — incredibly bad statistics — by the carload.

Man is the most adaptable of all the animals. A people hitherto bucolic reached for the machine, for all the machines which James Watt had loosed on the Western World. It grew machine-minded if not machine-mad. Henry Ford became an icon second only to Lenin. And the machine came to Russia — and comes and comes. But it came only as the Gosplan ordered, not helter-skelter as it came to England and Germany and America. The little bureau suddenly found itself at the apex of the economic life of the nation.

The initial objective was to bring production up to the pre-war level. It was accomplished in 1927, the year I visited Russia. The statistics had vastly improved. They had to improve, or the whole planning fabric would disintegrate. I watched engineers and draftsmen working on the first tentative Five-Year Plan. This was to be the next objective — to double pre-war production by 1932. It was another year, however, before the incredible labor of comprehending all phases of economic effort was finally reduced to blueprint, and the relation of available investment to production quotas, to consumers' requirements, to transportation load, to food supply, to exports and imports, to housing programmes, to available labor, to engineering and management, determined. On October 1, 1928, the Five-Year Plan was launched — to the derision of practical men the world around. To-day, with more than half the period elapsed, and the prospect of completing many of the quotas in four years rather than five, the laughing comes from another quarter. We witness the stupefying success of master planning in a nation distinguished since time out of mind for its utter lack of technical progress, its impracticality and mental moonshine. If Russians can plan, one is almost moved to say, so can cows.

Turning westward again, we find, since the war, a wide desert with one or two oases. The State of Arizona has had a planning board since the depression of 1921, due to the persistent vision of a lone engineer, Mr. P. G. Spilsbury. Its function is advisory only, but it has won the confidence of statesmen and business men, and, in its small way, steered the development of the state's industry, trade, transportation, highways, tourist travel, in an intelligent and purposeful direction. A report dated August 1930 shows that Arizona has probably suffered less from the current depression than any other single state. Governor Roosevelt is keenly interested in a planning project for the State of New York.

To the south, the Republic of Mexico has recently inaugurated a planning commission with mandatory powers. It is working on the division of the country into regions, mapping the best industries for each; on the future development of railroads, highways, airways, and seaports; on extended irri-

gation and afforestation projects. Here again one man, Mr. Carlos Contreras, has been the driving force. In England, we have had a shower of paper plans for the rehabilitation of that distressed island, of which the latest, dated February 1931, lies on the desk before me. It is a very far-reaching document indeed, aiming to keep capitalism, socialism, democracy, and imperialism all happy playfellows under the same roof. France has coquetted with a planning board since 1925. Its power is growing. France, however, with her self-supporting peasants, is not so helpless before the machines as certain other nations.

Meanwhile the drive toward industrial coördination — as distinguished from master planning — has accelerated steadily in the past decade. Its chief manifestation in the United States has been the merger movement, and in Europe the rationalization movement. The latter is a slippery phrase meaning almost anything, from a Taylor system for loading pig iron to the regrouping of a single industry. Lately the gentlemen engaged in furnishing us with raw resources, both at home and abroad, are moving heaven, earth, and the Sherman Anti-trust Law to secure unified control of the mining of coal, the production of oil, the output of sugar, copper, silver, rubber, zinc, or what you will. The idea of all these perspiring gentlemen, as announced in the public prints, is to eliminate waste and overproduction by restricting supply to demand. Nothing could be more praiseworthy. The only question in these arrangements is whether output is not in danger of being further restricted to what the traffic will bear.

IV

The major historical exhibits have been passed in review. Russia with her Five-Year Plan easily leads the list, closely followed, for sheer technical achievement, by our own War Industries Board. Let us turn our attention to what might be termed the theory of master planning. What area does it cover, what types of economic activity are included, how is the planning machinery set up? The triple aspect — geographic, economic, political — is cardinal to any plan. The variations within these three dimensions are of course endless.

Area may range all the way from the whole planet to a small local community. The Supreme Economic Council of the Allies was the nearest we have dared to come to world control, while 'town planning' has been a commonplace in America and Europe for decades. The latter has ranged from vague committees of earnest citizens with no power, no money, and no tangible objective, to complete towns, blueprinted and built from the ground up, like Letchworth near London and Radburn near New York.

The world, for all that it grows smaller every day, is still too big to provide a basis for any plan not frankly Utopian. In *Men Like Gods*, H. G. Wells has supplied perhaps the most stimulating of the Utopian designs. The World Court, the League of Nations, are the first feeble flutterings in this direction, unless one includes the gyrations of the oil, copper, and silver interests above referred to. We shall probably see more and more of these international groupings.

Town planning, for all its admirable function, is altogether too small to be dignified by the term 'master planning.' The latter by definition connotes an attempt to come to terms with the machine. Rome knew town planning, and Athens and Chichen-Itza. To-day we need to plan because of the specialization introduced by the industrial

revolution, which, unregulated, leads to overproduction and unemployment. This specialization knows nothing of town boundaries, but operates in units of a continent or more. A continental plan for North America would comprehend from 90 to 95 per cent of the goods and services necessary to self-sufficiency, but here again Canada and Mexico might view coöperation with the Colossus in the middle of the bed not without justifiable apprehension. But a plan for the United States, like a plan for Russia, is not beyond the limits of reality. Both are large enough and sufficiently equipped with natural resources to go far toward stabilization. The point is not so clear for an island like England.

From the psychological point of view, if not that of pure engineering, the best unit is probably the *economic region.* By that is meant an area which embraces unity of soil, climate, general topography, and racial mixture. New England is such a region, and so is the corn belt, the cotton belt, or the Northwest zone of wheat and timber. The sight of a New England village green after long absence brings a mist to my eyes. This is where I was born, this is my homeland, the place I love. The Alps look cold and bleak beside the White Mountains of New Hampshire. One signboard on the Mohawk Trail hurts me more than a hundred on the Rocky Mountains, while I am content to view Los Angeles as one glittering cosmetic container. Human beings, for all their rushing about at fabulous speeds per hour, are lost without a place to take root in. This does not mean a house so much as waving prairie, high plateau, undulating meadow land, sand and cliff and sea. Regional planning designed to make the home country fairer, happier, more to be loved, is the sort, perhaps the only sort, of master planning which will some day arouse the emotions of the wayfaring citizen. It contains also the competitive element. Our region shall be cleaner, more desirable, than the one next door. To date, this valuable incentive has been in exclusive charge of gentlemen buying by the acre and selling by the front foot.

So much for theories of area. Where shall the economic lines be drawn? A master plan, it seems to me, must include all economic effort which furnishes the ordinary citizen with the necessities and reasonable comforts of a civilized life. This means food, shelter, clothing, public health, education, and the rudiments of recreation — say a great system of national and regional parks. The coördination of a specific industry, — coal, copper, or railroads, — however excellent and useful it may prove, is not master planning. It falls under the head of control, if you will; but master planning must mean correlation, synthesis, to meet the challenge of specialization in the machine age. To control leather, while letting hides run wild on the one side and shoes on the other, lands us precisely nowhere — however it may affect the balance sheets of the embattled leather men. It is possible, however, and indeed necessary, to accent the essential industries and to neglect — beyond the stage of raw-material control — the superfluities and the luxuries. Thus wheat and lumber should be in the conning-tower spotlight, while golf balls, cigar lighters, toys, and platinum rings could, for all we care, hover in the shadow. Another distinction might be drawn between the established, old-line industries where technical achievement approaches standard practice, and new, developing industries. Steel is an example of the former, airplanes of the latter. Planning should keep its hands off the new industries so far as is con-

sistent with public health and safety, and let them work out their own salvation in the domain of *laissez faire*, allowing the profits and losses to fall where they may. Only when the youngster has matured should he be admitted into the control area.

Up to, say, 1920, motor cars were in the pupa stage; now they are fully adult. With four million jobs dependent upon them, overproduction and excess plant capacity have worked frightful havoc, as the mayor of Detroit can tell you in most painful detail. Electric refrigerators are still developing, but radios are reasonably well matured. Already, according to Senator Couzens, their potential output is fivefold the market demand. Some day, somehow, in this connection, we shall have to come to terms with the grave waste and friction imposed by patents and secret processes. In Russia a new invention is immediately put to use over the whole industrial front. The War Industries Board followed the same course. These locked safes, these interminable legal actions, are ripe for master planning.

We turn last to the political area. How shall the planning mechanism be set up? We are forced to admit that history points strongly to the state. The Incas, the Pharaohs, the imperial trade of Rome, the War Industries Board, the Supreme Economic Council, the Gosplan, have all been agencies of the central government, although the War Industries Board was run largely by business men in coöperation with regional groups of business men. In the United States there are more ability and energy in the business community than in any other group. If industry itself chose to take charge of the planning machinery, and really marched on overproduction, unemployment, business cycles, and low standards of living, I for one would raise no objections. Even if profit ranges here and there and from time to time were excessive, one could not complain too bitterly if the main objectives were being achieved. We do not care who controls the wild horses, so long as they are effectively controlled.

All this is rank treason to the young idealist and the orthodox socialist, who have been taught that business men are committed to the longest hours, the lowest wages, the vilest working conditions, and the most gorgeous profit ranges they can possibly enforce. This accusation was largely true up to a decade or two ago when mass production made its real bow. Mass production demands mass consumption. As a matter of cold fact, the ablest business men in America to-day are committed to high wages, short hours, and admirable working conditions. They find that such measures aid mass consumption, provide leisure time to consume leisure-time goods, keep operating costs down. For the first time in history, business men have a genuine stake in the abolition of poverty. This hardly converts them into angels, but their horns and tails have visibly receded. The difficulty is, of course, that they are still animated to a large extent by the lure of profits to-morrow rather than public well-being in ten or twenty years. Master planning means long-swing operations like national afforestation, and like conservation of the petroleum supply, primarily in the interest of lubricating oil. Lumber men and oil men have the greatest difficulty in seeing their operations in such terms. Private profit is bound to clash with master planning in many fields, though not necessarily in all.

The control we are considering must pass through two stages — the drafting of the plan, and its administration after adoption. The first is passive, the

second active. I see no future for master planning without mandatory powers in the second stage. In Russia, the Gosplan is theoretically an advisory body, but it is incorporated in the extremely powerful department of Labor and Defense; its suggestions are immediately drafted into law and executive action. In America an advisory commission, drafting a plan and submitting recommendations to President, Congress, state and regional authorities, trade associations, labor unions, would undoubtedly be a move in the right direction, but would accomplish, one suspects, little beyond oratory and beautifully bound reports. Witness the New England Council. Somewhere there must be a set of teeth, perhaps not too many teeth to begin with, but at least two or three sound and articulating molars. The War Industries Board, you remember, controlled fuel supply and freight cars, without which most business men are helpless.

V

Master planning, then, means a geographical area large enough to cope with economic self-sufficiency, with due regard for the psychological considerations implicit in regional planning. It means that all essential industries are comprehended, and their interrelations closely followed, failing which the problems of specialization cannot be confronted. It means first a paper programme, and then executive action clothed with more than advisory power. It probably means the state — with as much coöperation from industry as the government can secure. But there is no objection — save from embittered Marxists — to industry's taking the lead if it has the will and the intelligence.

Probably the most important feature of master planning is the orderly control of new investment. In so-called prosperous years in the United States, we may release as much as ten billion dollars. This sum goes anywhere, on a glorious hit-and-miss basis — into woolen mills when there are already three times as many woolen mills as the market needs, into highly dubious foreign enterprises where the size of the banker's commission is the primary magnet, into surplus cement plants, into new oil pools when we have a 50 per cent excess of producing wells, into miniature golf courses, into skyscrapers and subways to compound the discomfort and danger of existing in Megalopolis, into land reclamation projects when bankrupt farmers are streaming from the land, into a huge advertising campaign to make us athletes foot-conscious, into developing house lots in the swamps of Florida. (At the peak of the boom there were more house lots for sale in the palmy peninsula than there were families in the United States.) It will be a long day before a planning board can tell a man what he shall do with his surplus funds in this Republic, but at least his sturdy individualism might not be outraged if there were an authority to tell him where his money had a chance of secure earning power over a term of years, and where it would simply be thrown away. The mere knowledge, now unobtainable, of where capital is genuinely needed and where it is not would be a long step forward. A certain amount of capital would have to be conscripted — at fair rates of interest — for great public improvements, like slum clearance, where the profit would mature beyond the patience of the private investor.

The whole wheel of the Russian Five-Year Plan turns on the allotment of capital to new enterprises. This is what balanced economy means. Just enough coal mines and iron mines to supply the steel industry; just enough blast fur-

naces to supply the rails, structural shapes, tractors, and pitchforks that the plan calls for, year by year. In five years, some thirty billions of dollars will go flooding into mills, mines, railroads, power plants, houses, schools, mechanized farms. Nearly every kopeck of it has been allotted in advance. Russia, of course, has the great advantage of starting from scratch. She had no industrial structure worthy of the name to scrap or remodel; hers was a handicraft economy. She can put her new mills where they functionally belong with an eye to raw-material supply, transportation outlets, markets, as well as labor. In Western civilization we have ever jammed our mills down where labor could be most ruthlessly exploited, on the now-exploded theory that cheap men connote low costs. We have to rearrange a chaos, — imagine trying to unscramble New York City! — where Russia need only build fresh and clean.

We have, however, the advantage of a far higher standard of living to carry us through a transition period. We have the advantage, too, of having already started upon a programme of industrial decentralization, while Russia is heading, mistakenly I believe, for the Pittsburgh ideal of huge, smoky, roaring industrial blood clots. Worshiping the machine, she likes to see her god a towering colossus. She will have to learn better, if she is really to live with the brute.

The second great task of master planning is to bring purchasing power into alignment with the growth of the technical arts, to give citizens enough income to buy back the goods which citizens make. The failure to do this hitherto has been the bitterest paradox of the whole industrial revolution. It means tinkering with the credit system, tinkering with wages, tinkering with hours of labor. The first two must expand, the third contract. Sometimes, in a fit of desperation, one is prepared to cry a halt in the technical arts, giving society opportunity to catch up with its indefatigable engineers, the arts of consumption a chance to draw level with production — but this is begging the question, as well as desecrating all the sacred cows of progress.

The regional conception will not down. The conning-tower captains must leave no stone unturned in an endeavor to make economic regions more nearly self-sustaining, less susceptible to the ebb and flow of outside economic forces, than they now are. Specialization has gone too far for either human comfort or human safety. In our Northwest programme, we aimed at 70 per cent local self-sufficiency. The principle, of course, is that of a wheat farmer with a garden patch. If the crop fails, or the dumpers dump, he can still eat. In the regional idea, furthermore, things of the spirit receive more consideration: the beauty and order of one's own countryside; a rebirth of craftsmanship aided by cheap electric power; a local literature, a local art.

VI

I have tried to state the major objectives and the major problems of the dawning concept of master planning. The objectives I can see with some lucidity; the problems I know not how to solve. I shall wait as eagerly as you, fellow reader, for the matured judgments of wiser men.

The difficulties are very grave. Primarily we lack, even in this period of profound depression and widespread suffering, the psychological imperative to seize the industrial system and forge it into an instrument fit for human use. As the months drag on, however, the imperative mounts. In another year

we may even equal the emotional crisis which drove us almost willingly into the arms of the War Industries Board. Again, we have no means of gauging the resistance of the business world, except that we know it will be violent in many quarters.

Thorstein Veblen once drew an illuminating distinction between 'business' and 'industry.' The former, devoted to buying and selling, counts that day lost which does not offer speculative opportunity. 'The highest achievement in business is the nearest approach to something for nothing.' Business defined in terms of profitable speculation will never tolerate a master plan where security replaces speculation. Industry, on the other hand, is the engineering aspect of economic enterprise. It seeks the balanced load in plant operation, the steady market, the low-price–large-volume ideal; it relies heavily on research, expert management, quantitative analysis. It is profoundly distressed by upheavals beyond its control which throw production schedules out of joint — those same upheavals upon which the speculator thrives.

Is it unreasonable to hope that industry, so defined, will welcome master planning? Certainly if the conning tower is ever a reality it will have to be staffed by men from this industrial school.

The Northwest Project was a dream. Russia is no dream. Day by day her shadow falls sharper, bolder, upon the face of the world. . . .

THE REIGN OF ERROR

BY JAMES HARVEY WILLIAMS

I

In his annual message to Congress last December, President Hoover made a recommendation of vital importance to American business. He suggested a study of the effects of existing anti-trust legislation.

> I recommend [he said] that the Congress institute an inquiry into some aspects of the economic working of these laws. I do not favor repeal of the Sherman Act. The prevention of monopolies is of the most vital public importance. Competition is not only the basis of protection to the consumer, but is the incentive to progress. However, the interpretation of these laws by the courts, upon those enterprises closely related to the use of the natural resources of the country, makes such an inquiry advisable. The producers of these materials assert that certain unfortunate results of wasteful and destructive use of these natural resources, together with a destructive competition which impoverishes both operator and worker, cannot be remedied because of these prohibitive interpretations of the anti-trust laws. The well-known condition of the bituminous coal industry is an illustration. The people have a vital interest in the conservation of their natural resources, in the prevention of wasteful practices, in conditions of destructive competition which may impoverish the producer and the wage earner, and they have an equal interest in maintaining adequate competition. I,

therefore, suggest that an inquiry be directed especially to the effect of the workings of the anti-trust laws in these particular fields, to determine if these evils can be remedied without sacrifice of the fundamental purpose of these laws.

Since the results of the proposed inquiry may determine in large part the course of the nation's industrial development, the President's suggestion should enlist the interest of manufacturers and distributors alike.

Everywhere, except in Congress, it has become a recognized fact that serious maladjustments exist in our economic life. At the annual conventions of nearly every industry, discussion centres upon the hardships imposed by 'conditions of destructive competition.' Many entire trades are unable to operate profitably under the blind type of competition that is imposed by law; as a consequence, a high premium is placed upon merging. But, as Mark Twain said in reference to the weather, everyone complains, but no one does anything about it.

At the moment we are in the throes of a severe industrial depression. Many economists have said that overproduction was one of its contributing causes, and several have proposed more careful economic planning as a method of preventing overproduction in the future and avoiding a recurrence of these periodic slumps. It is a sound idea, but it will remain impracticable until the Sherman Act is modified to allow business some adequate measure of control over its own destinies. One simple illustration will show that this is true. As times improve, suppose that there should be a definite increase of 10 per cent, let us say, in the demand for shoes. Each shoe manufacturer will know it, and it will be the signal for each factory to begin operations on a larger scale. This would be the critical time for rational planning if that were possible. If the manufacturers, through their trade association, could strike an agreement to limit their combined increase in output to 10 per cent, production would then be geared to consumption; the shoe industry would start off again on a sound basis.

At present, however, such an agreement — no matter how sensible it might be or how necessary to the general welfare — is illegal under the Sherman Act. It would be a 'combination in restraint of trade,' and therefore expressly forbidden. Forced to act independently, each shoe manufacturer will speed up his operations as much as he dares, in the hope that he will be able to sell more shoes than his competitors. In the industry as a whole, production will be increased, not 10 per cent, but 15 or 20 or 30 per cent. Here, at the very beginning of better times, the seeds of the next depression will be sown; the situation will continue to get more and more out of hand until, at last, another crisis will correct the excesses which the law has rendered the manufacturers powerless to correct for themselves.

It is vital to the general welfare that Congress undertake this long-overdue investigation which the President has recommended. If an unprejudiced, fact-finding committee were to study the problem, we should be able for the first time to chart our economic philosophy by definite findings, instead of leaving it entangled in misconceptions and cross-purposes. Congress, however, seems to be supinely indifferent to the health of industry. The only resolutions filed during the recent short session sought either to limit the proposed inquiry to a report upon the power of Congress to enlarge the administration of the existing laws, or to determine whether the Department of Justice has properly enforced them. Either type of investigation is a plain distortion of the President's purpose;

neither type seeks even a diagnosis of industry's troubles, let alone a cure.

Even if the proper kind of inquiry is undertaken, there is some danger that it may be restricted to the coal and oil industries. This would be a colossal blunder. The problem of destructive competition is well-nigh universal in all branches of business. The plight of the coal and oil industries only *seems* to demand more urgent attention because they are forced to waste natural resources, a loss which is readily apparent to everyone. A vast number of other industries — industries which affect many more people — are forced to waste finished materials, and this loss, although less conspicuous, is a greater drain upon the nation's wealth than the other. To be wholly effective, therefore, any Congressional inquiry must be comprehensive. It would simply perpetuate the costly policy of the past to temporize with the need for a complete solution by adding one or two more particularly hard-pressed industries to the piecemeal exemptions that have already been made — exemptions which create class privilege and stand as self-confessed evidence that our present anti-trust laws will not work.

II

The primary purpose of the Sherman Act was to banish from our economic life the power to create a monopoly in private industry. It committed us to 'the principle of competition,' which means simply the maintenance of competitive sources of supply. To this end 'the liberty of the trader' was protected against acts of oppression by his competitors. Thus, it was thought, the door of free competition would always remain open to independent capital and brains. If one searches through the history of the period which brought forth the Sherman Act, one will find no evidence that this law was ever intended to throttle legitimate business by enforcing a reign of cutthroat competition between financially disconnected units not seeking to oppress or absorb other competitors. This fact is not generally realized. There was also no indication, either in the Act or in the public opinion of the time, of any purpose to protect consumers beyond such ample protection as was explicitly granted in the provision forbidding monopoly and hence ensuring the existence of multiple sources of supply. Yet the broad language of the Act, as will presently be shown, has given rise to this wasteful economic philosophy, and it has been so generally accepted that it has become almost a part of the substantive law itself.

In order to see how this has come about, it will be necessary to distinguish clearly between the two separate parts into which consideration of the Sherman Act should fall. First is that part dealing with trusts, monopolies, oppression of competitors, and with questions of definition, administration, and jurisdiction. This is the true anti-trust act. But there is a second part which is summed up in the wide clause: '*Every* contract [the italics are mine], combination . . . or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce . . . is hereby declared illegal.' This constitutes what may fairly be called the 'restraint-of-trade act.' Paradoxically enough, this second part of the Sherman Act has done much to defeat the primary purpose intended; by inducing mergers, the provision forbidding *all* agreements 'in restraint of trade' has actually had the effect of a pro-trust act.

When President Hoover, former President Coolidge, and others almost unanimously declare that they do not favor repeal of the Sherman Act, it is

essential to bear in mind the distinction between the two parts of this law; an analysis of their statements always reveals that their real concern is to preserve our traditional opposition to monopoly in manufacture and distribution. The public is rightly united in the belief that monopoly is contrary to the national interest. But every utterance against repeal or amendment of the Sherman Act, justified in the main purpose though it be, creates a general impression that *all* the provisions of the Act are necessary bulwarks against monopoly. This is far from the truth. The 'restraint-of-trade act' is not only not a bulwark against monopoly; it actually fosters monopoly, and this is the only part of the Sherman Act which business men wish to modify. If the present maladjustments of industry are to be cured at the source, the law which created them will have to be changed. Such a change has become necessary, not only to restore the balance of power between buyer and seller upon which our economic equilibrium depends, but also to prevent the nullification of the real will of the people with regard to monopoly.

The Supreme Court has never explicitly declared that voluntary agreements with respect to price, limitation of production, or apportionment of territory among competitors who have not even a remote chance of establishing a monopoly are contrary to sound economic policy. This fundamental point has never been reviewed on its merits, and indeed cannot be so reviewed, because Congress, with its ill-chosen if not inadvertent phrase, '*every* restraint,' has damned practically all agreements of this kind, the good along with the bad, in its blanket indictment. In the cases that have come before the courts it has only been necessary to show that such agreements are 'in restraint of trade,' as they obviously are, and hence *ipso facto* unlawful. But this leaves open the very important question whether some of these agreements between competitors in manufacture and distribution may not actually promote the public interest. As a matter of fact, if they are subject to proof of 'reasonableness' upon complaint, they not only do not tend to create monopoly, but are positive deterrents to it. Again, it is the absolute prohibition of such agreements that fosters monopoly, for, by placing unduly narrow limits upon the coöperative action of independent units, the law provides the most conspicuous motive for mergers.

Nowadays it is customary to dismiss giant industrial combinations as natural developments of the machine age, part of the inevitable trend of the times. But it is the restraint-of-trade part of the Sherman Act that has made them both natural and inevitable. In general, these mergers of competing companies were originally formed to enable them to exercise as a single corporation the stabilizing influence upon prices, production, and division of territory which the law forbids them to exercise by agreement as independent units. This has been the prime motive underlying the whole merger movement. Later, there have developed other collateral types of mergers calculated to effect control of raw materials, concentration of purchases, or diversification of product; but these have followed as by-products and have not figured prominently as motivating causes. These being the conditions which have promoted the growth of mergers, it is only natural that independent manufacturers and distributors have been left at a great disadvantage. Every large combination in a given industry brings together a concentrated purchasing power which, in its practical working, is a bludgeon

leveled at the heads of all the important vendors to that industry. For example, if several mergers should take place among the publishing houses, every paper manufacturer would see the number of outlets for his paper reduced. If he should lose an important customer, he would find it extremely difficult to replace him. So difficult, indeed, that the manufacturer would not dare take the risk of losing him and the customer would be in such a strong position that he could virtually dictate his own terms. This is precisely what is happening with the spread of mergers. It is permitting the buyer to set the price. Since, under the operations of the law, purchasers can act jointly, while sellers cannot, the old trading slogan, 'Let the buyer beware,' has now become 'Let the seller beware.'

At the root of our industrial maladjustment there is too much solicitude for the rights of the consumer and too little for those of the manufacturer and investor. It is imperative, therefore, to determine where the true public interest lies between the rights of those who buy and those who sell. Does it not lie, first of all, in the freedom of buyer and seller to deal or not to deal with each other? If so, then it follows that the welfare of the public is seriously jeopardized by the situation which now prevails. When an industry is controlled by a few merged corporations, the sellers to that industry are not free to deal or not to deal; they face the alternative of dealing at the price the purchaser dictates, which may be ruinous, or of going out of business. The equilibrium of the opposed parties is no longer maintained by the law of supply and demand; it is completely upset by the arbitrary power of the buyer to enforce his own terms.

With so many factors favoring the buyer against the seller, there can be no middle ground for American business between virtual monopolies, on the one hand, and, on the other, some relaxation of the law that will permit price agreements between sellers. Such agreements, of course, must be subject to public accountability and to penalties for abuse. With this safeguard they would be a means of preserving that freedom in competition which the anti-trust laws were intended to guarantee.

It is true that the very thought of 'price fixing' is anathema to many people because of its past association with various forms of financial pooling and with misguided attempts to maintain artificial price levels. But there is a vital distinction between price fixing for greed and price stabilization from necessity, which keeps open the other important elements of competition — quality, service, and cost reduction.

To make this distinction clear, one need only mention the tense competition that exists between the railroads and between the banks, both of which operate under practically uniform rates. Moreover, such price agreements would not mean that prices would be held arbitrarily at a permanent level. Recent experiences with copper and rubber prove once more that this cannot be done. If the price were set too high, new competition or a 'buyers' strike' would quickly bring it down to the proper point, agreement or no agreement. But the level would be adjusted at frequent intervals by competitors working together on the basis of cost and demand, and a retreat — if conditions called for retreat — would be orderly instead of hysterical and ruinous. Whether prices rise or fall, the manufacturer whose judgment dictates the lowest price will control. He will either have his own way or drop out of the agreement.

At present the laws forbid the use of this remedy; consequently vendors too

have begun to merge in an effort to pit mass selling power against mass purchasing power. The 'distribution merger' of allied but non-competing products such as that of General Foods Corporation, as well as similar developments in other fields, shows still another phase of this economic urge. In order to keep abreast of the chain-store movement the local distributor may yet have to merge with others in neighboring cities. The banks are already consolidating their capital to keep pace with the growth of their corporate customers. Thus the vicious circle rolls merrily on, gathering accretions like a wet snowball. Eventually competitive units will be so few that there will be no alternative to this virtual monopoly, since two or three large corporations in unregulated control of a nation-wide field protect the public little better than one. What door of opportunity will then stand open to new competition?

These are among the fundamental conditions which have been created by the anti-trust laws. The problem which they raise, however, is not a legal problem; it is a matter of economics and practical business experience. A sane solution will provide us with a new economic and social philosophy of the utmost importance. The whole question of revising the Sherman Act has been widely misunderstood and distorted. In the forty years since our present course was charted our industry and commerce have undergone vast changes which would have rendered even the wisest legislation obsolete; yet no modification whatever has been made in the substantive law. No measure of relief has been granted to business except the special exemption of certain privileged industries. And this has gone hand in hand with a more liberal policy toward consolidations of capital which has tended directly to foster monopoly — the very thing that the Sherman Act was framed to prevent.

II

That the problems of industry have not received as sympathetic consideration from the Federal Government as the welfare of the country has required, or as labor and agriculture have received, is a matter of common knowledge. Former President Coolidge recognizes this with evident regret, for in one of his recent little messages to the country he says: —

> We need a better understanding between business and government. It would be well to temper regulation with coöperation and season restriction with encouragement. The solicitous care given labor and agriculture by the government has generally worked to the public advantage. When the representatives or individual members of these interests make mistakes, they are not charged against the whole organization. But in commercial business the errors are usually considered to reflect on the whole group. All legitimate business is entitled to governmental consideration. When industry will be affected by governmental action, it ought to be heard sympathetically and without implication of seeking domination contrary to the public interest. We cannot have employment and prosperity except on the basis of justice to business.

For this public attitude of suspicion to which Mr. Coolidge refers, business has itself largely to blame. During the last century the ethics of big business, often little better than the ethics of pirates, caused every element of public opinion to be arrayed against it. In due course this universal condemnation had its effect, and in the end business capitulated completely. Human nature has not changed, but it may fairly be said of industry to-day that enlightened selfishness has generally supplanted the ruthless selfishness of a generation ago. Business men have learned their lesson

and can now be trusted with a reasonable measure of responsible freedom — subject, of course, to the checks and balances which the public interest requires of all elements in the population.

Business is further handicapped in obtaining relief because its own counsels are divided. A few leading industrial organizations oppose reform of the Sherman Act because they fear that they may lose the right of injunction in labor disputes which the Act confers upon employers. Some industries have already attained the maximum advantages to be had from mergers, and their managers are loath to give up the present system, which permits them to buy at prices below cost from the disorganized industries that must sell to them. Others are persuaded that efforts to obtain relief would only result in the imposition of even harsher restrictive measures by the radicals in Congress. Still others have been converted to the 'new era' philosophy so prevalent during the boom period of 1929; they allow themselves to believe that economic laws have become obsolete, that the evil of overproduction is really the fault of underconsumption, that true prosperity lies in producing first and then making the public absorb whatever is offered.

Another group has been drugged by the doctrine, so freely expounded in Washington, that the rights of the consumer are superior to all others. This group spreads abroad the notion that cutthroat price competition is the only incentive to efficiency, that efficiency is inherent in mere size, that the mass of independent producers and distributors who urge revision of the law want protection against their 'larger and more efficient competitors.' It ignores the fact that many industries, because of their very nature, do not lend themselves to the methods of mass production, and that in many others even the most efficient cannot prosper. Such units want protection, not against greater efficiency, but only against those competitors who rarely, if ever, make an annual profit, and against the buyers whose power fosters this condition.

Finally, efficiency experts and legal advisers of many trade associations have exerted a discouraging influence. Their knowledge and experience of complex anti-trust cases are naturally bewildering to the man at his desk operating a business; he has probably never studied the anti-trust laws, but he wonders, nevertheless, why his competitors won't let either him or themselves escape from red ink. The experts tell him that he needs better cost accounting, more trade statistics, better legal advice, and various other panaceas. They do not tell him that none of these services, all valuable in themselves, can help to equalize the artificially created disparity that now exists between buyer and seller.

In the face of such conflicting opinions, it is not strange that business sentiment has been unable to crystallize to end the uneconomic 'reign of error' which owes its origin to the Sherman Act.

IV

If a Congressional inquiry into the workings of the anti-trust laws should be instituted in accordance with President Hoover's suggestion, the committee would have to consider the following major defects of existing legislation:—

1. By prohibiting competitors from adjusting their total production to the total demand, it has caused wanton waste of our invaluable and irreplaceable natural resources.

2. By prohibiting the stabilization of both production and prices, it has

caused widespread 'profitless prosperity' among manufacturers and distributors.

3. It is directly responsible for a large part of the present trend toward concentration of capital.

4. By forbidding agreements to eliminate the 'cross-hauling' of freight, it has prevented economies in the cost of steel and many other materials.

5. It has made it impossible for manufacturers of trade-marked articles to protect the reputation of their products against dealers who wish to feature them at less than the advertised price.

6. It has worked indefensible injustice against many specific interests, such as the meat packers; for it has forced some of the packers to refrain from handling groceries, while it has not only permitted their competitors to do so, but has allowed the grocery companies to enter the packing business.

7. It has been proved unworkable in principle by the necessity of granting numerous special exemptions amounting to class privilege.

8. Some of its applications have been so uncertain that many useful and lawful acts have been forestalled through fear of prosecution.

If a Congressional committee undertakes to determine the truth of this indictment and conducts its investigation with any degree of open-mindedness, it cannot fail to discover that these ills of business are to be cured only by a fundamental change in our economic philosophy, dictated by economic needs and interpreted by economic minds. Fair and equal treatment must be accorded to both buyer and seller, and this will require revision of the substantive law. It will not be necessary to repeal the Sherman Act, but it *will* be necessary to amend it. Once the changed philosophy is accepted, nothing more complex will be required than this simple addition to the Sherman Act: —

SECTION 9: That the words 'in restraint of trade,' wherever used in this Act, shall be deemed and interpreted to mean only such restraint of trade as, with equal regard for the interests of capital, labor, and consumer, shall be to the detriment of the public interest.

If the terms 'equal regard' and 'detriment of the public interest' seem to require definition, a simple measure is to ask the question whether the restraint upon any party is greater than is required to protect any other party's interest. Obviously it would be impossible to list every conceivable restraint upon the public interest. Each case under review must be judged in the light of its specific circumstances.

By amending the anti-trust laws in this fashion, it would then be possible for the first time to measure any trade agreements that might be made in relation to a broad view of the public good which they might serve. This is precisely what has not been possible under the Sherman Act in its present form. In effect it now forbids *every* agreement in restraint of trade — good, bad, and indifferent alike.

In actual practice the courts have sometimes exercised broader discretion than the narrow letter of the law seemed to allow. Recent interpretations of the Supreme Court have inclined toward a more liberal view; and because of this several prominent trust-law specialists assert that only *unreasonable* restraint of trade remains outlawed to-day. But in the absence of a clearly formulated economic philosophy defining the public interest in terms that will do justice equally to capital, labor, and consumer, no one can predict what the court will consider 'reasonable.' Thus, in the Trenton Potteries case in 1926, the Supreme

Court declared that any agreement in respect to price, no matter how reasonable the price may be, is unlawful. So it must be under the unqualified wording of the Act as it now stands. Again, in 1929, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, upon the advice of the Attorney-General, had to withhold from our oil producers its approval of their participation with foreign companies in the vitally needed agreement to limit the world's production to the estimated demand, because to do so might contravene the Sherman Act. It is obvious, then, that the so-called 'liberal tendency' of the courts falls far short of a real solution of the problem.

The law must first be changed. Then court decisions like that in the Trenton Potteries case can no longer be handed down to fly in the face of urgent necessity and confound every canon of economic sense. It will then be possible to weigh each case in the light of its peculiar circumstances and with an eye to the bearing of every proposed trade agreement upon the conditions of the time and the public interest that will be served. This will permit a flexibility of interpretation over the years as conditions change — an advantage which the restraint-of-trade part of the Sherman Act does not now possess. Those agreements which jeopardize the true public interest would continue to be forbidden just as they now are, but those which promote the general welfare would be allowed. Thus independent units in any industry would be permitted to estimate the total demand for their products and avoid both the waste and the demoralization which result from overproduction. They would be granted the right to apportion territory as a means of eliminating uneconomic cross-hauling. They would be allowed to make agreements about prices (including resale prices) when the prices proposed were not excessive in relation to investment, risk, frequency of turnover, attraction of new capital, and normal reserves for depreciation, obsolescence, and research, improved equipment, and the hazards of business. In short, the balance would at last be restored between buyer and seller.

Once the law has been brought into harmony with sound economic policy, it will be advisable to set up a new public tribunal, perhaps a strengthened Federal Trade Commission, to administer it. Such a tribunal should be divorced from politics. It should be made up of economists and business men, so chosen that membership in this body will be regarded as a symbol of success adequately rewarded; for it will be essential to attract men of the greatest experience, civic responsibility, and breadth of mind. The first important duty of this new trade commission will be to formulate the economic philosophy which I have touched upon, defining the public interest in the light of the revised law and working out a broad code of commercial conduct that will be permissible under it. This is a task for economic minds, since the problem is fundamentally economic and not legal. Once it is accomplished, it will provide the courts with new standards of judgment, which are badly needed. Both the lawyers and the courts ought to welcome such a plan, for it will afford them relief from the present necessity of interpreting unfamiliar matters of economic policy.

This public body should place its chief emphasis upon economic action rather than legal action. With regard to trade agreements, it should have advisory powers before consummation of the proposed acts at the option of the industry concerned, as well as administrative and quasi-judicial powers after the fact, either at its own option or upon complaint. When mergers are

contemplated, it should have judicial powers before the fact. Thus only those cases which the tribunal recommended for civil or criminal prosecution would need to come up before the courts. So simple would be the operation of the amended law under the supervision of this tribunal that business men would no longer require legal aid in their everyday practices except when intricate questions arose.

It has frequently been urged upon high authority that, even without revising the Sherman Act, the ills of business could be adequately dealt with by setting up such a tribunal to give advance opinions upon the legality of proposed 'contracts in commerce' under the existing law. The proposal is misleading. Without first amending the law, the usefulness of an advisory commission would be confined solely to contemplated mergers, as they might be affected by the anti-trust part of the Sherman Act. While it is greatly needed for that purpose, it would obviously be futile to ask any such body to sanction an agreement affecting prices, limitation of production, or the apportionment of territory; the adverse decisions of the Supreme Court under the restraint-of-trade part of the Act preclude a consideration of these matters. Proposals of this sort, therefore, do more harm than good by encouraging industry to believe that practical relief for its major problems can be had without a definite change in our economic philosophy and in the law which reflects it.

Suppose, however, that such a plan as I have described were adopted. Industry would be required to assume the responsibility whenever its projects might be thought to endanger the general welfare. The burden of proof would rest squarely upon the industry against which a complaint was lodged — the only ones in possession of all the facts. Any party to an agreement which constituted restraint of trade would have to be prepared to show that it was not contrary to the new conception of the public interest. Subject to this limitation, mergers might still be permitted whenever competitive sources of supply would be adequately preserved. The independent producer or distributor, by cooperating with his competitors, could remain independent whenever efficiency would not be increased or survival better assured by merger. Both big business and small would be accountable to a common tribunal in case of complaint. The public interest would receive all the protection that it receives to-day, and it would be safeguarded by a flexible system that would be more fair and just to capital, labor, and the consumer alike. Moreover, a minimum of burden would be imposed upon the government, for the Department of Justice would need to prosecute only upon complaint of the new trade commission, and the commission itself would not be called upon to approve every proposed agreement in advance.

This programme does not permit monopoly, does not restrict the consumer's sources of supply, does not allow large corporations to oppress small competitors, does not tend to limit new competition. It operates to maintain and improve the standards of American life by helping to stabilize the employment of both labor and capital. It promotes economic balance and security, and social peace. Is it not, then, high time for our government to probe the question thoroughly before industry and distribution pass completely into the stage of universal semi-monopoly? Until it does, economic chaos will continue to be the order of the day and industry will be driven headlong by the will-to-merge.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On the Need of Another Conference

One evening not long ago the Old Gentleman Opposite came up to my study on the tenth floor of the Novomundo Apartments, to return a pleasant book which I had lent to his sister Narcissa. (I refrain from giving its title, as that might seem to him an approach to advertising methods, in regard to which his opinion will presently appear.)

I took advantage of this rare opportunity to call his attention to the view from my western windows, which constantly delights my soul. Across the lower roofs I can see the great river flowing on, plum-blue or silver-gray, or reflecting rosy cloud wings of sunset; and at night the farther bank exhibits its electric constellations, to my childish joy. I pointed out this pleasing prospect to my old friend, and misquoted with relish,

> 'This beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'

'Hm!' said he. 'But it is n't

> 'Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!'

His tone was sardonic. He began to read aloud the fiery legends blazoned upon the bank. 'Snowdrift Sugar, Mondamin Breakfast Food, Scrubwell Soap — and what's that glittering palace yonder? Oh, it's the Delirium Amusement Park!'

'Yes, it's not the Celestial City, as the first glimpse might suggest,' said I, 'but the worst in this kind may be acceptable, if imagination amend it.'

He would not, however, acknowledge the spell of my magic casements. 'All to one end,' said he. 'Advertisement! Beauty is now Andromeda, fastened to the rock, as a sacrifice to the beast.

> 'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Trade,
> And feed its sacred flame.'

This was so unusually bitter, coming from my kindly old friend, that I wondered what the cause could be. I thought his nerves needed soothing; and I offered him a choice of cigarettes.

'No!' he exclaimed explosively. 'Thank you very much; but I won't smoke Golden Treasure, and I won't smoke Arabian Joy. Their big billboards now appear at the most beautiful points of my favorite landscapes, bearing the counterfeit presentment of a colossal young man in the present style of short-story illustration, smoking a giant cigarette. If it will not desecrate your study, I prefer a pipe.' He took out a small French brier, and filled it from his pouch with something that presently emitted an agreeable odor. 'An unadvertised blend,' he explained.

He smoked awhile in silence; then, having softened somewhat, lapsed into a confidence.

'You have perceived that something is the matter. Well, I am nursing a disappointment. . . . Did I ever tell you that I used to be a teacher?'

'It was unnecessary,' I answered.

'I suppose,' he said, 'that there *is* a badge that marks our tribe, though it is n't Sufferance. That may mark our pupils. I loved mine, and I miss them still.

'One of them came to see me last night. Walter was my special hope and pride. His poems — his tricksy little familiar essays — his light renderings of Horace — and then his sketches! Not brutal caricatures, you know, but delicately humorous, in the best spirit of *Punch*. I'll show you sometime.' . . . He smoked again, and mused.

'Walter,' he said at last, with the note of tragedy, 'has gone into Advertising.'

'Practically the best thing he could have done,' said I. 'That's the field of the future. And so well paid!'

He was muttering softly to himself,

> 'Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.'

'Gold dust,' I amended.

'Consider,' he resumed, 'what is spent on this extravagant and erring business. Let us suppose for a minute, difficult as it may be, that man is a rational being. He wants something, and must know where to get it. Good. Or he makes something, and must let other people know where to get it. Good. That's the skeleton of the situation.'

I nodded.

'But,' he went on, 'it has now become "He does n't want something, and must be made to believe that he does want it," or "He makes something, and must induce everybody to believe that it is better than anything else of the kind." So that the heart of the matter is, in the first instance, a specious Allurement; and, in the second instance, an unscrupulous Competition — which is War.

'That brings me to my point. If only the producers of a given article could get together around a Table . . .'

'A Table,' said I. 'There has been a superstitious notion, since the days of King Arthur, that a Table has mysterious powers. But go on.'

'If they could agree that they would confine their advertising, perhaps at first for a limited period, to the simple statement that a certain article has positive excellences, and is for sale at a certain price in certain places, why then . . .'

'What then?'

'All this vast machinery, this stupendous armament of advertising, might be dispensed with. Think of the beneficial effect on human life! The immense saving of money and time and effort and ingenuity; the rediscovery of the joy of pure Beauty, delight in Beauty as its own excuse for being, dissociated from the thought of profit! And really, if some action of this kind is n't taken soon, I can't see what we are coming to. Advertisement has captured the radio; and now, I understand, it has captured the talking film for "cartoon comedies written around the product," twenty-five thousand dollars a reel. It will be only one step more to the popular short story, which may also be written around the product. There will be prizes offered. . . .'

'And what,' I asked, 'of the unemployment which would result from your simple scheme of a self-denying agreement?'

'My plan would merely turn industry into other and better channels,' he answered hopefully. 'It would free literature and art and music for their proper functions. Yes, if we could only arrange a Great Disadvertisement Conference — around a Table . . .'

'May I ask,' said I, 'whether that method appears to you, from our experience of it, to be sufficiently rapid in its operation for your purposes?'

'It might be slow,' he admitted sadly.

'And it would require a good deal of preparation. The representatives of the large manufacturing interests would have to be educated. I hesitate to use the current expression, but the idea of

disadvertisement would have to be *sold* to them — to be widely advertised, in short. . . .'

The Old Gentleman rose to his feet.

'Then there is no way out,' said he. 'We may certainly look forward to a time when there are more persons employed in advertising any product than in the actual manufacture of that product. The result may be a great debacle — a reaction against the conveniences of civilization, and a return to barbarism.'

His hand moved toward a coat pocket from which I have learned to expect some lyric development. I was not disappointed; but in the action of drawing out his latest effusion — which I append — he dislodged from his pocket a small stray copper coin. It rolled upon the floor. Picking it up, he looked at it thoughtfully.

'This portrait and motto,' said he, 'will presently have to be changed.'

'What would you suggest?' I inquired.

'A profile of P. T. Barnum, crowned with laurel,' said he, 'with the motto, "It pays to advertise."'

Sonnet of the Stark Future

When all offenses have been swept away
  By cleansing Time from earth's affronted face,
Perhaps in some wide wilderness shall stray
  (Where cities were) some youth of savage race;
And he shall find in that deserted spot
  And view with blank uncomprehending stare
(Rude relic of a cult long since forgot)
  One ancient billboard, by a chance laid bare,
Remainder of the Age of Speed and Greed,
  Half-shattered, thrust up slanting from the sand;
And on it he shall see, but shall not read,
  This legend: 'Buy the Ozymandias Brand' —
Of what? That stretch of uninsulted sky,
  That unexploited waste, shall render no reply.

Haunts and Hants

I have several more interesting methods of wooing sleep than the hoary one of counting sheep jumping over a fence. What these methods are I shall not here explain, because what seems entertaining and beneficial to one person very frequently strikes another as supremely foolish. Take stamp collecting, for example. . . . However, I must not digress. Suffice it to say, then, that on a recent night I found slumber difficult to cajole, and, casting about for a mental opiate, I lighted on one — for some time unused — that had on former occasions worked like a charm.

This method was to review my recollections of England — a country of which I am very fond — and to concentrate my attention on picturesque bits of scenery, such as ancient walled towns, wide sweeping moorlands, the mysterious fen country, the coombs and cliffs of Devon. Very well, said I, I will concentrate on York — that old gray town with the stately cathedral, Roman ruins, massive walls, huddles of little houses honeycombed with quaint lanes and secret passageways. I did so — and immediately found myself thinking of a murder that had been committed in a York draper's shop; not a romantic, historical murder such as might lull the senses, but a peculiarly mean and despicable murder committed solely for greed. What's this? I said, half starting from my pillow. Oh, yes, the body was found in a window seat, where it had been hidden for years, and the criminal when caught turned out to be a most respectable-seeming alderman. That's one of J. S. Fletcher's stories.

York evidently would n't do. I searched for a more somnolent locale and focused on the Norfolk broads — aforetime a favorite hunting ground, with its little twisting streams by which the Norsemen wound their way to the Isle of Ely. This was better. . . . My eyelids drooped. Then abruptly I saw a small stone cottage, set on a lonely mud bank in the heart of the

fens. An evil-faced woman was drinking gin in the kitchen while her husband sharpened a knife. Yes, they were going to do for the stranger in the front room and bury him in the rushes. They were going to kill half a dozen before they themselves were rounded up by cautious inspectors from New Scotland Yard. I thumped my pillow viciously. Norfolk, I realized, was now completely dominated by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

There was Devon, however — a lovely, idyllic country, especially on the south shore, where roses bloom all winter and the simple fisher folk sail their quaint yawls. That was good; that would soothe me, send me to sleep. I thought of Exmouth and Torquay. My hair began to stir. There was a red-bearded man leaning on a gate. Who was he? Why did he stare so fixedly at that jagged rock that thrust up from the bay? Of course — because it was there that he had sunk his half brother's corpse, weighted with stones in the pockets. I remembered the story. Was it Eden Phillpotts or another who wrote it? Never mind, I groaned, now more wide-awake than ever.

England — what had happened to England, that deliciously reposeful country? I would try another cast — the country houses of the fine old county families, hitherto sacrosanct. I walked up through the park, passed the yews, stepped jauntily across the terrace, opened the French windows, and set foot in the paneled library. I knew it! An exquisitely dressed man with a flower in his buttonhole was lying full length on the rug with a knife protruding from his shirt front. There would be a great outcry by all the guests at the house party, and presently the little Belgian, M. Poirot, would arrive and electrify everyone by his powers of ratiocination. The country house? Why, it had been taken over, lock, stock, and barrel, by Agatha Christie.

In desperation I thought of Charles Lamb's old phrase, 'The sweet security of city streets,' — or something to that effect, — and turned my attention to the Strand, Fleet Street, the Inns of Court, the cloisters of the Temple. I saw barristers in their wigs, rabbit-faced clerks scurrying about. Then a distinguished-looking gentleman descended from a taxicab. No need to look at him twice — he was unquestionably the celebrated Dr. Thorndyke, lawyer and medico in one. He would be coming from the British Museum, where a superannuated antiquarian had just been found slain in front of a mummy case with an amulet in his hand. A difficult crime to unravel, but Dr. Thorndyke would do it, or R. Austin Freeman would want to know the reason why.

The little pubs by the river — No, no, they were the haunts of the gunmen of Edgar Wallace or Sax Rohmer's Chinamen. I was startled, wide-awake with amazement. Was it possible that England — every part of it — had become to my mind simply the setting for the most stupendous crimes? I could n't believe it. But on mature reflection I realize that it is largely so.

American travelers used to stand in Baker Street and look with a certain awe at the modest dwelling that once housed Sherlock Holmes. That was only one locality and the master detective was but a single individual among England's millions. But to-day, what with Scotland Yard pouring its hordes of sleuths all over the place from John o' Groat's to Land's End — No, no, it won't do. England's reputation for law and order — and incidentally her power of lulling me to sleep — is being seriously jeopardized by her novelists.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IX

FINCH was awakened the next morning by the sound of a man's voice shouting orders to a dog, by the dog's barking, in his turn, orders to a flock of sheep, by the troubled baaing of the sheep themselves, and by a gust of wind blowing in at the window and flinging on his face the gathered sweetness of the garden and the fields.

His eyes flew open and he saw the bright chintz of the bed curtains, the wall paper with its prim birds pecking prim cherries, the white mantelpiece with the china figure of a little lady riding a pink horse, and two framed photographs so dim that he could not tell what they represented.

He was in Devon, he realized, in the very depths of its rich, luxuriant roundness that lay on the earth like a nest on a bough. He was in Devon. He was in England. He must make himself believe it, though it seemed impossible to believe. Here he was, Finch Whiteoak, in the middle of one of Aunt Augusta's beds, in the middle of one of her bedrooms, in the middle of Lyming Hall, in the heart of Devon. He had traveled by train the six hundred miles from Jalna to the New York pier. He had crossed the ocean on a liner. He had stopped a fortnight in London. He had traveled the nearly two hundred miles into Devon. And he had not only done that, but he had brought his two old uncles with him, paid all their expenses out of his own money that Gran had left him, and had set them down safe and sound beside Aunt Augusta. He lay still, feeling flabbergasted at his own achievement. He wondered if other fellows felt so surprised at the happenings of their lives. There was Piers — he had got married, got a kid, gone through a good deal, yet he never seemed surprised. He might look in a rage at things, but not surprised. George Fennel never seemed surprised, nor Arthur Leigh. Still, he supposed, they kept it to themselves if they were. Just finding himself alive was often a rather frightening surprise to him. He wondered when he would outgrow it and rather hoped he would not, for there was something he liked in it.

Suddenly he jumped out of bed and went to the window. It was framed in a climbing rose, with little tight yellow roses clinging there as thick as bees on a honeycomb. Down in the garden, where sunlight and shadow had the sharp distinctness of early morning, he saw the gardener's boy trimming a box border. He wore corduroys and leggings and his black head was glossy in the sun. The stone wall had a peculiar golden bloom on it except where there were patches of grayish lichen. Ivy lay thick along its top, and clumps of yellow stonecrop.

'Devonshire cream,' murmured Finch, lolling on the sill. 'Devonshire cream — that just expresses it. Gosh, if only the others were here to see this!'

One of the others was, he remembered — just down the drive at the lodge. If he walked down that way now he might get a sight of him, before Minny was about, for Eden loved the early morning. He had not seen Eden for more than a year and a half. He would be quite a cosmopolitan, after all that time in Europe. Would he be changed, Finch wondered. Rather em-

[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

barrassing to meet Minny under the conditions. Hot stuff, Minny — no doubt about that.

He slid into his clothes and went downstairs. No one was about but Ellen, industriously dusting. The door stood open and warm sunlight had already taken the chill from the hall. The gray trunks of the beeches on either side of the drive were dappled with sunshine, and here and there along the hedge a tall foxglove shook out its bells. The ground fell away so abruptly that he looked down on the lodge. Someone was astir within, for a blue spiral of smoke rose from the chimney. He followed the curve of the drive to the gates and stood looking timidly at the house. He felt very shy of meeting Minny. At last he got up courage to go up the flagged walk, between borders of petunias and pinks, and peer in at the window.

He saw a table inside set for a simple breakfast, the sunlight falling on a half loaf of bread and a glass pot of raspberry jam. He saw a small room with beamed ceiling and a large fireplace. A figure he recognized as Eden was bent over something in a frying pan. He was almost inside the fireplace.

Finch entered without knocking, his canvas shoes making no sound on the stone floor. He went and stood almost behind Eden. The room was filled with the smell of frying bacon. A pot in which tea was brewing stood on the warm hearth. Eden wore loose gray flannel trousers and a shirt open at the throat, with rolled-up sleeves. Finch could see the gleam of short golden hairs on his rounded forearms. His face looked full and healthy, but retained a certain delicate sensitiveness of expression that prevented its acquiring an aspect of well-being. His brows were drawn upward as he blinked against the smoke, and the inherent melancholy of his mouth was perhaps accentuated by the cigarette that drooped from its corner. His hair was, as always, well brushed, with the gleam of a metal casque.

Finch had time to take in these details, overemphasized by the glow of the fire, before he was discovered.

Eden with difficulty kept himself from overturning the bacon. 'Well, I'll be damned,' he exclaimed, 'if it is n't Brother Finch! So you've come to breakfast with me!' He stood smiling at Finch. The frying pan tilted in his left hand, he extended the right.

'Oh, no,' protested Finch, shaking hands limply. 'I really must n't! Aunt Augusta will be expecting me. I should n't have come in on you like this, so early — I think I'd better not stay.' He felt flustered under Eden's eyes.

'Sit down,' said Eden, pushing him on to a chair. 'You're just in the nick of time. I'm getting my own breakfast, as you see. We'll start on what bacon I've cooked and I'll put on some more to fry while we eat.'

He carefully divided the bacon and made his other preparations in a businesslike manner. Finch cut thick slices of the sweet crusty bread, and felt ferocious hunger rage within him. He saw that Eden had dumped all the bacon from the paper packet into the pan and he thought, 'Lord, he has n't forgotten what a pig I am!'

So they sat facing each other across the breakfast table, another marvelous happening to Finch. He said: —

'I say, Eden, is n't it funny that you and I should be eating breakfast here together? To think that we'd both cross the ocean and you'd go to France and then come to England and then I'd come to England and we'd sit down at a breakfast table here in this lodge, just as we've had breakfast together many a time at home!' He took a large mouthful of bread and his young face was so thin that it made his cheek jut out ridiculously. His eyes were bright with excitement.

'I don't see anything funny in it, except you,' said Eden. 'Certainly you are Finch, wherever you go.'

'Don't you think I've changed?' Shyly he hoped that Eden would say that he had improved in appearance. Eden had never seen him in such good clothes as he wore this morning.

Eden looked him over critically. 'No, you've not changed, except for a better haircut, and a few glad rags. You're the same callow youth. But,' he added quickly, as he saw Finch's face fall, 'believe me, you're the flower of the flock, Finch.'

'I don't see why you must pull my leg the moment we meet.'

'I'm not pulling your leg. And I don't know exactly why I say it. It's not because of your music. Perhaps it's because it seems to me that you have the faults and virtues of the rest of us sublimated in you. You're more of the coward, more of the hero, more of the genius, more of the poet—'

'The poet!'

'Oh, I don't suppose you'll ever get it down on paper. And, unless I miss my guess, more of the lover — when your time comes.'

Finch drowned his embarrassment in a cup of blazing hot tea. Yet he liked to hear himself described, especially in such extraordinary terms as these.

'You're the peculiar flower of our peculiar flock,' continued Eden. 'It looks to me as though our forbears had rampaged down the centuries for the sole purpose of producing you, as their final flourish. Their justification, perhaps.'

There was no doubt about it now — Eden was talking to hear himself talk. Finch glared at him. 'What about you?' he demanded.

Eden smiled faintly. 'Well, perhaps me, too. Let's hope so.'

'We're not half the men Renny and Piers are!' burst out Finch.

'No? Well, I don't suppose we'll produce so many young. Breed so many foals. Jump so many hurdles.'

'I'd a thousand times sooner be like them!'

'Of course you would. And they'd a thousand times sooner be like themselves. The world might have reached a state of civilization ages ago if that were n't always the case. People without imagination are always cocksure, and they've been given the power of intimidating and exhausting those who have. The man with imagination is frightened at what he sees in himself. The thought of trying to govern others is abhorrent to him.'

Eden emptied the remainder of the milk from the jug into his teacup and drank it. 'Ever since I had that beastly lung trouble,' he said, 'I drink whatever milk comes my way.'

Finch had finished the bacon. He remembered Minny. 'Why, look here,' he cried, 'what's Minny going to have?'

'She eats scarcely any breakfast. She's getting fat, poor soul!'

'I hope she's well,' said Finch, timidly.

'Absolutely fit. Sleeps like a log — sings like an angel — and talks like a fool,' answered Eden, turning the loaf crumb-side down to keep it fresh for her. 'Let's go for a walk, and not waste the best time of the morning indoors. I'll show you my favorite nook. Only mind you keep out of it unless I'm with you.'

They went through the gate into the road, two tall bareheaded figures — Finch angular, rather slouching; Eden moving with the grace that made people turn to look at him.

They followed a path through a spinney where some young rabbits at play paused, staring and startled for a space, before scampering to cover. They crossed a stream by stepping-stones, and then the path joined a lane so narrow that the trees, almost meeting overhead, turned it into a green moist tunnel where the colors of flowers and fern were intensified into an unreal and dreamy brilliance.

They talked little as they went, Eden pointing out this and that in broken sentences. But when they reached a certain gap in the hedge he said, 'Here we are! This is my own particular spot. You see I must rather like you or I should n't have brought you here.'

They passed into a grassy dell that lay at the foot of a series of fields of barley, oats, and wheat that rose, fold upon golden fold, to the rounded hills on which the bosoms of the clouds seemed to rest. They stretched themselves upon the grass and it was as though they lay at the foot of the rich tapestry of June, unrolled on the hillsides above them. Here were the last of the bluebells, their tender stems bending beneath the weight of their blossoms that seemed the very distillation of Nature's thought of blueness.

Finch lay with eyes on a level with them, as still, as empty of remembrance as he could make himself, letting, in this instant, their beauty pour into him. As with a catch in the breath of his being, he was suspended, knowing nothing, feeling all, as he fancied.

'I cannot help thinking,' Eden said, 'of the ecstasy that bluebell must feel in its color — how it must push out each fibre into the soil to get more pigment for it — how it must hold up its leaves like hands to catch the sun rays, and, before it flowers, how it holds up its pale green bud like a mouth towards the rain. And all of this with just one idea — color!'

'And yet, after all those thoughts,' said Finch, 'you have picked it!'

'That is my way of reaching out to get color for myself.'

'Eden, you're a queer sort of fellow.'

'Yet I should n't be surprised if I have more pure thoughts in the twenty-four hours than some of the people who complain that I am immoral.'

'Just what do you mean by *pure thoughts?*'

Eden rolled on to his back and let the sun shine on his face. 'I mean thoughts of men and women as happy natural beings, making the most of every hour of their short stay here, as these flowers do or those birds overhead — satisfied that there shall be any number of varieties of their kind, not trying to force themselves to one dun color or one self-righteous squeak.'

Finch grunted acquiescence. 'That's just the way I feel,' he said. 'Only I think you're wrong when you say that Renny has no imagination. I think he has lots of imagination. Only he's like a spirited horse, and I think his imaginings rather frighten him.'

'Do you really? That's interesting. . . . By the way, how do he and Alayne get on?'

Finch wished that Eden had n't asked that question. Discussing Alayne and Renny with him was too difficult. 'They get on very well,' he answered, hesitatingly; 'that is, as far as I can tell.'

'I can't imagine their getting on. No Whiteoak that ever lived could satisfy Alayne's ideal of what a husband should be. All those cold-blooded New England ancestors — with a few stolid Dutchmen thrown in — are too much alive in her to make it possible for her to understand us.'

Finch felt suddenly frightened for Alayne. 'But Renny's not a bit like you!'

'Yes, he is! Only where I am weak, he is strong, and where I am strong, he's as weak as water.'

'I've never seen any signs of weakness in Renny!'

'Have you seen any signs of strength in me?'

Finch laughed, but did not answer.

Eden went on, 'Well, when you begin to look for the one, you'll perhaps stumble on the other.'

'The only trouble I have noticed is that she does n't see enough of him. I think she often feels hurt because he spends so much time with his horses.' It was easier to discuss them with Eden than he had thought.

Eden laughed. 'She may thank her stars that he does. Let them remain distant acquaintances and passionate lovers, and they may get on. Renny could n't be a companion to a woman of Alayne's sort. She's too exquisitely precise. She's a very sweet-pea-ish kind of woman.'

'I think that's rather good,' said Finch. 'There's something delicate and alert and fragrant about her. Rather like the sweet peas, though I know you don't intend it as a compliment.'

'A woman should n't be like any particular flower. It grows monotonous. She should be like a whole garden of flowers — indefinite, restful, drugging the senses, not stimulating them to irritation.'

'Is that what Minny is like?' Finch reddened then at his own boldness.

'Minny is like a vegetable garden. Nourishing, wholesome, a kind of roughage for the soul.'

'She sings beautifully.'

'Does n't she! I sometimes think, when she is singing to me in the evening, that if only she would pass away as she sings, I could adore the memory of her forever!'

Finch considered this remark in silence. He lay in the increasing warmth of the sun, his eyes gazing into the tangle of grass blades as into a forest. At that moment it had to him the impenetrability of a forest, above which leaned the perfumed globes of the bluebells. His lips parted and he drew the sweet air into his mouth. . . . A long sigh came from Eden. Was it of content or longing?

The face of his cousin, Sarah Court, rose in Finch's mind, transfixed there as though in a trance. Dreamily he examined it, feature by feature — the high white fore-

head under the drawn-back hair; the eyes that repelled all warmth yet held the light of some inner fire; the high-bridged, narrow-nostriled nose; the mouth, small, secret, withdrawn between that nose and jutting chin; the full white throat, developed like that of a singer. He asked Eden if he had ever seen her.

Eden answered drowsily that he had.

Had he spoken to her?

No. The old aunt saw to that. He was an outcast.

Had he really seen her face?

Yes.

What did he think of her?

Eden sat up, clasping his ankles. 'Think of her? Why, I think that by the time she's fifty her nose and chin will meet.'

Finch remembered how the lamplight had glimmered on the point of her chin, turning it to porcelain, as she stood beside the piano. He remembered how she had held the violin a prisoner with it, seemed to dig it into the very wood of the violin.

He said, huskily, 'She'd be a funny sort of girl to kiss, would n't she?'

'God, you'd never be able to tear yourself away from her!'

'There's something very beautiful about her, too.' He turned over and faced Eden, half shamefacedly.

'Is there?' A troubled look came into Eden's eyes. 'I wish I might meet her. I have had nothing but glimpses of her passing the lodge. She's always going off alone. Minny can't bear the sight of her, yet she's always routing me out of my chair to see her go by. She cries, in a stage whisper, "For heaven's sake, come! That old-fashioned creature is mincing past. What a dead-and-alive profile! What skirts!" And we peep between the curtains.'

'If only you two were married, we might have some good times together. There's a tennis court that could be made into quite a decent one.'

Eden gave a grimace that made his handsome face grotesque. 'No! I tried it once — it does n't suit me. Talk of prostituting one's art — better that than smothering it in the marriage bed. . . . I was only twenty-three when I married Alayne. Perhaps when I'm thirty-five I'll try it again. No man should marry before that. . . . Don't you do it, young Finch!'

'This situation,' said Finch, 'is very worrying to Aunt Augusta. Here you are, one might say, on her doorstep — '

'Her very expression!' shouted Eden. 'You've been talking me over.'

'Well, that's natural, is n't it?' But he got very red. 'Anyhow, there are you and Minny at the lodge, and Aunt can't invite you to the Hall — she can't ever speak of you to her guests — '

'Because we're living in sin!' interrupted Eden. 'Whereas if we went to a registry office, where some old gaffer, probably of the most disgusting habits, would say a few words over us and have us sign our names in a book, she'd perhaps invite us to play tennis! No — we'll play tennis on our own kitchen table, with two spoons and a lump of sugar, and we'll cry, "Love all and marry none!" But I'm damned if we'll get married for the sake of an introduction to old Mrs. Court!'

'I see,' said Finch. 'But it would be nice, all the same, if you were married. . . . Well, since this not being married is so good for your writing, I suppose you've done a lot of poetry this year.'

Eden looked at him suspiciously. Was this youth making fun of him? But Finch looked serious, as few can look serious. His expression was indeed lugubrious.

Eden answered, rather sulkily, 'Not a great deal. I got some good material from the libraries in Paris for my poem of New France. But I believe my natural bent is toward lyrics. I've had a good many published in magazines this year. Have you seen any of them?'

'No, I scarcely ever see magazines. I'd like awfully well to hear some of them, though.'

'Very well. The first evening you are free, come in and I'll read some of them to you. . . . Sometimes I think I'll attempt a novel, but I don't believe I'd succeed. There's something in a poet turning novelist like a beggar turning highwayman.'

He offered Finch a cigarette and they smoked in silence for a space. The sun beat down on them hotly now and from the hedge an unseen bird uttered a prolonged *sweet, sweet,* then broke into a gushing warble.

Eden said, 'As you know how hard up I am, there's no need for me to tell you that I can't pay you what I owe you yet. But when this long poem's published —'

'Look here, you're not to bother about that! I've just been wondering if I could n't help you a little more.'

Eden's eyes, as they returned Finch's gaze, had in them a look almost of sadness. The boy had such a kind of idiot-generosity in him, such inimitable silly kindness, that it almost hurt one!

'That's awfully good of you,' he said. 'Perhaps you may. And would you mind telling me if you've been doing things for the others, too?'

It was difficult for Finch not to look proud as he replied, 'Well, I brought the uncles over here — did everything quite decently. And I'm putting up a new piggery for Piers. And I bought a new motor car for the family. But Renny won't get into it. And I've taken over the mortgage for Maurice and Meggie — though, of course, that's nothing, because they pay me a higher interest than I get anywhere else. Oh, yes, and I paid for a new iron fence for the plot in the graveyard. The old one was falling to pieces of rust.'

Eden considered these various financial activities in silence while he calculated roughly what they would amount to. He said, 'I hope you're not going to overdo this fairy-godfather business or you may find yourself sitting on someone's doorstep along with Minny and me.'

Finch laughed. 'No danger of that. I've changed Gran's investments to much better ones. I had a frightful row with old Purvis. He was for refusing to let me take the money out of the government bonds. They brought about four and a half per cent. Fancy! But George Fennel — he's in a broker's office, you know — advised me to put a good deal into New York stocks. Purvis was awfully disagreeable until Renny wrote to him and said that I was to do just as I liked. Then he gave in.'

'Hmph! I don't believe Renny would care if you lost it. I should n't be surprised if he would be glad — if only it would bring you to heel. He'd rather support the entire family till they drop like rotten plums from the tree than have such a rival as you are now. He's extravagantly paternal, yet here are you taking the whole family under your wing. Snatching his rôle from him. No wonder he won't ride in the car you bought. He'd acknowledge himself as one of your pensioners. Old Redhead is n't greedy for anything but to be chief of the clan. What else have you invested in?'

'Universal Autos, and some Western stocks. And I lent ten thousand to that Miss Trent — Alayne's friend, you know — at nine per cent. She insisted on paying an exorbitant interest. It really makes me feel uncomfortable. She's in the antique business. Over here to buy things. She has a stock in New York, so there's no risk. She crossed with us and we saw something of her in London. She and Uncle Ernie were rather too thick to please Uncle Nick and me. We were quite worried about him.'

Eden rose.

'I think I'd like to go home,' he said. 'This is too much for my little brain.' He yawned and stretched his white bare arms. 'But it perceives one thing with awful clarity. You are going to sneak back to Jalna dead-broke, world-weary, with nothing but the rags you stand in, and Renny is going to receive you with open arms. The returned Prodigal. It will be a return quite after his own heart.'

'I suppose you're remembering how good he was to you when you came back,' said Finch.

X

That afternoon, when Augusta had carried off her brothers and Mrs. Court to pay a call at the vicarage, Finch went into the drawing-room and sat down at the piano. His fingers ached to play, for he had not done so since one day on the boat. Soon after lunch Sarah had disappeared into the park, carrying a book. The day was warm, and there was a feeling of tranquillity on the countryside now that the first passion of young growth was over. The trees, the fields, the flowers, the birds and beasts, had given themselves up to the sustained bliss of their fruition with no thought of its evanescence.

Finch had drawn aside one of the mulberry-colored curtains just far enough to allow the sunlight to slant across the dim-

ness of the room. He sat with his hands on the keyboard waiting for the moment to come when he must play. The black keys, he thought, were like blackbirds perched in a row on a marble balustrade. Soon he would scatter them into flight. They would be scattered, singing sweetly and mournfully.

He played Moszkowski's 'Habanera.' He played with a dreamy joy. As he finished he was aware that someone had come into the room, but, instead of the irritation that he usually felt at an intrusion, he was glad of this new presence. He did not look round, but sat motionless while the harmony still lingered in the room. He was not surprised when his cousin's voice came almost in a whisper from behind him.

'May I come in and listen?' she asked.

'Please do,' he answered, still without looking round.

She came in and seated herself, her hands folded in her lap. She gave him a little smile, but after that fixed her eyes on the scene beyond the open window. He was able to study her face as he played.

He had never seen a face so still, so repressed, yet with a strange eagerness. He could not decide where this eagerness was shown. Not in the eyes, with their withdrawn look. Not in the small sweet mouth, with its almost sucked-in appearance. It seemed to come from some luminosity within or from her attitude, the posture of her arms suggesting folded wings, aquiver for flight.

Her expression did not change as he played piece after piece, but when he ceased she said, 'Will you play with me one day?'

She spoke with the simplicity of a child, and again he was conscious of the caressing sweetness of her voice. He thought there was a look half frightened in her eyes as she spoke, and he had a sudden sensuous desire to say something brutal to her to startle her into betraying herself. Instead, he said, 'I should like to accompany you now, if you will let me.'

She got up without a word and went to the window seat where her violin case lay. She bent over it, taking out the violin and dusting it with a piece of silk that lay in the case. Then she put it under her chin and began to tune it. She did this in a manner so aloof that Finch began to feel nervous, wondering if he could accompany her.

'What shall we play?' he asked, turning over her music.

'Anything you like.'

He found something by Brahms that he knew, but at first the going was not easy. The rather frozen beauty of her playing seemed impossible to merge with the fluid grace of his. It was as though a frozen lake had said to a running stream, 'Come, merge with me.'

They almost gave up in despair. Then suddenly, in a waltz of Chopin, they achieved the flow, the union of spirit, for which they had been striving. Something seemed loosed in her. A delicate flush came in her cheeks. Finch delighted in the sense of power this gave him. They played on and on, speaking only in hushed tones between the pieces. It was miraculous to him that there should be such a change in her playing and he wondered if a corresponding change would take place in her attitude toward him.

But this was not so. As soon as the music was over, she was as remote, as monosyllabic as before. When they heard the others returning, though, she whispered, 'Do not tell them we played together.' As she said this, her face wore the expression of mischievousness sometimes seen in the faces of women painted by mediæval Italian artists.

'And you will let me accompany you again?' he whispered back.

She nodded, her lips folded close, her greenish eyes glittering. She was like a child, he thought, full of playful malice against elders who repressed her. He heard Mrs. Court holding forth on the tepidity of spirit displayed by the vicar on the subject of Prayer Book Reform. 'Upon my word,' she was declaring, 'you might think, to hear him, that one Prayer Book is as good as another.' He heard Augusta suggesting that they play bridge that evening. Might not he and Sarah be alone for a while? He was going to ask her, but found himself saying instead, 'I think Sarah is a beautiful name.'

She raised her brows and repeated the name after him. He thought her way of

saying it was delightful. 'Sairrah.' The syllables were like sweet stressed notes.

He continued rapidly then: 'I don't believe you care for bridge. I hate it. Would you come out to the garden for a while?'

'Perhaps.'

'Why perhaps?' he insisted.

'It's always *perhaps* with me.'

'Because of . . . ?' He gave a little jerk of the head toward her aunt.

She nodded.

'But, if she's playing bridge — '

'There's letter writing. We have thirty-two regular correspondents. I write most of the letters.'

Finch was too astonished for words. He came of a family who seldom wrote letters except on business. It had frequently been a matter for dispute who was to write the monthly letter to Augusta. He had sent a picture postcard to each member of the family from London, but had had no word from home. Ernest had had a letter from Alayne and often said that he must get around to answering it.

'If there's nothing to do, I'll come,' she said. Then she moved away and went to Nicholas, listening attentively to what he had to say.

When Finch and Nicholas happened to be alone for a moment before dinner, Nicholas said, 'That girl has her father's face, but Dennis Court was a devil, and I'm afraid the aunt has brought her up to be a prude.'

XI

They entered the garden through a door in the wall that was half hidden in ivy. The door was not easy to open, and when they were inside, Finch left it ajar. It was not dark, nor would it be that night. Across the clear primrose yellow of the mist were two bars of purple cloud fringed with crimson. The pale new moon stood aloof, like a young singer standing in the wings timidly awaiting her summons to the stage.

Sarah Court wore a flame-colored shawl the deep fringe of which almost touched the ground behind. The shawl made her look proud and Spanish, Finch thought, and he remembered having heard his grandmother say that in the days of Queen Elizabeth one of the Courts had married a Spanish woman. He suddenly had a picture of Renny in his mind, Renny with a pointed beard and a high ruff that suited him only too well. He smiled to himself and saw that she was peering around at him with curiosity. He had wondered what he could talk to her about. Then he said: —

'I was thinking of my eldest brother. I wish you could know him. He's such a splendid fellow. It is strange that just now there was something in you that reminded me of him.'

'Something *splendid?*' she asked.

'Yes. Something very proud and rather splendid.'

'But I'm not proud!'

'But you have a look of pride.'

'I have nothing to be proud about.' After a moment she added, 'And every reason to be humble.'

There was a seat like a tall, narrow church pew between two clipped yew trees, and they seated themselves on it. Finch began to tell her about his family. She listened, with absorbed interest, and as he described each one in turn his heart warmed to them, their imperfections dwindled, and he could hardly find words to describe Renny's spirit, his horsemanship; Piers's courage, his knowledge of farming; Wake's gentleness and precocity; Meg's — oh, well, Meggie was perfect! He almost made himself homesick talking about them. Eden alone he did not mention.

'You have so many,' she said, 'and I have no one. I mean of my very own.'

'Will you tell me something of your life?' he asked gently. 'I'd like to be able to picture you in Ireland.'

She made a disdainful movement of her shoulders under the bright shawl. 'My life is nothing but practising, paying calls, and writing letters.'

He was hurt by her inclusion of practising with calls and letter writing. He said, 'But you love music, don't you?'

'Never till to-day.'

He felt what this implied through all his nerves. Yet, to have learned to play so beautifully, and not have learned to love it, to find sanctuary in it — the thought almost repelled him. He felt something insensate in her. What had to-day's

awakening signified, then? That she had suddenly become conscious of the sensuous release in music?

'Did n't you care for it before you went to live with your aunt?'

'I never thought about it.'

She talked so little he was driven to catechize her.

'Were you left an orphan young?'

'My mother died when I was seven.'

'Mine, too.'

'How strange.' Her tone was musing, rather than impressed by the coincidence.

'And your father?' Well, she was his cousin — he had the right to question her!

'When I was thirteen.' She turned toward him (the moon was now giving just enough light to etherealize her features) and began to speak rapidly. 'He was drowned. He and I had lived alone after my mother died. Our house is on the seacoast. He was very fond of horses, — like your brother Renny, — but he drank a good deal. And he brought strange people to the house. I don't mind telling you that I liked them. Much better than Aunt Elizabeth's friends. Father was always boasting about his horses. Especially a mare called Miriam, which had saved his life in a flooded stream once. When he had been drinking, he'd boast of the great distance she could swim. One night he and his friends began making bets about it. To prove what she could do, he led her to the shore and his friends went with him. He mounted her and rode her out into the sea. It was like glass and there was moonlight. She swam on and on, with him on her back, and he shouted and sang. At last his friends were frightened and screamed to him to come back, but he only sang the louder. They heard the mare whinny. Before morning a storm came up, and the next day his body and the mare's were driven ashore by the waves.'

'How appalling! And were you alone in that house?'

'Yes, but I watched the people on the shore from a window. The peasants said it was a terrible sight to see the great waves dash the mare against the cliff. My father's feet were caught in the stirrups. They said the mare would rear and her hoofs would clatter against the rocks, as though she were alive.'

Finch remembered having heard the family talk of this tragedy when he was a child, but he had thought of it as having happened many years before. The story had seemed too fantastic. The Dennis Court of whom he remembered his grandmother exclaiming, 'Ah, there was a real Court!' had seemed almost a myth. . . . And now here was he, Finch, sitting on a garden seat beside Dennis's daughter, while she repeated the story of his death in unemotional tones.

Keeping his own voice as level as hers, he said, 'And after that you went to live with Mrs. Court, I suppose. It was a great change.'

She answered, with a touch of bitterness, 'Yes. A change for the better, everyone thought. No one seemed to remember how I had adored my father. It's true enough that I can never repay her for all she's done for me. All the lessons, the traveling. But she made me practise six hours a day, and when we traveled I never had a moment to call my own. Now we don't travel. She can't afford it. And if I'm quiet or go off by myself she calls me *Mouse* and *Mole!*'

He had not hoped for any intimate companionship such as this — had not dreamed that she would reveal anything of her inner self to him. Now he found that he could not keep pace with her careless and cold revelations. He would have liked to escape from her at that moment to brood on her mystery without the necessity of making talk. Yet she seemed not to expect comment from him, and when he uttered a lame sentence or two she made no reply, but withdrew into her former immobility.

Looking at her hands, like the hands of a silver statue, and remembering how they drew the music from her violin, he longed to touch them. Timidly he laid one of his own upon them. They were very cold.

'I'm afraid you are cold,' he said, nervously. 'I think we had better walk about. Would you like that?'

She rose at once without answering him. They went through the garden gate, along a stone-paved passage, and crossed the tennis court.

'Do you play tennis?' he asked, and he

wondered if her reason for rising so abruptly had been her desire to put aside the touch of his hand.

'A little. I wish I played better.'

'I will see if I can get Aunt Augusta to have the court put in order.'

She gave one of her small malicious smiles. 'Perhaps we could get the two at the lodge to join us. I'd like that.'

He looked round at her, startled. 'Would you really? I did n't think you knew of their existence.'

'I only wish I could meet them! I've passed the lodge time and again wanting to speak to them. But all I saw was the curtain moving, as though they were peering out at me, thinking how horrid I was.'

'Well,' he said, frowning in anxiety at what he was going to suggest, 'we might go and call on them now, if you're not afraid of offending your aunt.'

'I don't mind offending her in the least,' she replied coolly, and turned in the direction of the drive.

She walked quickly, as though she were doing something eagerly anticipated. They passed in and out of shadow and moonlight, her bright shawl flaming and darkening like the plumage of an exotic bird.

Halfway down the drive he offered her a cigarette, which she at first declined, then suddenly accepted, saying, 'Yes, give me one! I'll do everything to-night that Aunt would hate.'

He had only to see her put it in her lips and light it from the match he held to know that she was well accustomed to smoking.

He looked at her almost sternly, for he felt something devious about her. 'When do you do it?' he asked.

'When I am being Mole' — and she held up a thin forefinger with a swarthy stain on it.

They found Eden sitting in the porch of the lodge on a tilted chair, like a workman after his day is done. He regarded their approach with an incredulous smile, then got to his feet.

'I've brought our cousin, Miss Court, to see you,' said Finch, feeling suddenly daredevil and at his ease. Was it the support of Eden's presence that produced this feeling?

They shook hands gravely and Eden led the way indoors. Finch had heard Minny scampering upstairs to tidy herself. Yet, when she came down, he wondered what the process of tidying had been, she looked so far from neat. He came to the conclusion that she had gone to powder her face, which had the pink bloom of a peach in the candlelight. Her milk-white neck looked thicker than when he had seen her last, her crossed legs, under her too-short skirts, stouter. But her slanting eyes held the same challenge and gayety and her lips looked ready as ever to part in laughter or song. She had on an orange-colored jumper, a blue skirt, and pink stockings. Finch wondered how Eden could tolerate this combination of colors. But then, Eden seldom seemed to notice things.

Minny made Sarah sit in the one comfortable chair close to the fire, because she looked so pale. Minny's own cheeks glowed like roses beneath the thick layer of powder. Her generous mouth smiled welcome, and this astonished Finch after what Eden had told him of her feelings toward Sarah. Sarah spread out the long fringe of her shawl and inhaled the smoke of her cigarette as though she were inhaling the very sweetness of life. She preened herself like a bird, and Minny was apparently delighted to entertain her. Eden, too, was delighted. He was beginning to feel the need of some society other than Minny's. He heaped dry fagots on the fire, which crackled into swift, ruddy flames, and sat down on the narrow ingle seat facing Sarah. He thought Finch's description of her very superficial. He read her with a far more subtle understanding.

Minny talked a great deal, directing almost all her conversation to Sarah, who sat motionless, seeming to drink in all that Minny said. She told of amusing things that happened to them abroad, now and then appealing to Eden's memory to supply some foreign name which she invariably mispronounced. Before long she began to speak of Eden's poetry, of which she was very proud. It was the only poetry, she said, that she had ever been able to read, even though so much of it was hard to understand. Finch reminded Eden that he had promised to read him some of the poems he had written since leaving home.

Eden took a candle and went up the

stairs that ascended from a corner of the room. Minny said, 'He keeps everything he has in such perfect order.' Soon he returned, carrying a folio of papers. Hot wax had dripped on his hand, and he went to Minny, like a child, to show it.

He sat again in the inglenook and read by the light of the flames. His voice, always musical, took on new, full tones when he read his poems.

'These are some bits from the long poem, "New France." I can't read all of it. It's not in order,' he said.

He read fragments which he called 'Indian Braves as Galley Slaves,' 'The Loves of Bigot,' 'A Countess of Quebec,' and 'Song of the Ursuline Nuns.'

The two young women made little murmuring noises of approval after each poem. Finch liked them immensely and said so. He was almost overcome when Eden said suddenly to Sarah, 'Do you know, this boy has been paying my way for a year and a half. If it had not been for him, I don't know what I should have done.'

'That was good of him,' she said, simply. 'But how he must have liked doing it!'

'Did you like doing it?' Eden asked of him.

Finch assented, uttering the sudden guffaw of his hobbledehoy days which still came from him in moments of embarrassment.

'These,' said Eden, taking up some sheets of paper clipped together, 'are some things I wrote in Italy.'

'In Italy!' gasped Finch. 'Why, I did n't know you were in Italy!'

'Yes, I had to go. It was beastly cold in France and I'd got a cough.'

'We went on a cheap excursion,' put in Minny easily.

'How splendid!' sighed Finch. 'How I wish I might go!'

'Don't be a silly young blighter,' said Eden. 'You can go where you like.'

'Perhaps I'll go with Arthur Leigh. He's over here.'

Sarah looked expectantly into Eden's face, waiting for the poems. He read three. The last one was 'To a Young Nightingale Practising His Song in Sicily.' His listeners agreed that this was best of all.

'It's beautiful! It's beautiful!' said Sarah, clasping her fingers tightly together. The shawl fell from her, as she leaned toward Eden, and her bare shoulders and arms were exposed to the firelight.

Eden was made happy by this approval. Soon he and Minny went to the larder together. Their whispers and the clink of china could be heard by the other two.

'Do you like them?' whispered Finch. 'Are you glad you came?' He was worried lest her aunt might have missed her.

She nodded composedly.

Eden and Minny returned, he carrying a bottle in each hand and she a large dish on which were arranged several sorts of cake, the icing of which, chocolate and pink and white, had crumbled and was intermingling.

Eden was hilarious at having company. Nothing was too ridiculous for him to say or do. Finch and Minny filled the room with their laughter. Sarah Court sat upright, sipping wine, nibbling cake, seeming to absorb with passionate intensity the gayety of the moment.

As they hurried home along the drive, they faced a strong warm wind from the moor. She had to grasp her shawl tightly to hold it about her. Their elders were still playing cards and they entered undiscovered. She glided up the stairs, while he lounged into the drawing-room and leaned against Augusta's chair, asking her what luck she had been having.

XII

The days strung themselves out like pearls warmed on the sunburnt throat of Summer till Finch and his uncles had been a month in Devon. The time had passed quickly for the two old brothers, with no incident more unpleasant than a wrangle at the bridge table to shadow their enjoyment. There was so much to do in the way of garden parties, paying calls on old acquaintances, drinking tea in the rose garden, and having the *Times* to read when it was a few hours instead of two weeks old, that the day was all too short. The change had done them a world of good. Nicholas had not in years been so free from gout. Ernest was almost frightened by the power of his digestion. There seemed something sinister about a stomach that, from rebelling

at a piece of seed cake at tea, turned to the consumption of strawberries and Devonshire cream without a qualm.

He and Nicholas were both fond of music and they delighted in the violin and piano playing of Sarah and Mrs. Court. Nicholas thought the girl's playing was without soul, and it was he who insisted that Finch should accompany her one evening. But the performance was a depressing failure. Finch seemed unaccountably nervous, and Sarah more soulless than ever. Mrs. Court had sat delightedly tapping her heels on the floor while they had spiritlessly executed a polonaise by Chopin.

At the end, she had exclaimed, 'Sarah can't play with anyone but me! And Finch is far too nervous to play accompaniments. You've got to have nerves of iron to play accompaniments. I've never heard you do so badly as you did to-night, Mouse.'

The little woman had trotted eagerly to the piano, scarcely waiting till Finch had risen from the seat before she settled herself on it and instructed Sarah to repeat the polonaise with her. Sarah had repeated it to the brilliant exactitude of her aunt's accompaniment, and after that no one again suggested that the boy and girl play together.

But they did play together. Every afternoon that their elders went out to tea — and they went about four out of the seven — Sarah and Finch glided like two conspirators into the drawing-room. They went as though to indulge in the taste of some forbidden wine. He trembled as he sat with bent back above the keyboard while she tuned her violin. As they lost themselves in the indolent beauty of a Tchaikovsky waltz the world about them dissolved. Their life came into flower. But no word or sign of love passed between them beyond the expression of their love for music. On the days when they were not alone together, she seemed to go out of his life, leaving him scarcely a thought of her beyond the fascination her face and her attitudes always had for him. Even sometimes when they had played together he left her presence with a feeling of relief, drawing a deep breath as though he had come from an atmosphere too close for him. But at times he was so susceptible to her nearness, to something captivating and strange in her, that he would find it hard to restrain himself from some open expression of his emotion. Once a mist came before his eyes when he was accompanying her and he could not see the notes. He stopped playing, and, after a wild cascade of grace notes, she stopped, too.

'I lost my place,' he muttered.

She bent over him, her violin still tucked under her chin, and looked into his eyes with a gently curious expression. Yet he thought he detected the same hint of malice in her that he had encountered before. He stared steadily back without speaking, but his heart was beating wildly and he was on the point of taking the violin from her hands and possessing himself of them when she straightened herself and, pointing to the place with her bow, said coldly, 'Please don't waste our time! It goes so quickly.'

He wondered whether she was really repelling him or regarded these meetings only as an outlet for the sensuous enjoyment of music.

Once Nicholas did not go with the others, as they imagined he did. Coming down from his room, he turned, with a feeling of anticipation, toward the drawing-room at the sound of music. He opened the door softly, not wishing to interrupt them, but after listening for a few moments, and studying the expressions of the two, he withdrew as quietly as he had entered, standing outside the closed door until the piece was finished, with bent head and a look of sardonic gentleness on his lined face.

Though he had been conscious of the uneasy joy within the room, he never made any reference to their playing together. He never intruded on them again and he often suggested afternoon excursions that would set them free.

Mrs. Court would have liked to insist on Sarah's accompanying them, but to have taken her would have meant discomfort in the car. She gave the girl endless letters to write and stuffy, old-fashioned dresses to alter to keep her busy in the evenings. All this Sarah did, sitting up late in her room, having previously put out her light and pretended to go to bed.

Augusta, at this time, began to be a little

tired of her guests. The constant strain of ordering meals, to say nothing of the expense of providing them, was beginning to tell on her nerves. She had thought that Mrs. Court would see eye to eye with her in her hope for the union of Sarah and Finch. She had broached the subject before his arrival and it had been received with Mrs. Court's customary jaunty good humor. But now Augusta was driven to believe that Mrs. Court did not approve of the match at all, that she selfishly wished to keep the girl unmarried in order that she might have not only a companion whose salary consisted of her clothes and keep, but one of striking appearance and artistic attainments. The young pair themselves were not very satisfactory. They seemed to have nothing to say to each other, and the music which she had hoped would draw them together was apparently a barrier between them. Finch's attempt at accompanying Sarah had been a failure, and when Sarah and Mrs. Court made music Finch sat drooping in a corner, the picture of gloom.

Sometimes Sarah and Finch went to the lodge, where they were very welcome to Eden and Minny, who were often bored by each other's society. They would gather about the fire and Eden would throw pine boughs on it that would burst into a vivid crackling blaze, illuminating their faces and the black oak beams of the ceiling, then die down, leaving the pine needles like fiery wires. The twigs would writhe in wormlike agony, pale, turn gray, and crumble. Then Eden would throw on fresh boughs.

Before the fire he read his new poems to them, directing his voice toward Sarah; but Minny showed no sign of jealousy. She seemed perfectly sure of Eden. He said once to Finch, as they lay talking on a hillside, 'Minny is kind. That's the beautiful thing about her. Alayne is unselfish, but she is n't really kind, and love without kindness is like a garden without grass. . . .'

One evening a knock came at the door and they looked at each other like frightened children, fancying it might be Mrs. Court in search of Sarah, for Finch had told Eden of her tyranny. But it was Nicholas and Ernest come to call. Nicholas and Augusta had had words over the card table, and the game had been broken up. The two ladies had gone to Augusta's room and the two gentlemen, feeling rather reckless, had marched down to the lodge. They showed no surprise at seeing Finch and Sarah there.

Minny was delighted by so much company. Nicholas and Ernest found the society of the young people so exhilarating that they felt aggrieved at the time they had lost on the evenings at bridge. They asked Minny if she still could sing. She denied that she could, laughing a good deal. But, persuaded at last, she threw back her head and sang one piece after another to them. She had an endless repertory of old favorites. Her face was tilted, as she sang, so that it was partly in shadow, but the full light of the fire fell on her white, throbbing throat, the skin of which was like the inner petals of a rose.

On the way back to the house Sarah whispered to Finch that now her aunt would find out everything and their evenings would be spoiled. Luckily for them a change in the weather came that night, and for several days they had driving rains and a gale from the moor. In the evenings the uncles asked for nothing better than a game of cards by the fire.

One morning Ernest announced his intention of going into Dorset to visit some old friends. That same day Finch had a letter from Arthur Leigh, and, remembering how much Augusta had admired Arthur, he conceived the idea of having him down for a visit during his uncle's absence. He might have Ernest's room, which was really the best guestroom. Augusta, wondering if she would ever have the felicity of feeling somewhat lonely again, agreed. Inside a few days Ernest had gone, his room had been 'turned out,' and Arthur had taken his place.

The friends were joyful to be with each other again, and with an opportunity for intimacy they had hitherto not known. Finch had forgotten how subtly attuned to his surroundings and how full of charm Arthur was, and Arthur felt anew the curiosity and sympathy Finch roused in him. He thought the household rather a strange one, including its offshoot in the

lodge. Most of all he was interested in Sarah Court.

At his coming she had withdrawn into her former aloofness, and it was difficult to make Arthur believe that she had gone on secret visits to the lodge, continually deceiving the aunt to whom she now seemed so devoted. But one afternoon, when the three young people were left alone, Finch persuaded her to play her violin for Arthur. And from that time there seemed to be engendered in Arthur, almost against his will, an overruling passion for her. From being high-spirited and gay, he became meditative and morose. She appeared to be unconscious of the emotion she had roused in him.

This change in his friend, taking place so soon after his advent into the house, was bewildering to Finch.

Was it really love that Arthur felt for Sarah, or had she merely exercised on him the peculiar fascination that seemed to be the very core of her personality? Finch himself had felt it. He had seen its effect on Eden. But in their case the spell was volatile, intermittent. Once Sarah had entered a room, neither the room nor its occupants remained the same. By the power of her chiseled remoteness, she subdued their atmosphere. By the suggestion of hidden malice, she produced a sense of foreboding. The more Finch observed aunt and niece, the more sure he was that Mrs. Court felt both the fascination and the foreboding. He began to think that her peering attitude toward Sarah was assumed in an effort to reassure herself, as young Mooey reiterated, 'I'm not f'ightened!'

He was angry with Arthur for allowing himself to be so speedily enslaved. He was angry with Sarah for being the enslaver. He felt in himself a stirring of jealousy that clouded the clear waters of his friendship for Arthur. Sarah and he, who had been drifting in a shadowy and devious intimacy that might have led to strange and lovely revelations, were separated by Arthur's intrusion, for as such Finch began to regard his visit.

In the mornings, when Sarah was in attendance on Mrs. Court, Arthur Leigh sought out Eden, and they spent hours wandering in the flowery lanes, over the hillsides rich with ripening corn, and into the gorse-grown borders of the moor. Arthur could not say enough in praise of Eden. He confessed that with no one else had he ever experienced such a sensation of magnetic accord. As for Eden's poetry, if Eden belonged to any other country he would have met with an appreciation not yet given him. He was worried over Eden's future and was too appreciative to please Finch when Finch said that he would never let Eden suffer for lack of funds. As for Finch, Eden was his own brother and he did not see why Arthur should take such a possessive note toward him. He began to pity himself. Eden did not want him, Arthur did not want him, Sarah no longer sat with him in the garden. He took to sitting there alone and had long conversations with the gardener's boy, who confided to him that one day he hoped to marry the kitchenmaid with whom he walked out. 'But,' he confided, 'her's the oldest of a long family and must help her mother for a bit, and I'm the youngest of a long family and must help my mother till one of my brothers can afford to have her live with he.'

Nicholas planned an excursion, in which he invited the three young people to join him. It was supposed to be merely the revisiting of a hamlet in the moor that had once pleased him; it was a rough drive that neither Augusta nor Mrs. Court cared to undertake. In reality he did not want them to know what he was about. This was to revisit the old home of the wife from whom he was divorced. He had heard of the death of her brother who had lived there, and that the contents of the house were to be privately sold. He had spent some of the happiest days of his life in this house, when he was courting Millicent, and he had a sentimental desire to walk through its rooms once more. He confided his intention to his companions, with a half-cynical air, and yet with enough seriousness to make them feel both compassion and a romantic interest in the visit.

It was a day of alternate brilliant sunshine and flying cloud shadows. Their road lay, for the greater part of the way, along the ridges of rolling hills from which they could see a wide stretch of country where

the green and gold pattern of the fields was blotted here and there by rounded clumps of woodland. High Willhays and Yes Tor rose, alternately purple against the clouds or dim blue beneath the sunshine. The house where the Humes had lived was in a remote spot on the edge of the moor. Bracken and gorse grew to the very edge of its lawn, and behind it a small but noisy cascade rushed down a miniature gorge.

The house and all its outbuildings were of gray stone, very old, but quite bare of ivy and unsoftened by protecting trees, so that the impression was one of bleakness. The many windows were small and the front door was sunk inhospitably between stone projections.

As they left the car and went toward the house, the sun passed under a cloud. A wind from the moor began to whistle above the tumble of the cascade. Arthur and Finch showed their disappointment in their faces; they did not see how there could have been much jollity in that house. Even Nicholas, whose face had been alight with eagerness, looked rebuffed. He knocked on the heavy brass knocker. The door was opened by a tall, stout man with a ruddy face, who had the place in charge. He was expecting them. He led them into the dismantled drawing-room. Surviving relatives had taken what they wanted from the house and on tables were displayed in forlorn groups the ornaments and silver for sale. Light patches stood out on the wall-paper where pictures had been taken down. Furniture that had been long ago consigned to the attic had been carried downstairs by the agent in charge as being valuable, and the pieces thus reunited stood about the rooms, with the sad, hopelessly estranged air of old friends who have not met for half a lifetime.

The last of the Humes had been dead for only a month, yet there was an accumulation of dust in the house that might have been collecting during the seven generations of their occupancy. As the party moved from room to room it seemed that some gloomy revelation of the past might be presented to them at any moment. Nicholas became more and more depressed. In a small room that had apparently been used as a study he found a framed photograph of a cricket team at Oxford, wearing striped blazers, flat straw hats, and little side whiskers. He drew Finch to it and pointed out himself and his brother-in-law, the Hume who had lately died. Finch thought he would like to have this for himself and bought it from the agent for three shillings. With it under his arm he followed Nicholas through the dining room into the kitchen. They left Leigh and Sarah examining an old brass-bound writing case which he was desirous of presenting to her.

The kitchen was the largest room in the house. The low ceiling was heavily beamed, the floor was of uneven stone, and the deep windows gave on a cobbled yard beyond which were the gabled stone stable, the shippen and linhays. A long table, with benches on either side, filled one end of the room. At the other end was the fireplace, and, at right angles to it, a high-backed settle. On the hearth lay a pair of heavy boots stained with mud, and on the settle a worn leather coat and a hat. These garments, belonging to the dead man, added the final touch of desolation to the scene. For the first time in his life Nicholas felt that he heard the portentous creak of the gates of death.

They had trouble in finding Arthur Leigh and Sarah. At last Finch discovered them — Sarah sitting on a stile that led into a field where there was a flock of sheep; Arthur standing with one of her hands in both of his, and an expression of joyous excitement on his sensitive face.

XIII

As soon as there was an opportunity, after they had returned to Lyming Hall, Leigh drew Finch into the privacy of the little outbuilding where the lawn roller and the tennis net were kept. The sun had gone and the dew was falling, but the heavens were still suffused with a tender rose-colored light. A chestnut tree shaded the outhouse and the fallen petals of its bloom lay thick about the door, trampled by those who entered.

Arthur sat down on the lawn roller and looked up at Finch with a half-pleading expression.

'Now all the misery and uncertainty of

it are over, and only the beautiful part is left, you'll forgive me, won't you?'

'Forgive you what?' Finch asked in a hurried, nervous voice. He hoped that Arthur was not going to tell him of his feelings, disclose the spiritual distress that had been torturing him during all his visit.

'You know quite well. I've been a perfect beast ever since I came. Honestly, I don't believe I can ever remember having been so morose and so brutally selfish in all my life before. Especially to you, Finch, who mean most of all to me!'

'More than Sarah?' asked Finch, trying to speak lightly.

Arthur answered, seriously, 'Yes, more than Sarah, in some ways. Because you're my dear, close friend and she's the woman I worship, and dearness and closeness don't seem to go with that, some way.'

'I scarcely know anything,' said Finch. 'Won't you tell me? Of course, when I saw her sitting on the stile and you beside her, with that look — I knew there was something pretty serious. Arthur, is she going to marry you?'

'She is! I can hardly believe it. I've been like a man lost in a forest, giving up all hope of finding his way out. I've felt half mad sometimes, it was all so sudden, so unexpected.' In spite of his reassurance, his new-found joy, there was still a look of distress on his face. 'How can I make you understand! You've never been up against this kind of thing.'

Finch looked at him compassionately and yet with a feeling of himself being hurt. Arthur had rushed into the midst of their scene, gathered into his own hands the strands of the tapestry Finch had slowly been weaving, and, in a kind of panic of passion, was changing it into a pattern all his own. Finch believed that it was the first time in Arthur's life that he had ever been frightened by his own feelings, felt the possibility of being thwarted in a desire. Arthur had always worn the bright, silky look of youth that had never been crossed.

'I can imagine something of what you are feeling. I've seen how unhappy you've been. But it could n't last. Things were bound to come right. How could any girl keep from loving you, if you loved her?'

'Oh, but you don't know Sarah. A man might prostrate himself at Sarah's feet and howl of his love till the stars were shaken, and it would n't move her. Not unless she loved him, too!'

'But she does love you. It must be glorious to realize that.'

'I can't realize it! You know, I did n't intend to speak of love to her to-day. All I intended was to ask her if we might meet sometimes. To tell her that I simply could n't bear to think that everything would end with my going back to London. . . . She was sitting on the stile, with a big holly bush behind her, looking divinely distant. . . . You know that little secret look at the corner of her mouth. Well, it maddened me, because I felt that, if she was thinking of me at all, it was only as a far-away mortal whose hopes or despairs could never mean anything to her. . . . I got out what I had meant to say about meeting. She said that she very seldom came over to England. It had been three years since the last visit. I said then that I'd go to Ireland to see her if she'd let me. She turned and looked at me with the most adorable smile, but she did n't answer. . . . There was something in the smile that made me lose my head. I poured out all my feelings. . . . At the end I said that if she would not marry me I'd not answer for what I might do. She said, very gently, that she'd marry me. . . . Oh, that voice of hers! Did you ever hear a voice like it, Finch?'

'It's very sweet.'

'Sweet! It's as though a star spoke. And the way she moves! Like a lily on its stem. . . . And the way she won't look at you, and then turns and looks into the very depths of you! She is like the angel that troubled the waters and brought out all that was potent in them. It's that way with me. Now I know she loves me, I feel as though I had a new power for living.'

'I'm frightfully glad for you, Arthur.'

'I know you are! And to think it all came through you! I wonder how her aunt will take it.'

'She likes you. I can see that.'

'Well, like or not like, she can't stop us. We're going to be married right away.'

(To be continued)

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